MAY, 1907

15 CENTS

# AIINSIEES THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

#### **MAY CONTRIBUTORS**

HORACE A. VACHELL MARY H. VORSE WILL L. COMFORT GERTRUDE LYNCH BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG MARY MANNERS JOHNSON MORTON FLIZABETH DUER MARIE HALL ROY NORTON E. F. BENSON

# Your home?



A brighter day dawns for the housekeeper. Sapolio makes home radiant \* It brightens the work and the worker \* \* It always "makes light" of housework

# SAPOLIO

CLEANS

SCOURS

POLISHES

# After Shaviing

# Liffick Hongyand Almond Cream

Men who shave prefer Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream. They know it to be a pure snow-white liquid. ready for instant use as poured from the bottle. It is antiseptic and prevents infection from unclean soap or razor; neutralizes and removes impurities from the pores, stimulates the blood-cells, nourishes the tissues, and heals all abrasions due to scraping. Hinds' Cream protects the skin from sun, wind and weather; prevents and heals chapping, and soreness from any cause; enables men to shave daily without discomfort. It contains no grease, bleach or chemicals: will not cause a growth of hair, and never leaves the skin sticky or oily. Women of refinement throughout the world are using it to improve and preserve the complexion, with remarkably beneficial results.—Avoid substitutes; there is only one Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream; all others will disappoint you. At your dealer's, 50c, or if not obtainable, sent postpaid by us.

Write for Free Sample Bottle.

A. S. HINDS, 7 West Street, Portland, Maine.

# BLUE TOP PERRIER CHAMPAGNE

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO.LTD.

ARTHUR J. BILLIN U.S. MANAGER

# À La Spirite Corsets FOR THE WOMAN OF FASHION Before any other feature of artistic dress can be considered must come the selection of a corset intimately suited to the figure.

### HARPER'S NEW PUBLICATIONS

#### THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE By W. D. Howells

A delightful story of love among peculiar conditions, done in this great master's most pleasing style. Price \$1.50

#### THE MYSTICS

#### By Katherine Cecil Thurston

An exciting and mysterious London tale by the author of *The Masquerader*.

Illustrated. Price \$1.25

### THE CRUISE OF THE "SHINING LIGHT" By Norman Duncan

A powerful novel, by the author of *Dr. Luke of the Labrador* that holds one like the great oid-time novels. **Price \$1.50** 

#### THE INVADER

### By Margaret L. Woods

A unique story of dual personality and its outcome in the life of a singularly engaging heroine.

Price \$1.50

#### THE GIANT'S STRENGTH

### By Basil King

An intensely dramatic novel of to-day—the day of giant monopolies and vast fortunes.

Price \$1.50

#### THE PRINCESS

#### By Margaret Potter

A daring and original story of love and intrigue in present-day Russia.

Price \$1.50

#### KATHERINE

### By E. Temple Thurston

The story of a strong man and a strong woman.

Price \$1.50

#### **TIBERIUS SMITH**

### By Hugh Pendexter

A book of rollicking humor, clever and irresistible, and funny beyond words.

With frontispiece. Price \$1.50

#### SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET By Edwin Lefèvre

The first true picture of Wall Street ever presented in fiction.

Illustrated. Price \$1.50

#### THE LONG TRAIL

### By Hamlin Garland

A boy's adventures while traveling overland to the Klondike gold-fields. Replete with action. Price \$1.25

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

#### By Mark Twain

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



There are a great many reasons why you should read

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

We have space to tell you only a few of them.

It is the biggest illustrated magazine. It contains a complete novelette in every number. It contains the best short stories published. Each number has an art section on heavy tinted paper. It is a magazine with SOMETHING in it for EVERYBODY.

Besides the highly illuminated art section printed on special paper, which contains new pictures suitable for framing, by Nosworthy, Learned, Dunton, and other prominent American artists, each issue has in it sixteen photographic studies of stage favorites, beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper.

SMITH'S contains departments for women conducted by Grace Margaret Gould and Mrs. Augusta Prescott. It has special articles written by Charles Cochrane, Charles Battell Loomis, C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. Channing Pollock contributes each month an article on dramatic topics.

The fiction is the best work of such writers as Elmore Peake, Anne O'Hagan, Annie Hamilton Donnell, Edwin L. Sabin, Robert Barr, William Hamilton Osborne, W. B. M. Ferguson and Dane Coolidge.

SMITH'S has acquired exclusive rights to all the future work of Charles Garvice, Mary J. Holmes and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon.

Issued first of each month. Fifteen cents per copy.

SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY



### Along Life's Thoroughfare

you meet all sorts and conditions of men and women. Those most successfully equipped for advancement in any line of work are the ones who, in addition to their own special vocation, have a large fund of "General Intelligence" to draw upon. There is no excuse for remaining in ignorance of many of the everyday factors of modern life, when a few hours occasionally spent in the company of a good up-to-date encyclopædia will enable any thoughtful person to think or to converse intelligently upon a wide variety of topics of general interest.

#### The Price and the Selection are Important

There are all sorts and conditions of encyclopædias on the market, and they are sold at all sorts and variations of prices. You can get them from ten dollars up, and pay half a dozen profits to as many dealers, brokers and selling agents.

# Chambers's NEW Encyclopædia

The complete set of the New Chambers consists of 10 massive volumes, each measuring 10½ by 7½ inches. The set welghs 65 pounds, and fills a two-foot shelf. Every line is printed from new type. We recommend the half Russia binding. Each volume is bound by hand in dark-red leather. Each set has gold leaf lettering on the back. with headbands, spring backs, and marbled edges.

is sold direct from the publisher to you and in no other way. There is one price to every one, and that price is as low as it can be made, consistent with good printing and binding. The terms of payment are made quite convenient to reliable persons. Chambers's is sold to use and work with, and is consequently made to stand wear and tear. It was compiled by the most noted writers and authorities in the world, and is right up-to-date. It is a work you hear about whenever a good encyclopædia is mentioned.

Write for our complete pamphlet of colored plates, maps, and specimen pages—sent FREE. Address your letter to the Encyclopædia Dept. of

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PUBLISHERS 5 Washington Square, Philadelphia



Rome was not made in a day. Neither is the Michelin Tire. It requires three months' time to make one. Made of a special quality of fine rubber, best and most costly fabric, it resists and lessens the sudden shock of a jar.

For Speed, Comfort and Safety MICHELIN TIRES are known as the Standard of the World.

In the 1907 International Races, both in France and America, Michelin Tires will be used by

Panhard & Levassor Renault Frères Clement-Bayard

DeDietrich F.I.A.T. Darracq Itala Handled Exclusively E. Lamberjack & Company, Inc. New York City

Michelin Tire Distributors are: For New England, including Connecticuit: Leon Rubay, 226 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass., and 140 West 38th St., New York City. For New Jeney: Michelin Tire Agency, J. S. Griffin, Manager, 16 Halsey St., Newark, N. J., For Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania: Michelin Tire Agency, J. L. Keir, Manager, 310 orth Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. For Butslurg and Western Pennsylvania: Michelin Tire Agency, J. J. Criffin, Manager, 5903 Centre Ave., E.E., Pitsburg, Pa. For Buffalo and Western New York: Michelin Tire Agency, J. W. Henry, Manager, 250 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y. For Chicago and Central West: Franco-American Auto & Supply Co., 1404 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### The Victorious

# Sarracq



50 H. P. 6 CYLINDER DARRACQ TOURING CAR

Every record made by the Darracq has been made in open competition with the world's products and not in contests that might almost be called private. Thousands upon thousands have witnessed the blue ribbon events that the Darracq has won, but what we are most proud of is the satisfaction the Darracq has given purchasers. Every day letters come in from Darracq owners, saying that their cars are not only all they expected, but a great deal more.

Write to New York Office for Booklet explaining the Darracq System and list of events all over the world scoring Darracq victories. Whether you drive a Darracq or not this information will be interesting.

### DARRACQ MOTOR CAR COMPANY,

1989 Broadway, New York, between 67th and 68th Streets
Licensed Under Selden Patent

## AINSLEE'S

#### FOR JUNE=

"The Magazine That Entertains"

The June number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE will contain the concluding chapters of Mr. VACHELL'S story, "Her Son," which was begun in February. The run of this story has been, as was foreseen by the publishers, a remarkable one. Seldom, if ever, has so much interest been manifested in a magazine story, and never have so many requests been made for advance sheets. These requests have come from all sorts of people and from all sorts of places. It has, of course, been impossible to comply with these requests; we couldn't even if we would. This story will be followed by another of even greater interest.

The novelette for June will be an exciting, even thrilling yachting story, entitled "The Farseeker," by FRANCIS METCALFE, whose stories of "The Stormy Petrel" have made a great hit in recent numbers of the magazine.

Short stories, in greater number and variety than ever, have been provided for the June number. Stories of great dramatic strength are "The Choice," by H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY, and "The Chauffeur Crook," by ROBERT E. MACALARNEY, the latter containing also an element of mystery; a Western story by ROY NORTON, a story of child interest by MARION HILL, a humorous story by F. WALWORTH BROWN; and contributions from OWEN OLIVER, H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON, ZONA GALE and ELIZABETH BANKS make up an exceptional list.

Price per copy 15c.

Subscription \$1.80 a Year

AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY NEW YORK

# WINNER OF AINSLEE'S \_\_MOTTO CONTEST\_\_

Last October we announced that we would offer a prize of \$50.00 for the best motto to combat the substitution evil, submitted to us on or before February 15th, 1907. We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. J. M. Campbell, 3022 Fairfield Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, has won the prize. His motto is,

## "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

A great many mottoes were submitted. It was a difficult task to make a selection. Mr. Campbell's motto was unanimously selected by the committee. One of the conditions of the contest was that the motto be such as not to offend, and we are sure that the motto "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Goodbye," will not offend even a dealer of long standing who attempts to palm off a substitute. After some dozens of people say "Good-bye" and make no argument, there will be no question in the substituting dealer's mind that people have awakened to this dangerous practice in our commercial life.

We thank our readers for the hearty support they have given this contest.

### AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York

#### SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

New System Which May be Mastered ByHome Study In Spare Hours.

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Sylabic System is different in principle month of the system in the system i etc., may be committed to paper with lightning speed. The Boyd System is the only system suited to home study. Our graduates hold lucrative, high graduate shold lucrative, high graduates shold lucrative, high graduates to the system suited by the system of the system of this new Syllabic shorthand system. Address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS 975 Chicago Opera House Bik., Chicago, III



SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$5,000 is 50,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YoU. By our system, you can make money in a stave elegatment will give you more choice salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. A Thorough Commercial Law Course Free to Each Representative.

Wite for 6-page book free.

THE CROSS COMPANY, 654 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill. The original real cities taked. No consection with any other consent of faintir mass.

I can DOUBLE your Salary or Income

I can in OUDLE, your Sainty of rincome by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. My system of instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the heaving indorsement of the great experts and publishers and I am anious to send my Prospectus, toward I am anious to send in the prospectus, to the control of the contro



#### BE AN ILLUSTRATOR

Learn to draw for newspapers and maga-zines. We will teach you by correspondence. The oldest and most thorough school in the world.

SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION

Founded by F. Holme. Dept. 10, 90 Wabash CHICAGO



SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART

### TO WRITE

F you want to earn \$25 to \$100 a week, write for our beautiful prospectus, sent free. We teach you IF you want to earn who is a first our beautiful prospectus, sent /ree. We teach advertising thoroughly by mail.

PAGE-DAVIS

Advers Fither Office

Address Either Office
Dept. 510, 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
Dept. 510, 150 Nassau Street, New York



#### Teach Sign Painting

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequaled be-cause practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue.

CHAS. J. STRONG, Pres., Detroit School of Lettering

"Oldest and Largest School of Its Kind"

#### AINSLEE'S MACAZINE

is printed with inks manufactured by

W. D. WILSON PRINTING INK CO., LTD.,

17 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YOR CITY

# **BE A NURSE** CAN



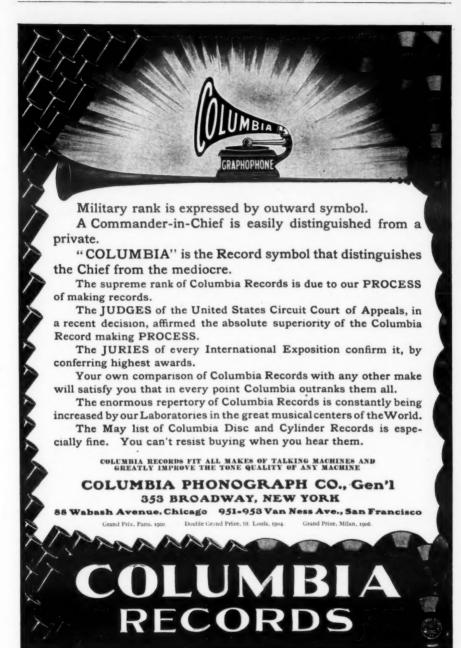
YOU

in a position to ears from \$15 to \$30 per week in a position to ears from \$15 to \$30 per week in a passant profession 1; our simple home study course, requiring small expense and a part of your spare time each day. Our spare and is affiliated with one of the largest hospitals in site of the largest hospitals in site of the largest hospitals in site of the largest hospitals in the two parts of the largest hospitals and are men of long experience. Our diplomas are recognised by the largest day of the largest hospitals and hospitals in the U.S. Send oday to the largest day of NURSIN 04, 1300—44 VAN BUREN 97., CHICAGO LOR. ACTIONAL CONTRACTOR OF NURSING, 1300—44 VAN BUREN 97., CHICAGO LOR.



Taught by Mail. The original school. 14th year. Big demand for writers. We develop, train, instruct. We get results. Our teachers themselves successful editors. Practical work from the start. Individual instruction. Easy Payament of the start of the school of the scho

When writing to advertisers please mention Ainslee's





# KRANICHEBACH

FOR further proof that after a history of 50 years our pianos are "Supreme in the Class of Highest Grade," send us a two cent stamp for a copy of the article, "A Guileless Hunter and a Piano," which has just been reprinted in booklet form from the April issue of the Ladies' Home Journal.

128 Agencies. Send for name of responsible dealer nearest to you. PIANOS

233-247 ÊAST 23rd ST. NEW YORK CITY.

# AINSLEE'S THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

VOL. XIX





No. 4

FOR	•	M	A	Y	. 190	7
he Blotting-book.	Novelette				. E. F. Benson	1
ler Son. Serial				6	Horace Annesley Vachell	55
he Cry of the Wea	ry. Poem				. Rose Ishbel Greely	83
haracter and Conse	equences. Essant Complainer'		٠	٠	Mary Manners	84
mbition's Tree. P	oem .				. Margaret Belle Houston	88
he Three Visits of	the Baron. Sh	nort Story			. Gertrude Lynch	89
eflected Light. Sh	nort Story				. Johnson Morton	101
ne Man's Meat. S	Short Story .				Mary H. Vorse	110
he Collie and the C	Celebrity. Sho	ort Story			Will Levington Comfort	117
Inforgotten. Poen					. Rosalie Arthur	125
he Conquering of S	Socorro. Short	t Story			Roy Norton	126
he Wood of Arden	. Poem .				Lula Clark Markbam	132
he Mystery of the	Unseen Singers	. Short	Story		. Broughton Brandenburg	133
he Bride and the B	ishop. Short	Story			Elizabeth Duer	140
ifluence. Poem					. Eugene C. Dolson	145
pisodes in the Care	er of a Violinis	t. Essay			Marie Hall	146
t Twenty. Poem					Charlton Lawrence Edbolm	150
lays and Players					. A First Nighter	151
or Book Lovers					Archibald Lowery Sessions	156
riends and Foes.	Poem				. Beth Slater Whitson	160

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.80



SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS

Monthly Publication issued by Aimslee Magazine Co., Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York.

Copyright, 1907, by Ainslee Magazine Co., new York. Copyright, 1907, by Ainslee Magazine Co., Great Britain. All rights reserved Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part.

Entered September 11, 1902, at New York as Second-class Matter, under Act of Congress of March 2, 1879.

WARNING Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons who have been thus victimized.

# Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors



The trade mark which confronts you is worthy of careful study, it is the trade mark stamped on every pair of

### "ONYX" Hose

It gives the prospective purchaser a special mark to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. It is a guarantee of quality; we sincerely and heartily invite you to test the "ONYX" Brand, its merits will quickly impress you, and forever settle all doubts on the Hosiery question.

The "ONYX" Brand of Hosiery is reliable, dependable, serviceable and satisfactory. You have only to ask for it and see that you get what you ask for.

We present a few "ONYX" numbers of merit, although everything worthy of being classed as desirable Hosiery for Men, Women and Children will be found bearing the "ONYX" stamp.

"ONYX" Hose sold everywhere, ask your dealer, or write for descriptive

catalogue.

#### For Women

310-13. Black gauze, four thread liste, superior quality, wear resisting, 50c a pair.

409 K, black silk lisle, gauze weight, soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole, spliced heel, 50c a pair.

#### Look Like Silk—Feel Like Silk— Wear Better Than Silk.

#### For Men

**E 310.** Black and colored lisle, six thread heel and toe, four threads all over; known to all men "as the best I ever wore." The only lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c a pair.

E 325. Men's black and colored silk lisle, every desirable shade, a soft

lustrous silky hose, very desirable. 50c a pair.

We will mail post-paid on receipt of price a pair of either style; write to department Z.

Broadway

New York



# AINSLEE'S

VOL. XIX.

MAY, 1907.

No. 4.



#### CHAPTER I.



RS. ASSHETON'S house in Sussex Square, Brighton, was appointed with that sort of smooth stateliness which robs stateliness of its formality and makes one forget

how much trouble and personal attention have, originally, anyhow, gone to the production of the smoothness. Everything moved with the regularity of the solar system, and, superior to that wild rush of heavy bodies through infinite ether, there was never the slightest fear of comets streaking their unconjectured way across the sky, or meteorites falling in unexpected places.

At Mrs. Assheton's house, superior to climatic conditions, nobody ever felt that rooms were either too hot or too cold, a pleasantly fresh yet comfortably warm atmosphere pervaded the place, meals were always punctual, and her admirable Scotch cook never served up a dish which, whether plain or ornate, was not, in its way, perfectly prepared. A couple of deft, noiseless parlor-maids attended to and anticipated the wants of her guests, from the moment they entered her hospitable doors till when, on their leaving them, their coats were held for them in the most convenient

possible manner for the easy insertion of the human arms, and the tails of their dinner-coats cunningly and unerringly tweaked from behind.

In every way, in fact, the house was an example of perfect comfort: the softest carpets overlaid the floors, or, when the polished wood was left bare, the parqueterie shone with a moonlike radiance; the newest and most entertaining books (ready cut) stood in the well-ordered shelves in the sitting-room to beguile the leisure of the studiously minded; the billiard-table was always speckless of dust, no tip was ever missing from any cue, no receptacle was ever without its chalk, and the cigarette-boxes and match-stands were always kept replenished. In the diningroom the silver was resplendent, until the moment when before dessert the cloth was withdrawn and showed a rosewood table that might have served as a mirror for Venus.

Mrs. Assheton, until her only surviving son Morris had come temporarily to live with her some three months ago on the completion of his four years at Cambridge, had lived alone, but even when she was alone, this ceremony of drawing the cloth and putting on the dessert and wine had never been omitted, though, since she never took either, it might seem to be a wasted piece of routine on the part

of the two noiseless parlor-maids. But she did not in the least consider it so, for just as she always dressed for dinner herself, with the same care and finish, whether she was going to dine alone or whether, as to-night, a guest or two were dining with her, as an offering, so to speak, on the altar of her own self-respect, so also she required self-respect, and the formality that indicated it, on the part of those who ministered at her table and enjoyed

such excellent wages.

This pretty, old-fashioned custom had always been the rule in her own unmarried home, and her husband had always had it practised during his life. And since then-his death had occurred some twenty years ago-nothing that she knew of had happened to make it less proper or desirable. Kind of heart and warm of soul though she was, she saw no reason for letting these excellent qualities cover any slackness or breach of observance in the social forms of life to which she had been accustomed. There was no reason, because one was kind and wise, to eat with badly cleaned silver, unless the parlor-maid whose office it was to clean it was unwell. In such a case, if the extra work entailed by her illness would throw too much on the shoulders of the other servants, Mrs. Assheton would willingly clean the silver herself rather than that it should appear dull and tarnished.

Her formalism, such as it was, was perfectly simple and sincere. would, had her very comfortable income been cut down to a tenth of what it was, have gone, without any very poignant regret or sense of martyrdom, to live in a four-roomed cottage with one servant. But she would have left that four-roomed cottage at once for even humbler surroundings had she found that her straitened circumstances did not permit her to keep it as speckless and soigne as was her present house in Sussex Square.

This achievement of having lived for nearly sixty years so decorously, may, perhaps, be a somewhat finer performance than it sounds, but Mrs. Assheton brought as her contribution to life in general a far finer offering than that, for, though she did not propose to change her ways and manner of life herself, she was notoriously sympathetic with the changed life of the younger generation, and in consequence had the confidence of young folk generally. At this moment she was enjoying the fruits of her liberal attitude in the complete absence of the sense of restraint in her son Morris, who sat at the end of the table opposite to her. His unrestrainedness was at present concerned with his motor-car, on which he had arrived that afternoon.

"Darling mother," he was saying, "I really was frightened about how you would take it. I couldn't help remembering how you received Mr. Taynton's proposal that you should go for a drive in his car. Don't you remember, Mr. Taynton? Mother's nose did go in the air. It's no use denying it. So I thought, perhaps, that she wouldn't like my having one-I don't mean a nose, but a car. But I wanted it so dreadfully, and so I bought it without telling her, and drove down in it today, which is my birthday, so that she

couldn't be too severe."

Mr. Taynton, while Morris was speaking, had picked up the nutcrackers the boy had been using, and was gravely exploding the shells of the nuts he had helped himself to. So Morris cracked the next nut with a loud bang between his white, even teeth.

"Dear Morris," said his mother, "how foolish of you. Give Mr. Morris another nutcracker," she added to the

parlor-maid.

"What's foolish?" asked he, crack-

ing another.

"Oh, Morris, your teeth," she said. "Do wait a moment. Yes, that's right. And how can you say that my nose went in the air? I'm sure Mr. Taynton will agree with me that that is really libelous. And as for your being afraid to tell me you had bought a motor-car yourself, why, that is sillier than cracking nuts with your teeth."

Mr. Taynton laughed a comfortable,

middle-aged laugh.

"Don't put the responsibility on me,

Mrs. Assheton," he said. "As long as Morris' bank doesn't tell us that his account is overdrawn, he can do what he pleases. But if we are told that, then down comes the cart-load of bricks."

"Oh, you are a brick, all right, Mr. Taynton," said the boy, "I could stand

a cart-load of you."

Mr. Taynton, like his laugh, was comfortable and middle-aged. Solicitors are supposed to be sharp-faced and foxlike, but his face was well-furnished and comely, and his rather bald head beamed with benevolence.

"My dear boy," he said, "as it is your birthday—I cannot honor either you or this wonderful port more properly than by drinking your health in it."

He began and finished his glass to the health he had so neatly proposed, and Morris laughed.

"Thank you very much," he said.
"Mother, do send the port round. What an inhospitable woman!"

Mrs. Assheton rose.

"I will leave you to be more hospitable than me, then, dear," she said. "Shall we go, Madge? Indeed, I am afraid you must, if you are to catch the train to Falmer."

But, as throughout dinner, she somewhat avoided her son's eye, just as she had somewhat avoided speech with him. Every now and then she had flashed out with all the potential fire of her youth and the charm of gray eyes shadowed with their black eyebrows and sensitive, thin-lipped mouth. But when Morris had been talking not to her but to the lawyer, she had often stolen a swift glance at him. It appeared that direct conversation with him was somehow difficult. would have said that she was always conscious of him; she had had frequent little absences of mind when he spoke, and now she appeared, though outwardly a little inattentive, to be deeply and keenly listening.

Madge Templeton got up with her hostess, and the two men rose, too. She had been sitting next Morris, and the boy looked at her eagerly.

"It's too bad your having to go," he

said. "But do you think I may come over to-morrow, in the afternoon some time, and see you and Lady Templeton?"

Madge paused a moment.

"I am so sorry," she said, "but we shall be away all day. We sha'n't be back till quite late."

"Oh, what a bore," said he. "I hoped you would be disengaged. Do let me come and see you off, then."

But Mrs. Assheton interposed. "No, dear," she said. "I am going to have five minutes' talk to Madge before she goes, and we don't want you. Look after Mr. Taynton. I know he wants to talk to you, and I want to

talk to Madge."

Mr. Taynton, when the door had closed behind the ladies, sat down again with a rather obvious air of preparing to enjoy himself. It was quite true that he had a few pleasant things to say to Morris; it is also true that he immensely appreciated the wonderful port which glowed, rubylike, in the nearly full decanter that lay to his hand. And, above all, he, with his busy life occupied for the most part in innumerable small affairs, reveled in the sense of leisure and serene smoothness which permeated Mrs. Assheton's house.

He was still a year or two short of sixty, and, but for his very bald and shining head, would have seemed younger, so fresh was he in complexion, so active, despite a certain pleasant corpulency, was he in his movements. But when he dined quietly like this, at Mrs. Assheton's, he would willingly have sacrificed the next five years of his life if he could have been assured on really reliable authority—the authority, for instance, of the Recording Angel—that in five years' time he would be able to sit quiet and not work any more.

He wanted very much to be able to take a passive instead of an active interest in life, and this a few hundreds of pounds a year in addition to his savings would enable him to do. He saw, in fact, the goal, arrived at which he would be able to sit still and wait

with serenity and calmness for the event which would certainly relieve him of all further material anxieties. His very active life, the activities of which were so largely benevolent, had, at the expiration of fifty-eight years, a little tired him. He envied the leisure which was so nearly his.

Morris lit a cigarette for himself, having previously passed the wine to

Mr. Taynton.

"I hate port," he said, "but my mother tells me this is all right. It was laid down the year I was born, by the way. You don't mind my smoking, do you?"

This, to tell the truth, seemed almost sacrilegious to Mr. Taynton, for the idea that tobacco should burn in a room where such port was being drunk was sheer crime against human and divine laws. But he could scarcely indicate to his host that he should not smoke in his own dining-room.

"No, my dear Morris," he said; "but, really, you shock me when you prefer tobacco to this nectar. I assure you, nectar. And the car, now; tell me more

about the car."

Morris laughed.

"I'm so deeply thankful I haven't overdrawn," he said. "Oh, the car's a clipper. We came down from Hayward's Heath the most gorgeous pace. I saw one policeman trying to take my number, but we raised such a dust I don't think he can have been able to see it. It's such rot going only twenty miles an hour with a clear, straight road ahead."

Mr. Taynton sighed, gently and not

unhappily.

"Yes, yes, my dear boy, I do sympathize with you," he said. "Speed, violence is the proper attribute of youth, just as strength with a more measured pace is the proper gait for older folk. And that, I fancy, is just what Mrs. Assheton felt. She would feel it to be as unnatural in you to care to drive with her in her very comfortable victoria as she would feel it to be unnatural in herself to wish to go in your lightning-speed motor. And that reminds me. As your trustee—"

Coffee was brought in at this mo-

ment, carried, not by one of the discreet parlor-maids, but by a young manservant. Mr. Taynton, with the port still by him, refused it, but looked rather curiously at the servant. Morris, however, mixed himself a cup in which cream, sugar, and coffee were about equally mingled.

"A new servant of your mother's?" he asked, when the man had left the

oom.

"Oh, no. It's my man, Martin. Awfully handy chap. Cleans silver, boots, and the motor. Drives it, too, when I'll let him, which isn't very often. Chauffeurs are such rotters, aren't they? Regular chauffeurs, I mean. They always make out that something is wrong with the car, just as dentists always find some hole in your teeth, if you go to them."

Mr. Taynton did not reply to these severe remarks, but went back to what he had been saying when the entry of

coffee interrupted him.

"As your mother said," he remarked, "I wanted to have a few words with You are twenty-two, are you not, to-day? Well, when I was young we considered any one of twenty-two a boy still, but now I think young fellows grow up more quickly, and at twentytwo you are a man nowadays, and I think it is time for you, since my trusteeship for you may end any day now, to take a rather more active interest in the state of your finances than you have hitherto done. I want you, in fact, my dear fellow, to listen to me for five minutes while I state your position to you."

Morris indicated the port again, and

Mr. Taynton refilled his glass.

"I have had twenty years of stewardship for you," he went on, "and before my stewardship comes to an end, which it will do anyhow in three years from now, and may come to an end any day——"

"Why, how is that?" asked Morris.
"If you marry, my dear boy. By the terms of your father's will, your marriage, provided it takes place with your mother's consent and after your twenty-second birthday, puts you in com-

plete control and possession of your fortune. Otherwise, as of course you know, you come of age, legally speaking, on your twenty-fifth birthday.

Morris lit another cigarette rather

impatiently.

"Yes, I knew I was a minor till I was twenty-five," he said, "and I suppose I have heard that if I married after the age of twenty-two I became a major, or whatever you call it. But what then? Do let us go and play billiards—I'll give you twenty-five in a hundred, because I've been playing a lot lately, and I'll bet half a crown.'

Mr. Taynton's fist gently tapped the

table.

"Done," he said, "and we will play in five minutes. But I have something to say to you first. Your mother, as you know, enjoys the income of the bulk of your father's property for her lifetime. Outside that, he left this much smaller capital of which, as also of her money, my partner and I are trustees. The sum he left you was thirty thousand pounds. It is now rather over forty thousand pounds, since we have changed the investments from time to time, and always, I am glad to say, with satisfactory results. The value of her property has gone up, also, in a corresponding degree. That, however, does not concern you. But since you are now twenty-two, and your marriage would put the whole of this smaller sum-though a considerable one-into your hands, would it not be well for you to look through our books, to see for yourself the account we render of our stewardship?"

Morris laughed.

"Dear Mr. Taynton, for what reason?" he asked. "You tell me that my portion has increased in value by ten thousand pounds. I am delighted to hear it. And I thank you very much. And as for-

He broke off short, and Mr. Tavnton let a perceptible pause follow be-

fore he interrupted.

"As for the possibility of your marrying?" he suggested.

Morris gave him a quick, eager glance.

"Yes, I think there is that possibility," he said. "I hope-I hope it is not far distant."

"My dear boy-" said the lawyer.

"Ah, not a word. I don't know." Morris pushed his chair back quickly and stood up, his tall, slim figure outlined against the sober red of the dining-room wall. A plume of black hair had escaped from his well-brushed head and hung over his forehead, and his sun-tanned, vivid face looked extraordinarily handsome. His mother's clear-cut, energetic features were there, with the glow and buoyancy of youth kindling them.

Violent vitality was his, also; his was the hot blood that could do any deed when the life-instinct commanded it. He looked like one of those who could give their body to be burned in the pursuit of an idea, or could-as easily steal or kill, provided only the deed was vitally done in the heat of his blood. Violence was clearly his mode of life; the motor had to go sixty miles an hour; he might be one of those who bathed in the Serpentine in midwinter; he would clearly dance all night, and ride all day, and go on till he dropped in the pursuit of what he cared for.

Mr. Taynton, looking at him as he stood smiling there, in his splendid health and vigor, felt all this. He felt, too, that if Morris intended to be married to-morrow morning, matrimony would probably take place.

But Morris' pause, after he pushed his chair back and stood up, was only

momentary.

"Good heavens, yes; I'm in love," he said. "And she probably thinks me a stupid barbarian, who likes only to drive golf - balls and motor - cars. She—— Oh, it's hopeless! She would have let me come over to see them tomorrow otherwise."

He paused again.

"And now I've given the whole show

away," he said.

Mr. Taynton made a comfortable sort of noise. It was compounded of laughter, sympathy, and comprehension.

"You gave it away long ago, dear Morris," he said.

"You had guessed?" asked Morris, sitting down again with the same quickness and violence of movement, and putting both his elbows on the table.

"No, my dear boy, you had told me, as you have told everybody, without mentioning it. And I most heartily congratulate you. I never saw a more delightful girl. Professionally, also, I feel bound to add that it seems to me a most proper alliance. Heirs should always marry heiresses. It"—Mr. Taynton drank off the rest of his port—"it keeps properties together."

Hot blood again dictated to Morris; it seemed dreadful to him that any thought of money or of property could be mentioned in the same breath as that which he longed for. He rose again as abruptly and violently as he had sat

down.

"Well, let's play billiards," he said.
"I—I don't think you understand a bit.
You can't, in fact."

Mr. Taynton stroked the table-cloth for a moment with a plump white fore-

finger.

"Crabbed age and youth," he remarked. "But crabbed age makes an appeal to youth, if youth will kindly call to mind what crabbed age referred to some five minutes ago. In other words, will you or will you not, Morris, spend a very dry three hours at my office, looking into the accounts of my stewardship? There was thirty thousand pounds, and there now is-or should we say 'are'?-forty. It will take you not less than two hours, and not more than three. But since my stewardship may come to an end, as I said, any day, I should, not for my own sake but for yours, wish you to see what we have done for you, and-I own this would be a certain private gratification to me-to learn that you thought that the trust your dear father reposed in me was not misplaced."

There was something about these simple words which touched Morris. For the moment he became almost businesslike. Mr. Taynton had been, as he knew, a friend of his father's,

and, as he had said, he had been steward of his own affairs for twenty years. But that reflection banished the busi-

nesslike view.

"Oh, but two hours is a fearful time," he said. "You have told me the facts, and they entirely satisfy me. And I want to be out all day to-morrow, as I am here only so short a time. But I shall be down again next week. Let us go into it all, then. Not that there is the slightest use in going into anything. And when, Mr. Taynton, I become steward of my own affairs, you may be quite certain that I shall beg you to continue looking after them. Why, you have gained me ten thousand pounds in these twenty years-I wonder what there would have been to my credit now if I had looked after things myself. But since we are on the subject, I should like just this once to assure you of my great gratitude to you for all you have done. And I ask you, if you will, to look after my affairs in the future with the same completeness as you have always done. My father's will does not prevent that, does it?"

Mr. Taynton looked at the young

fellow with affection.

out of sight.

"Dear Morris," he said frankly, "we lawyers and solicitors are always supposed to be sharks; but personally I am not such a shark as that. Are you aware that I am paid two hundred pounds a year for my stewardship, which you are entitled to assume for yourself on your marriage, though, of course, its continuance in my hands is not forbidden in your father's will? You are quite competent to look after your affairs yourself; it is ridiculous for you to continue to pay me this sum. But I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for your confidence in me."

A very close observer might have seen that behind Mr. Taynton's kind, gray eyes there was sitting a personality, so to speak, that, as his mouth framed these words, was watching Morris rather narrowly and anxiously. But the moment Morris spoke this silent secret watcher popped back again

"Well, then, I ask you, as a per-

sonal favor," said he, "to continue being my steward.- Why, it's good business for me, isn't it? In twenty years you make me ten thousand pounds, and I only pay you two hundred pounds a year for it. Please be kind, Mr. Taynton, and continue making me rich. Oh! I'm a jolly hard-headed chap, really; I know that it is to my advantage."

Mr. Taynton considered this a moment, playing with his wine-glass. Then he looked up quickly.

"Yes, Morris. I will, with pleasure,

do as you ask me," he said.
"Right! Thanks, awfully. Do come
and play billiards."

Morris was in amazing luck that night, and if, as he said, he had been playing a lot lately, the advantage of his practise was seen chiefly in the hideous certainty of his flukes, and the game (though he received twenty-five) left Mr. Taynton half a crown the poorer. Then the winner whirled his guest up-stairs again to talk to his mother, while he himself went round to the stables to assure himself of the well-being of the beloved motor. Martin had already valeted it, after its run, and was just locking up when Morris

arrived.

Morris gave his orders for next day after a quite unnecessary examination into the internal economy of the beloved, and was just going back to the house when he paused, remembering something.

"Oh, Martin," he said, "while I am here, I want you to help in the house, you know, at dinner, and so on, just as you did to-night. And when there are guests of mine here, I want you to look after them. For instance, when Mr. Taynton goes to-night, you will be there to give him his hat and coat. You'll have rather a lot to do, I'm afraid."

Morris finished his cigarette and went back to the drawing-room, where Mr. Taynton was already engaged in the staid excitement of backgammon with his mother. That game over, Morris took his place, and before long the lawyer rose to go.

"Now, I absolutely refuse to let you interrupt your game," he said. "I have found my way out of this house often enough, I should think. Good night, dear Mrs. Assheton. Good night, Morris; don't break your neck, my dear boy, in trying to break records."

Morris hardly attended to this, for the game was critical. He just rang the bell, said good night, and had thrown again before the door had closed behind Mr. Taynton. Below, in answer to the bell, was standing his servant.

Mr. Taynton looked at him again with some attention, and then glanced round to see if the discreet parlormaids were about.

"So you are called Martin now?" he observed gently.

"Yes, sir."

"I recognized you at once." There was another pause.

"Are you going to tell Mr. Morris, sir?" the man asked.

"That I had to dismiss you two years ago for theft?" said Mr. Taynton quietly. "No, not if you behave yourself."
Mr. Taynton looked at him again

kindly, and sighed.

"No, let bygones be bygones," he said. "You will find your secret is safe enough. And, Martin, I hope you have really turned over a new leaf, and are living honestly now. That is so, my lad? Thank God! thank God! My umbrella? Thanks. Good night."

#### CHAPTER II.

Mr. Taynton lived in a square, comfortable house in Montpellier Road, and thus, when he left Mrs. Assheton's, there were some two miles of pavement and sea-front between him and home. But the night was of wonderful beauty, a night of mid-June, warm enough to make the most cautious secure of chill, and at the same time just made crisp with a little breeze that blew, or, rather, whispered, landward from over the full tide of the sleeping sea. High up in heaven swung a glorious moon, which cast its path of white, enchanted light over the ripples and seemed to draw the

heart, even as it drew the eyes, heavenward. Mr. Taynton certainly as he stepped out beneath the stars, with the sea lying below him, felt, in his delicate and sensitive nature, the charm of the hour, and, being a good if not a brisk walker, he determined to go home on foot. And he stepped westward

very contentedly.

The evening, it would appear, had much pleased him, for it was long before his smile of retrospective pleasure faded from his benignant and mobile Morris' trust and confidence in him had been extraordinarily pleasant to him; and modest and unassuming as he was, he could not help a secret gratification at the thought. What a handsome fellow Morris was, too, how gay, how attractive! He had his father's dark coloring and tall figure, but much of his mother's grace and charm had gone to the modeling of that thin, sensitive mouth and the long oval of his face. Yet there was more of the father there; his father's intense, almost violent vitality was somehow more characteristic of the essential Morris than face or feature.

What a happy thing it was, too—here the smile of pleasure illuminated Mr. Taynton's face again—that the boy whom he had dismissed two years before for some petty pilfering in his own house should have turned out such a promising lad, and should have found his way to so pleasant a berth as fac-

totum to Morris.

Kindly and charitable all through, and ever eager to draw out the good in everybody and forgive the bad, Mr. Taynton had often occasion to deplore the hardness and uncharity of a world, which remembers youthful errors and hangs them like a millstone round the neck of the offender, and it warmed his heart and kindled his smile to think of one case at any rate where a youthful misdemeanor was lived down and forgotten. At the time he remembered being in doubt whether he should not give the offender up to justice, for the pilfering, petty though it had been, had been somewhat persistent, but he had taken the more merciful course, and merely dismissed the boy. The mercy he had shown had come back to bless him, also; he felt a glow of thankfulness that the subject of his clemency had turned out so well. "Punishment often hardens the criminal," was one of

his settled convictions.

But Morris-again his thoughts went back to Morris, who was already standing on the verge of manhood, on the verge, too, he made no doubt, of married life and its joys and responsibilities. Mr. Taynton was himself a bachelor, and the thought gave him not a moment of jealousy, but a moment of void that ached a little at the thought of the common human bliss which he had himself missed. How charming, too, was the girl, Madge Templeton, whom he had met not for the first time that evening. He himself had guessed how things stood between them before Morris had confided in him, and it pleased him that his intuition was confirmed. What a pity, however, that the two were not going to meet next day, that she was out with her mother and would not get back till late. It would have been a cooling thought in the hot office hours of to-morrow to picture them sitting together in the garden at Falmer, or under one of the cool, deepfoliaged oaks in the park.

Then suddenly his face changed, the smile faded, but came back next instant and broadened into a laugh. And the man who laughs when he is by himself may certainly be taken for granted as having strong cause for amusement.

Mr. Taynton had come by this time to the West Pier, and a hundred yards farther would bring him to Montpellier Road. But it was yet early, as he easily saw (so bright was the moonlight) when he consulted his watch, and he retraced his steps some fifty yards, and eventually rang at the door of a big house of flats facing the sea, where his partner, who for the most part, however, looked after the London branch of their business, had his piedà-terre. For the firm of Taynton & Mills was one of those respectable and solid businesses that, beginning in the country, had eventually been extended

to town, and so far from its having its headquarters in town and its branch in Brighton, had its headquarters here and its branch in the metropolis. Mr. Godfrey Mills, so he learned at the door, had dined alone, and was in, and without further delay Mr. Taynton was carried aloft in the gaudy bird-cage of the lift, feeling sure that his partner would see him.

The flat into which he was ushered with a smile of welcome from the man who opened the door was furnished with a sort of gross opulence that never failed to jar on Mr. Taynton's exquisite taste and cultivated mind. Pictures, chairs, sofas, the patterns of the carpets, and the heavy gilding of the cornices were all sensuous, a sort of frangipani to the eye. The apparent contrast, however, between these things and their owner was as great as that between Mr. Taynton and his partner, for Mr. Godfrey Mills was a thin, spare, dark little man, brisk in movement, with a look in his eye that betokened a watchfulness and vigilance of the most alert order. But useful as such a gift undoubtedly is, it was given to Mr. Godfrey Mills perhaps a shade too obviously. It would be unlikely that the stupidest or shallowest person would give himself away when talking to him, for it was so clear that he was always on the watch for admission or information that might be useful to

He had, however, the charm that a very active and vivid mind always possesses, and though small and slight, was a figure that would be noticed anywhere, so keen and wide-awake was his Beside him Mr. Taynton looked like a benevolent country clergyman, more distinguished for amiable qualities of the heart than intellectual qualities of the head. Yet those-there were not many of them-who in dealings with the latter had tried to conduct their business on these assumptions, had invariably found it necessary to reconsider their first impression of him. His partner, however, was always conscious of a little impatience in talking to him; Taynton, he would have allowed, did not lack fine business qualities, but he was a little wanting in quickness.

Mills' welcome of him was abrupt. "Pleased to see you," he said. "Cigar, drink? Sit down, won't you? What is it ?"

"I dropped in for a chat on my way home," said Mr. Taynton. "I have been dining with Mrs. Assheton. A most pleasant evening. What a fine, delicate face she has.

Mills bit off the end of a cigar.

"I take it that you did not come in merely to discuss the delicacy of Mrs. Assheton's face," he said.

"No, no, dear fellow; you are right to recall me. I take it-I take it that you have found time to go over to Falmer yesterday. How did you find Sir Richard?"

"I found him well. I had a long talk with him."

"And you managed to convey something of those very painful facts which you felt it was your duty to bring to his notice?" asked Mr. Taynton.

Godfrey Mills laughed.
"I say, Taynton, is it really worth while keeping it up like this?" he asked. "It saves so much trouble to talk straight, as I purpose to do. I saw him, as I said, and I really managed remarkably well. I had these admissions wrung from me-I assure you it is no less than that—under promise of the most absolute secrecy. I told him young Assheton was leading an idle, extravagant, and dissipated life. I said I had seen him three nights ago in Piccadilly, not quite sober, in company with the class of person to whom one does not refer in polite society. Will that do?"

"Ah! I can easily imagine how painful you must have found-" began Taynton.

But his partner interrupted.

"It was rather painful; you have spoken a true word in jest. I felt a brute, I tell you. But as I pointed out to you, something of the sort was necessary."

Mr. Taynton suddenly dropped his

slightly clerical manner.

You have done excellently, my dear

friend," he said. "And as you pointed out to me, it was indeed necessary to do something of the sort. I think your—your revelations have already begun to take effect. Yes; I think I will take a little brandy and soda. Thank you so much."

He got up with greater briskness

than he had hitherto shown.

"And you are none too soon," he said. "Morris, poor Morris!—such a handsome fellow—confided to me this evening that he was in love with Miss Templeton. He is very much in earnest."

"And why do you think my interview has met with some success?" asked

Mills.

"Well, it is only a conjecture, but when Morris asked if he might call any time to-morrow, Miss Templeton (who was also dining with Mrs. Assheton) said that she and her mother would be out all day, and not get home till late. It does not strike me as being too fanciful to see in that some little trace, perhaps, of your handiwork."

"Yes, that looks like me," said Mills

shortly.

Mr. Taynton took a meditative sip at

his brandy and soda.

"My evening, also, has not been altogether wasted," he said. "I played what for me was a bold stroke, for, as you know, my dear fellow, I prefer to leave to your nimble and penetrating mind things that want dash and boldness. But to-night, yes, I was warmed with that wonderful port, and was bold."

"What did you do?" asked Mills.

"Well, I asked, I almost implored dear Morris to give me two or three hours to-morrow and go through all the books, and satisfy himself everything is in order, and his investments well looked after. I told him, also, that the original thirty thousand pounds of his had, owing to judicious management, become forty thousand pounds. You see, that is unfortunately a thing past praying for. It is so indubitably clear from the earlier ledgers—"

"But the port must indeed have warmed you," said Mills quickly. "Why,

it was madness! What if he had consented?"

Mr. Taynton smiled.

"Ah, well, I, in my slow, synthetic manner, had made up my mind that it was really quite impossible that he should consent to go into the books and vouchers. To begin with, he has a new motor-car, and every hour spent away from that car just now is, to his mind, an hour wasted. Also, I know him well; I know that he would never consent to spend several hours over ledgers. Finally, even if he had, though I knew from what I knew of him, not that he would not, but that he could not, I could have-I could have managed something. You see, he knows nothing whatever about business or investments."

Mills shook his head.

"But it was dangerous, anyhow," he said, "and I don't understand what object could be served by it. It was running a risk with no profit in view."

Then, for the first time, the inherent strength of the quietness of the one man as opposed to the obvious quickness and comprehension of the other

came into play.

"I think that I disagree with you there, my dear fellow," said Mr. Taynton slowly, "though when I have told you all, I shall be, of course, as always, delighted to recognize the superiority of your judgment, should you disagree with me and convince me of the correctness of your view. It has happened, I know, a hundred times before that you, with your quick, intuitive perception, have been right—"

But his partner interrupted him. He quite agreed with the sentiment, but he wanted to learn without even the delay caused by these complimentary remarks the upshot of Taynton's rash proposal

to Morris.

"What did young Assheton say?" he

asked.

"Well, my dear fellow," said Mr. Taynton, "though I have really no doubt that in principle I did a rash thing, in actual practise my step was justified, because Morris absolutely refused to look at the books. Of course

I know the young fellow well; it argues no perspicacity on my part to have foreseen that. And, I am glad to say, something in my way of putting it, some sincerity of manner, I suppose, gave rise to a fresh mark of confidence in us on his part."

Mr. Taynton cleared his throat; his quietness and complete absence of hurry were, so to speak, rapidly overhauling the quick, nimble mind of the other.

"He asked me, in fact, to continue being steward of his affairs in any event. Should he marry to-morrow, I feel no doubt that he would not spend a couple of minutes over his financial affairs, unless, unless, as you foresaw might happen, he had need of a large lump sum. In that case, my dear Mills, you and I would-would find it impossible to live elsewhere than in the Argentine Republic, were we so fortunate as to get there. But, as far as this goes, I may say that the step of mine which you felt to be dangerous has turned out most auspiciously. He begged me, in fact, even after he comes of age, to continue acting for him at my present rate of remuneration."

Mr. Mills was listening to this with some attention. Here he laughed

shortly.

"That is capital, then," he said. "You were right and I was wrong. Heavens, Taynton, it's your manner, you know; there's something of the country parson about you that is wonderfully convincing; you seem sincere without being sanctimonious. Why, if I were to ask young Assheton to look into his affairs for himself, he would instantly think there was something wrong, and that I was trying bluff. But when you do the same thing, that simple and perfectly correct explanation never occurs to him."

"No, dear Morris trusts me very completely," said Taynton. "But, then, if I may continue my little review of the situation, as it now stands, you and your talk with Sir Richard have vastly decreased the danger of his marrying. For, to be frank, I should not feel at all secure if that happened. Miss Templeton is an heiress herself, and Morris

might easily take it into his head to spend ten or fifteen thousand pounds in building a house or buying an estate, and though I think I have guarded against his requiring an account of our stewardship, I can't prevent his wishing to draw a large sum of money. But your brilliant maneuver has, we hope, effectually put a stop to the danger of his marrying Miss Templeton, and since I am convinced he is in love with her, why"-Mr. Taynton put his plump finger-tips together and raised his kind eyes to the ceiling-"why, the chance of his wanting to marry anybody else is postponed, anyhow, till, till he has got over this unfortunate attachment. In fact, my dear fellow, there is no longer anything immediate to fear, and I feel sure that before many weeks are up, the misfortunes and ill luck which for the last two years have dogged us with such incredible persistency will be repaired."

Mills said nothing for the moment, but splashed himself out a liberal allowance of brandy into his glass and mixed it with a somewhat more carefully measured ration of soda-water. He was essentially a sober man, but that was partly due to the fact that his head was as impervious to alcohol as teak is to water, and it was his habit to indulge in two or three rather stiff brandies and sodas of an evening. He found that they assisted and clarified

thought.

"I wish to Heaven you hadn't found it necessary to let young Assheton know that his thirty thousand pounds had increased to forty thousand pounds," he said. "That's ten thousand pounds

more to get back."

"Ah, it was just that which gave him, so he thought, such good cause for reposing complete confidence in me," remarked Mr. Taynton. "But, as you say, it is ten thousand pounds more to get back, and I should not have told him, were not certain ledgers of earlier years so extremely—extremely unmistakable on the subject."

"But if he is not going to look at

ledgers at all-" began Mills.

"Ah! the concealment of that sort of

thing is one of the risks which it is not worth while to take," said the other, dropping for a moment his deferential attitude.

Mills was silent again. Then:

"Have you bought that option in Boston Copper?" he asked.

"Yes; I bought to-day."
Mills glanced at the clock, as Mr.

Taynton rose to go.

"Still only a quarter to twelve," he said. "If you have time, you might give me a detailed statement. I hardly know what you have done. It won't take a couple of minutes."

Mr. Taynton glanced at the clock likewise, and then put down his hat

again.

"I can just spare the time," he said, "but I must get home by twelve; I have unfortunately come out without my latch-key, and I do not like keeping the servants up."

He pressed his fingers over his eyes

a moment, and then spoke.

Ten minutes later he was in the birdcage of the lift again, and by twelve he had been admitted into his own house, apologizing most amiably to his servant for having kept him up. There were a few letters for him, and he opened and read these, then lit his bedcandle and went up-stairs, but instead of undressing, sat for a full quarter of an hour in his armchair thinking. Then he spoke softly to himself.

"I think dear Mills means mischief in some way," he said. "But, really, for the moment it puzzles me to know what. However, I shall see to-morrow. Ah!

-I wonder if I guess!"

Then he went to bed, but contrary to custom did not get to sleep for a long time. But when he did, there was a smile on his lips; a patient, contented smile.

#### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Taynton's statement to his partner, which had taken him so few minutes to give, was concerned only with the latest financial operation which he had just embarked in, but for the sake of the reader, it will be necessary to go a little farther back and give quite shortly the main features of the situation in which he and his partner found

themselves placed.

Briefly, then, at the time peace was declared in South Africa, the two partners of Taynton & Mills had sold out thirty thousand pounds of Morris Assheton's securities, and seeing a quite unrivaled opportunity of making their fortunes, had become heavy purchasers of South African mines, for they reasoned that with peace once declared it was absolutely certain that prices would go up. But, as is sometimes the way with absolute certainties, the opposite had happened, and they had gone down. They cut their loss, however, and proceeded to buy American rails. In six months they had entirely repaired the damage, and, seeing a further unrivaled opportunity, from time to time, in buying motor-car shares, in running a theater, financing, and other schemes, had managed, a month ago, to lose all that was left of the thirty thousand pounds. Being, therefore, already so deeply committed, it was mere prudence, the mere instinct of self-preservation that had led them to sell out the remaining ten thousand pounds, and today Mr. Taynton had bought an option in Boston Copper with it. The manner of an option is as follows:

Boston Copper to-day was quoted at £5.10.6, and by paying a premium of twelve shillings and sixpence per share, they were entitled to buy Boston Copper shares any time within the next three months at a price of £6.3.0. Supposing, therefore (as Mr. Taynton, on very good authority had supposed) that Boston Copper, a rapidly improving company, gained a couple of points within the next three months, and so stood at £7.10.6, he had the right of exercising his option and buying them at £6.3.0, thus making £1.7.6 per share. But a higher rise than this was confidently expected, and Mr. Taynton, though not really of an oversanguine disposition, certainly hoped to make good the greater part, if not all, of these somewhat large defalcations. He had bought an option of twenty thousand shares, the option of which cost (or would cost at the end of three months) rather over ten thousand pounds. In other words, the moment that the shares rose to a price higher than £6.3.0, all further appreciation was pure gain. If they did not rise so high, he would, of course, not exercise the option, and sacrifice the money.

That was certainly a very unpleasant thing to contemplate, but it had been more unpleasant when, so far as he knew, Morris was on the verge of matrimony, and would then step into the management of his own affairs. But, bad though it all was, the situation had certainly been immensely ameliorated this evening, since his partner had, it was not unreasonable to hope, said to Madge's father things about Morris that made his marriage with Madge exceedingly unlikely, while on the other hand, even if it happened, his affairs, according to his own wish, would remain in Mr. Taynton's hands with the same completeness as heretofore. would, of course, be necessary to pay him his income, and though this would be a great strain on the finance of the two partners, it was manageable. Besides (Mr. Taynton sincerely hoped that this would not be necessary), the money which was Mrs. Assheton's for her lifetime was in his hands, also, so if the worst came to the worst-

Now, the composition and nature of the extraordinary animal called man are so unexpected and unlikely that any analysis of Mr. Taynton's character may seem almost grotesque. It is a fact, nevertheless, that his was a nature capable of great things; it is also a fact that he had long ago been deeply and bitterly contrite for the original dishonesty of using the money of his client. But by one of those strange perversities of nature, he had by this time honestly and sincerely got to regard all these subsequent employments of it merely as efforts on his part to make right an original wrong. He wanted to repair his fault, and it seemed to him that to commit it again

was the only means at his disposal for doing so.

A strain, too, of Puritan piety was bound up in the constitution of his soul, and in private life he exercised high morality, and was also kind and charitable. He belonged to guilds and societies that had as their object the improvement and moral advancement of young men. He was a liberal patron of educational schemes, he sang a fervent tenor in the choir of St. Agnes, and he was a regular communicant; his nature looked toward God and turned its eyes away from evil.

To do him justice, he was not a hypocrite, though, if all about him were known, and a plebiscite taken, it is probable that he would be unanimously condemned. Yet the universal opinion would be wrong; he was no hypocrite, but only had the bump of self-preservation enormously developed. He had cheated and swindled, but he was genuinely opposed to cheating and swindling.

He was cheating and swindling now, in buying the option of Boston Copper. But he did not know that; he wanted to repair the original wrong, to hand back to Morris his fortune unimpaired, and also to save himself. But of these two wants, the second, it must be confessed, was infinitely stronger. To save himself there was perhaps nothing that he would stick at. However, it was his constant wish and prayer that he might not be led into temptation. He knew well what his particular temptation was, namely, this instinct of selfpreservation, and constantly thought and meditated about it. He knew that he was hardly himself when the stress of it came on him; it was like a possession.

Mills, though an excellent partner and a man of most industrious habits, had, so Mr. Taynton would have admitted, one little weak spot. He never was at the office till rather late in the morning. True, when he came, he soon made up for lost time, for he was possessed, as we have seen, of a notable quickness and agility of mind, but some

times Mr. Taynton himself found that he was forced to be idle till Mills turned up, if his signature or what-not was required for papers before work could

be further proceeded with.

This, in fact, was the case next morning, and from half-past eleven Mr. Taynton had to sit idly in his office, as far as the work of the firm was concerned, until his partner arrived. It was a little tiresome that this should happen to-day, because there was nothing else that need detain him, except those deeds, for the execution of which his partner's signature was necessary, and he could, if only Mills had been punctual, have gone out to Rottingdean before lunch, and inspected the church school there, in the erection of which he had taken so energetic an interest.

Timmins, however, the gray-haired old head clerk, was in the office with him, and Mr. Taynton always liked a

chat with Timmins.

"And the grandson just come home, has he, Mr. Timmins?" he was saying. "I must come and see him. Why, he'll be six years old, won't he, by now?"

"Yes, sir, turned six."

"Dear me, how time goes on! The morning is going on, too, and still Mr. Mills isn't here."

He took a quill-pen and drew a halfsheet of paper toward him, poised his pen a moment, and then wrote quickly.

"What a pity I can't sign for him," he said, passing his paper over to the clerk. "Look at that; now, even you, Timmins, though you have seen Mr. Mills' handwriting ten thousand times, would be ready to swear that the signature was his, would you not?"

Timmins looked scrutinizingly at it. "Well, I'm sure, sir, what a forger you would have made!" he said admiringly. "I would have sworn that was Mr. Mills' own hand of write. It's wonderful, sir."

Mr. Taynton sighed, and took the

paper again.

"Yes, it is like, isn't it?" he said, "and it's so easy to do. Luckily forgers don't know the way to forge properly."

"And what might that be, sir?" asked Timmins.

"Why to throw yourself mentally into the nature of the man whose handwriting you wish to forge. Of course one has to know the handwriting thoroughly well, but if one does that, one just has to visualize it, and then, as I said, project oneself into the other, not laboriously copy the handwriting. Let's try another. Ah, who is that letter from? Mrs. Assheton, isn't it? Let me look at the signature just once again."

Mr. Taynton closed his eyes a moment after looking at it. Then he took his quill, and wrote quickly. "You would swear to that, too, would you

not, Timmins?" he asked.

"Why, God bless me, yes, sir," said

he. "Swear to it on the book."

The door opened, and, as Godfrey Mills came in, Mr. Taynton tweaked the paper out of Timmins' hand, and tore it up. It might, perhaps, seem strange to dear Mills that his partner had been forging his signature, though only in jest.

"'Fraid I'm rather late," said Mills.
"Not at all, my dear fellow," said
Taynton, without the slightest touch of
ill humor. "How are you? There's
very little to do; I want your signature
to this, and this, and your careful perusal of that. Mrs. Assheton's letter?
No, that only concerns me; I have
dealt with it."

A quarter of an hour was sufficient, and at the end Timmins carried the papers away, leaving the two partners together. Then, as soon as the door closed, Mills spoke.

"I've been thinking over our conversation of last night," he said, "and there are some points I don't think you have quite appreciated which I should like

to put before you."

Something inside Mr. Taynton's brain—the same watcher, perhaps, who looked at Morris so closely the evening before—said to him: "He is going to try it on." But it was not the watcher, but his usual self that answered. He beamed gently on his partner.

"My dear fellow, I might have been

sure that your quick mind would have seen new aspects, new combinations," he said.

Mills leaned forward over the table. "Yes, I have seen 'new aspects,' to adopt your words," he said, "and I will put them before you. These financial operations, shall we call them, have been going on for two years now, have they not? You began by losing a large sum in South Africa."

"We began," corrected Mr. Taynton gently. He was looking at the other quite calmly; his face expressed no surprise at all: if there was anything in his expression beyond that of quiet

kindness, it was perhaps pity.
"I said 'you,' " said Mills, in a hectoring tone, "and I will soon explain why. You lost a large sum in South Africans, but won it back again in Americans. You then, again and again, contrary to my advice, embarked in perfectly wildcat affairs, which ended in our-I say 'our' here-getting severely scratched and mauled. Altogether you have frittered away thirty thousand pounds, and have placed the remaining ten in a venture which, to my mind, is as wild as all the rest of your unfortunate ventures. These speculations have almost, without exception, been choices of your own, not mine. That was one of the reasons why I said 'you,' not 'we.' "

He paused a moment.

"Another reason is," he said, "because, without any exception, the transactions have taken place at your advice and in your name, not in mine.'

That was a sufficiently meaning statement, but Mills did not wish his partner to be under any misapprehension as to what he implied.

"In other words," he said, "I can deny absolutely all knowledge of the

whole of those operations.'

Mr. Taynton gave a sudden start, as if the significance of this had only this moment dawned on him; as if he had not understood the first statement. Then he seemed to collect himself.

"You can hardly do that," he said, "as I hold letters of yours which imply

such knowledge."

Mills smiled rather evilly.

"Ah, it is not worth while bluffing," he said. "I have never written such a letter to you. You know it. Is it likely I should?"

Mr. Taynton apparently had no reply to this. But he had a question to ask.

"Why are you taking up this hostile and threatening attitude?"

"I have not meant to be hostile, and I have certainly not threatened," replied "I have put before you, quite dispassionately, I hope, certain facts. Indeed, I should say it was you who had threatened in the matter of those letters, whose existence has, unhappily, never taken place. I will proceed. Now, what has been my part in these affairs? I have observed you lose money in speculation I disapproved of, but you always knew best. I have advanced money to you before now to tide over embarrassments that would otherwise have been disastrous. By the exercise of diplomacy-or lying-yesterday, I averted a very grave danger. I point out to you, also, that there is nothing to implicate me in these—these fraudulent employments of a client's money. So I ask where I come in? What do I get by it?"

Mr. Taynton's hands were trembling as he fumbled at some paper on his

"You know quite well that we are to

share all profits?" he said.

"Yes, but at present there have not been any. I have been, to put it plainly, pulling you out of holes. And I think—I think my trouble ought to be remunerated. I sincerely hope you will take that view also. Or shall I remind you again that there is nothing in the world to connect me with these-well, frauds?"

Mr. Taynton got up from his chair, strolled across to the window, where he drew down the blind a little, so as to shut out the splash of sunlight that fell on the table.

"You have been betting again, I sup-

pose?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, and I have been unfortunate. Pray do not trouble to tell me again how foolish it is to gamble like that. You may be right; I have no doubt you are right. But I do not think it is more foolish to gamble with one's own money than with the money of other people."

This, apparently, seemed unanswerable; anyhow, Mr. Taynton made no reply. Then, having excluded the splash

of sunlight, he sat down again.

"You have not threatened, you tell me," he said, "but you have pointed out to me that there is no evidence that you have had a hand in certain transactions. You say that I know you have helped me in these transactions. You say you require remuneration for your services. Does not that, I ask, imply a threat? Does it not mean that you are blackmailing me? Else why should you bring these facts—I do not dispute them—to my notice? Supposing I refuse you remuneration?"

Mills had noted the signs of agitation and anxiety. He felt that he was on safe ground. The blackmailer lives entirely on other people's want of cour-

age.

"You will not, I hope, refuse me remuneration," he said. "I have not threatened you yet, because I feel sure you will be wise. I might, of course, subsequently threaten you."

Again there was silence. Mr. Taynton had picked up a quill-pen, the same with which he had been writing before,

for the ink was not yet dry.

"The law is rather severe on black-

mailers," he remarked.

"It is. Are you going to bring an action against me for blackmail? Will not that imply the reopening of—of certain ledgers which we agreed last night had better remain shut?"

Again there was silence. There was a completeness in this reasoning which

rendered comment superfluous.

"How much do you want?" asked

Mr. Taynton.

Mills was not so foolish as to "breathe a sigh of relief." But he noted with satisfaction that there was no sign of fight in his adversary and partner.

"I want two thousand pounds," he

said.

"That is a large sum."

"It is. If it was a small sum I should not trouble you."

Mr. Taynton again got up, and strayed aimlessly about the room.

"I can't give it you to-day," he said. "I shall have to sell out some stock."

"I am not unreasonable about a reasonable delay," said Mills.

"You are going to town this after-

noon!"

"Yes, I must. There is a good deal of work to be done. It will take me all to-morrow."

"And you will be back the day after

to-morrow?"

"Yes, I shall be back here that night; that is to say, I shall not get away from town till the afternoon. I should like your definite answer then, if it is not inconvenient. I could come and see you that night—the day after to-morrow—if you wished?"

Mr. Taynton thought over this, with

his habitual deliberation.

"You will readily understand that all friendly relations between us are quite over," he said. "You have done a cruel and wicked thing, but I don't see how I can resist it. I should like, however, to have a little further talk about it, for which I have not time now."

Mills rose.

"By all means," he said. "I do not suppose I shall be back here till nine in the evening. I have had no exercise lately, and I think very likely I shall get out of the train at Falmer, and walk over the downs."

Mr. Taynton's habitual courtesy came to his aid. He would have been polite to a thief or a murderer, if he

met him socially.

"Those cool airs of the downs are very invigorating," he said. "I will not expect you, therefore, till half-past nine that night. I shall dine at home, and be alone."

"Thanks. I must be going. I shall only just catch my train to town."

Mills nodded a curt gesture of farewell, and left the room, and when he had gone, Mr. Taynton sat down again in his chair by the table, and remained there some half-hour. He knew well the soundness of his partner's reasoning; all he had said was fatally and abominably true. There was no way out of it. Yet to pay money to a blackmailer was, to the legal mind, a confession of guilt. Innocent people, unless they were abject fools, did not pay blackmail. They prosecuted the black-Yet here, too, Mills' simple mailer. reasoning held good. He could not prosecute the blackmailer, since he was not in the fortunate position of being innocent. But if you paid a blackmailer once, you were forever in his power. Having once yielded, it was necessary to yield again. He must get some assurance that no further levy would take place. He must satisfy himself that he would be quit of all future danger from this quarter.

Yet from where was such assurance to come? He might have it a hundred times over in Godfrey Mills' handwriting, but he could never produce that as evidence, since again the charge of fraudulent employment of clients' money would be in the air. No doubt, of course, the blackmailer would be sentenced, but the cause of blackmail would necessarily be public. No; there

was no way out.

Two thousand pounds, though! Frugally and simply as he lived, that was to him a dreadful sum, and represented the savings of at least eighteen months. This, in fact, meant that there was for him another eighteen months of work, just when he hoped to see his retirement coming close to him. Mills demanded that he should wait an extra year and a half out of those few years that, in all human probability, still remained to him in this pleasant world.

Yet there was no way out! Half an hour's meditation convinced him of this, and, as was his sensible plan when a thing was inevitable, he never either fought against it nor wasted energy in

regretting it.

And he went slowly out of the office into which he had come so brightly an hour or two before. But his face expressed no sign of disquieting emotion; he nodded kindly to Timmins, and indorsed his desire to be allowed to come and see the grandson. If anything was on his mind, or if he was revolving some policy for the future, it did not seem to touch or sour that kindly, pleasant face.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Taynton did not let these very unpleasant occurrences interfere with the usual and beneficent course of his life, but faced the crisis with that true bravery that not only meets a thing without flinching, but meets it with the higher courage of cheerfulness, serenity, and ordinary behavior. He spent the rest of the day, in fact, in his usual manner, enjoying his bath before lunch, his hour of the paper and the quiet cigar afterward, his walk over the springy turf of the downs, after which he put in a couple of hours' more work before dinner.

Then afterward he passed his evening, as he always did once a week, at the club for young men which he had founded, where, instead of being exposed to the evening lures of the seafront and the public house, they could spend (on payment of a really nominal subscription) quieter and more innocent hours over chess, bagatelle, and the illustrated papers, or, if more energetically disposed, in the airy gymnasium adjoining the reading-room, where they could indulge in friendly rivalry with boxing-gloves or single-stick, or develop their growing muscles with dumbbells and elastic contrivances.

Mr. Taynton had spent a couple of hours there, losing a game of chess to one youthful adversary, but getting back his laurels over bagatelle, and, before he left, had arranged for a geological expedition to visit, on the Whitsuntide bank holiday next week, the curious raised beach which protruded so remarkably from the range of chalk

downs some ten miles away.

On returning home, it is true, he had deviated a little from his usual habits, for, instead of devoting the halfhour before bedtime to the leisurely perusal of the evening paper, he had merely given it one glance, observing that copper was strong, and that Boston Copper, in particular, had risen half a point, and had then sat till bedtime, doing nothing whatever, a habit to which he was not generally addicted.

He was seated in his office next morning, and was, in fact, on the point of leaving for his bath, for this hot, genial June was going on its sunny way

uninterrupted by winds or rain, when Mr. Timmins, after discreetly tapping, entered and closed the door behind him. "Mr. Morris Assheton, sir, to see you," he said. "I said I would find out if you were disengaged, and could

hardly restrain him from coming in with me. The young gentleman seems

very excited and agitated."
"Yes, show him in," said Mr. Tayn-

ton.

A moment afterward the door burst open, and banged to again behind Morris. High color flamed in his face, his black eyes sparkled with a vivid, dangerous light, and he had no salutation for his old friend.

"I've come on a very unpleasant business," he said, his voice not in con-

trol.

Mr. Taynton got up. He had only had one moment of preparation, and he thought, at any rate, that he knew for certain what this unpleasant business must be. Evidently Mills had given him away. For what reason he had done so he could not guess-after his experience of yesterday it might have been from pure devilry, or, again, he might have feared that in desperation Taynton would take that extreme step of prosecuting him for blackmail. But for that moment Taynton believed that Morris' agitation must be caused by this, and it says much for the iron of his nerve that he did not betray himself by a tremor.

"My dear Morris," he said, "I must ask you to pull yourself together. You are out of your own control. Sit down, please, and be silent for a minute. Then tell me calmly what is the matter."

Morris sat down as he was told, but the calmness was not conspicuous.

"Calm?" he said. "Would you be calm in my circumstances, do you think?"

"You have not yet told me what they are," said Mr. Taynton.

"I've just seen Madge Templeton," he said. "I met her privately by appointment. And she told me—she told me—"

Master of himself though he was, Mr. Taynton had one moment of physical giddiness, so complete and sudden were the revulsion and reaction that took place in his brain. A moment before he had known, he thought for certain, that his own utter ruin was imminent. Now he knew that it was not that, and, though he had made one wrong conjecture as to what the unpleasant business was, he did not think that his second guess was far astray.

"Take your time, Morris," he said.
"And, my dear boy, try to calm yourself. You say I should not be calm in
your circumstances. Perhaps I should
not, but I should make an effort. Tell
me everything slowly, omitting noth-

ing."

This speech, combined with the authoritative personality of Mr. Taynton, had an extraordinary effect on Morris. He sat quiet a moment or two, then

spoke

"Yes, you are quite right," he said, "and, after all, I have only conjecture to go on yet, and I have been behaving as if it was proved truth. God! if it is proved to be true, though, I'll expose him, I'll—I'll horsewhip him, I'll murder him."

Mr. Taynton slapped the table with

his open hand.

"Now, Morris, none of these wild words," he said. "I will not listen to you for a moment if you do not control yourself."

Once again, and this time more permanently, the man's authority asserted itself. Morris again sat silent for a time, then spoke evenly and quietly.

"Two nights ago you were dining with us," he said, "and Madge was there. Do you remember my asking her if I might come to see them, and she said she and her mother would be out all day?"

"Yes; I remember perfectly," said

Mr. Taynton.

"Well, yesterday afternoon I was motoring by the park, and I saw Madge sitting on the lawn. I stopped the motor and watched. She sat there for nearly an hour, and then Sir Richard came out of the house, and they walked up and down the lawn together.'

"Ah, you must have been mistaken," said Mr. Taynton. "I know the spot you mean on the road, where you can see the lawn, but it's half a mile off. It must have been some friend of hers, perhaps, staying in the house."

Morris shook his head.

"I was not mistaken," he said. "For yesterday evening I got a note from her, saying she had posted it secretly, but that she must see me, though she was forbidden to do so or to hold any communication with me."

"Forbidden!" ejaculated Mr. Tayn-

"Yes; forbidden. Well, this morning I went to the place she named, outside on the downs beyond the park gate, and saw her. Somebody has been telling vile lies about me to her father. I think I know who it is.'

Mr. Taynton held up his hand.

"Stop," he said; "let me have your conjecture afterward. Tell me first not what you guess, but what happened. Arrange it all in your mind, tell it me as connectedly as you can."

Morris paused a moment. "Well, I met Madge as I told you, and this was her story. Three days ago she and her father and mother were at lunch, and they had been talking in the most friendly way about me, and it was arranged to ask me to spend all yesterday with them. Madge, as you know, the next night was dining with us, and it was agreed that she should ask me verbally. After lunch she and her father went out riding, and when they returned they found that your partner, Mills, had come to call. He stayed for tea, and after tea had a talk alone with Sir Richard, while she and her mother sat out on the lawn. Soon after he had gone, Sir Richard sent for Lady Templeton, and it was nearly dressingtime when she left him again. Madge noticed at dinner that both her father

and mother seemed very grave, and when she went up to bed, her mother said that, perhaps, they had better not ask me over, as there was some thought of their being away all day. Also, if I suggested coming over, when Madge dined with us, she was to give that excuse. That was all she was told for the time being.'

Morris paused again.

"You are telling this very clearly and well, my dear boy," said the lawyer,

very gravely and kindly.

"It is so simple," said Morris, with a biting emphasis. "Then next morning after breakfast her father sent for her. He told her that they had been told certain things about me which made them think it better not to see any more of me. What they were she was not told, but I was not, it appeared, the sort of person with whom they chose to associate. Now, before God, those things that they were told, whatever they were, were lies. I lead a straight and sober life.'

Mr. Taynton was attending very

closely.

"Thank God, Madge did not believe a word of it!" said Morris, his face suddenly flushing. "And, like a brick and a true friend, she wrote at once to me, as I said, in order to tell me all this. We talked over, too, who it could have been who had said those vile things to her father. There was only one person who could. She had ridden with her father till tea-time. Then came your partner. Sir Richard saw nobody else; nobody else called that afternoon; no post came in."

Mr. Taynton had sprung up and was walking up and down the room in great

agitation.

"I can't believe that," he said. "There must be some other explanation. Godfrey Mills say those things about you! It is incredible. My dear boy, until it is proved, you really must not let yourself believe that to be possible. You can't believe such wickedness against a man-one, too, whom I have known and trusted for years-on no evidence. There is no direct evidence yet. Let us leave that alone for the

moment. What are you going to do now?"

"I came here to see him," said Morris. "But I am told he is away. So I

thought it better to tell you." "Yes, quite right. And what else?"

"I have written to Sir Richard, demanding in common justice that he should see me, should tell me what he has heard against me, and who told him. I don't think he will refuse. I don't see how he can refuse. I have asked him to see me to-morrow afternoon."

Mr. Taynton mentally examined this in all its bearings. Apparently it sat-

isfied him.

"You have acted wisely and prudently," he said. "But I want to beg you, until you have definite information, to forbear from thinking that my dear Mills could conceivably have been the originator of these scandalous talestales which I know, from my knowledge of you, are impossible to be true. From what I know of him, however, it is impossible he could have said such things. I cannot believe him capable of a mean or deceitful action, and that he should be guilty of such unfathomable iniquity is simply out of the question. You must assume him innocent till his guilt is proved."

"But who else could it have been?" cried Morris, his voice rising again.

"It could not have been he," said Taynton firmly.

There was a long silence; then

Morris rose.

"There is one thing more," he said, "which is the most important of all. This foul scandal about me, of course, I know will be cleared up, and I shall be competent to deal with the offender. But-but Madge and I said other things to each other. I told her what I told you, that I loved her. And she loves me.'

The sternness, the trouble, the anxiety all melted from Mr. Taynton's

"Ah, my dear fellow, my dear fellow," he said, with outstretched hands. "Thank you for telling me. I am delighted, overjoyed, and, indeed, as you say, that is far more important than

anything else. My dear Morris-And is not your mother charmed?"

Morris shook his head.

"I have not told her yet, and I shall not till this is cleared up. It is her birthday the day after to-morrow; perhaps I shall be able to tell her then.

He rose.

"I must go," he said. "And I will do all I can to keep my mind off accusing-him, until I know. But when I think of it I see red."

Mr. Taynton patted his shoulder af-

fectionately.

"I should have thought that you had something to think about which would make it easy for you to prevent your thoughts straying elsewhere," he said.

"I shall need all the distraction I can get," said Morris, rather grimly.

Morris walked quickly back along the sea-front toward Sussex Square, and remembered as he went that he had not yet bought any gift for his mother on her birthday. There was something, too, which she had casually said a day or two ago that she wanted-what was Ah, yes, a new blotting-book for her writing-table in the drawing-room. The shop she habitually dealt at for such things, a branch of Asprey's, was only a few yards farther on, and he turned in to make inquiries as to whether she had ordered it. It appeared that she had been in that very morning, but the parcel had not been sent yet.

So Morris, taking the responsibility on himself, counter-ordered the plain red morocco book she had chosen and chose another, with fine silver scrollwork at the corners. He ordered, too. that a silver-lettered inscription should be put on it, the initials "H. A. from M. A.," with the date-two days ahead, "June 24, 1905." This he gave instructions should be sent to the house on the morning of June 24, the day after to-morrow. He wished it to be sent so as to arrive with the early post on that

The promise which Morris had made his old friend not to let his thoughts dwell on suspicion and conjecture as yet uncertain of foundation, was one of those promises which are made in absolute good faith, but which in their very nature cannot be kept. The thought of the hideous treachery, the gratuitous falsehood, of which, in his mind, he felt convinced Godfrey Mills had been guilty, was like blood soaking through a bandage. All that he could do was to continue putting on fresh bandages—that was all of his promise that he was able to fulfil, and, in spite of all the bandages, the blood stained and soaked its way through.

In the afternoon he took out the motor, but his joy in it for the time was dead, and it was only because, in the sense of pace and swift movement, he hoped to find a narcotic to thought that he went out at all. But there was no narcotic there, nor even in the thought of this huge joy of love that had dawned on him was there forgetfulness, for all else-joy and sorrow and love-were for the present separated from him by these hideous and libelous things that had been said about him. Until they were removed, until they passed into non-existence again, nothing had any significance for him. Everything was colored with them; bitterness as of blood tinged everything. Hours, too, must pass before they could be removed; this long, midsummer day had to draw to its end, night had to pass; the hour of early dawn, the long morning had to be numbered with the past before he could even learn who was responsible for the poisonous tale.

And when he learned, or, rather, when his conjecture was confirmed as to who it was (for his supposition was conjecture in the sense that it only wanted the actual seal of reality on it), what was he to do next? Or, rather, what must he do next? He felt that when he knew absolutely for certain who had said this about him, a force of indignation and hatred, which at present he kept chained up, must infallibly break its chain and become merely a wild beast let loose. He felt he would be no longer responsible for what he did. Something had to happen; something more than mere apology or retractation of words. To lie and slander like that was a crime, an insult against human and divine justice. It would be nothing for the criminal to say he was sorry; he had to be punished. A man who did that was not fit to live. He was a man no longer; he was a biting, poisonous reptile, who for the sake of the community must be expunged. Yet human justice, which hanged people for violent crimes committed under great provocation, dealt more lightly with this far more devilish thing; a crime committed coldly and calculatingly, that had planned not the mere death of his body, but the disgrace and death of his character. Godfrey Mills-he checked on the word, and added to himself "if it was he"-had tried to kill him morally. Yet what was the motive? What could be the reason for this wanton and wicked deed?

Morris felt that he was helpless, too, unless he took the law into his own hands. It would do no good-young as he was, he knew that-to bring any action for defamation of character, since the world merely says, if a man justifies himself by the only legal means in his power: "There must have been something in it, since it was said." No legal remedy, no fines, or even imprisonment, far less apology and retractation, satisfied justice. There were only two courses open: one to regard the slander as a splash of mud thrown by some vile thing that sat in the gutter and simply ignore it; the other to do something himself-to strike, to hit with his bodily hands, whatever the result of his violence might be.

Indeed, should Morris be told, as he felt sure he would be, who his slanderer and defamer was, that gentleman would be wise to keep out of his way with him in such a mood. There were danger and death abroad on this calm, hot, summer afternoon.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of the day after, and Mr. Taynton was prolonging his hour of quietude after lunch, and encroaching thereby into his daily time for exercise. It was but seldom that he broke into

the routine of habits so long formed, and, indeed, the most violent rain or snow of winter, the most cutting easterly blasts of March never, unless he had some definite bodily ailment, kept him indoors, or deprived him of his brisk, health-giving trudge over the downs or along the sea-front. But occasionally, when the weather was unusually hot, he granted himself the indulgence of sitting still instead of walking, and certainly to-day the least lenient judge might say that there were strong, extenuating circumstances in his favor.

For the warmth of the past week had been piling itself up, as in some reservoir of heat, and this afternoon was intense in its stillness and sultriness. It had been sunless all day, and all day the blanket of clouds that beset the sky had been gathering itself into blacker and more ill-omened density. would certainly be a thunder-storm before morning, and the approach of it made Mr. Taynton feel that he really had not the energy to walk. By and by, perhaps, he might be tempted to go in quest of coolness along the seafront, or perhaps later in the evening he might, as he sometimes did, take a carriage up on to the downs, and come gently home to a late supper.

He would have time for that to-day, for, according to arrangement, his partner was to drop in about half-past nine that evening. If he got back at nine—supposing he went at all—he would have time to have some food before

receiving him.

He sat now in a pleasant, parquetted room looking out on to the small, square garden at the back of his house in Montpellier Road. Big awnings stretched from the window over the broad gravel-path outside, and the room was full of dim coolness, in spite of the excessive heat. There was but little furniture in it, and it presented the strongest possible contrast to the appointments of his partner's flat, with its thick hangings, its somewhat gross luxury. A few water-colors hung on the white walls, a few Persian rugs strewed the floor, a big bookease, with

china on the top, filled one end of the room; the writing-table, a half-dozen of Chippendale chairs, and the chintz-covered sofa where he now lay, practically completed the inventory of the room. Three or four bronzes—a Narcissus, a fifteenth-century Italian St. Francis, and a couple of Greek reproductions—stood on the chimneypiece, but the whole room breathed an atmos-

phere of esthetic asceticism.

Since lunch Mr. Taynton had glanced at the paper, and also looked up the trains from town in order to assure himself that he need not expect his partner till half-past nine, and, since then, though his hands and his eyes had been idle, his mind had been very busy. Yet for all its business, he had not arrived at much. Morris, Godfrey Mills, and himself; he had placed these three figures in all sorts of positions in his mind, and yet every combination of them was, somehow, terrible and menacing. Try as he would, he could not construct a peaceful or secure arrangement of them. There was danger in whatever way he grouped them.

The kitchen passage ran out at right angles to the room in which he sat, and formed one side of the garden. The windows in it were high up, so that they did not overlook the flower-beds, and on this torrid afternoon they were all fully open. Suddenly from just inside came the furious clanging peal of a bell, which made Mr. Taynton start from his recumbent position. It was the front-door bell, as he knew, and, as it continued ringing, as if a maniac's finger was on the handle, he heard the steps of his servant running along the stone floor of the passage to see what imperative summons this was. as the front door was opened, the bell ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and the moment afterward he heard Morris'

voice shrill and commanding.
"But he has got to see me," he cried.
"What's the use of your going to ask

if he will?"

Mr. Taynton went to the door of his room, which opened into the hall.

"Come in, Morris," he said.

Though it had been Morris' hand

which had raised so uncontrolled a clamor, and his voice that just now had been so uncontrolled, there was no sign, when the door of Mr. Taynton's room had closed behind them, that there was any excitement of any sort raging within him. He sat down at once in a chair opposite the window, and Mr. Taynton saw that, in spite of the heat of the day and the violence of that storm which he knew was yelling and screaming through his brain, his face was absolutely white. He sat with his hands on the arms of the Chippendale chair, and they, too, were quite still.

"I have seen Sir Richard," said he, "and I came back at once to see you. He has told me everything. Godfrey Mills has been lying about me and slan-

dering me."

Mr. Taynton sat down heavily on the sofa.

"No, no; don't say it, don't say it," he murmured. "It can't be true. I can't believe it."

"But it is true, and you have got to believe it. Sir Richard suggested that you should go and talk it over with him. I will drive you up in the car, if you wish."

Mr. Taynton waved his hands impa-

tiently.

"No, no, not at once," he cried. "I must think it over. I must get more used to this dreadful, this appalling, shock. I am utterly distraught."

Morris turned to him, and across his face for one moment there shot, swift as a lightning flash, a quiver of rage so rabid that he looked scarcely human, but like some Greek presentment of the Furies or Revenge. Never, so thought his old friend, had he seen such glorious youthful beauty so instinct and inspired with hate. It was the demoniacal force of that which lent such splendor to it. But it passed in a second, and Morris, still very pale, very quiet, spoke to him.

"Where is he?" he asked. "I must see him at once. It won't keep."

Then he sprang up, his rage again mastering him.

"What shall I do it with?" he said.
"What shall I do it with?"

For the moment Mr. Taynton forgot himself and his anxieties.

"Morris, you don't know what you are saying," he cried. "Thank God nobody but me heard you say that."

Morris seemed not to be attending. "Where is he?" he said again. "Are you concealing him here? I have already been to your office, and he wasn't there, and to his flat, and he wasn't there."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the lawyer.
"By all means, if you like. But I've got to see him, you know. Where is

he?"

"He is away in town," said Mr. Taynton, "but he will be back to-night. Now attend. Of course you must see him, I quite understand that. But you mustn't see him alone, while you are like this."

"No, I don't want to," said Morris.
"I should like other people to see what I've got to—to say to him, that—that

partner of yours."

"He has from this moment ceased to be my partner," said Mr. Taynton brokenly. "I could never again sign what he has signed, or work with him, or—or—except once—see him again. He is coming here by appointment at half-past nine. Meet him, then, here."

Morris nodded and went toward the door. A sudden spasm of anxiety seemed to seize Mr. Taynton.

"What are you going to do now?"

he asked.

"I don't know. Drive to Falmer Park, perhaps, and tell Sir Richard you cannot see him immediately. Will you see him to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will call to-morrow morning. Morris, promise me you will do nothing rash; nothing that will bring sorrow on all those who love you."

"I shall bring a little sorrow on a

man who hates me," he said.

He went out, and Mr. Taynton sat down again, his mouth compressed into hard lines, his forehead heavily frowning. He could not permanently prevent Morris from meeting Godfrey Mills; besides, it was his right to meet him, yet how fraught with awful risks to himself that meeting would be.

Morris might easily make a violent, even a murderous, assault on the man, but Mills was an expert boxer and wrestler, and science would probably get the upper hand of blind rage. But how deadly a weapon Mills had in store against himself; he would certainly tell Morris that if one partner had slandered him, the other, whom he so trusted and revered, had robbed him; he would say, too, that Taynton had been cognizant of and had approved his slanders. There was no end to the ruin that would certainly be brought about his head if they met.

Mills' train, too, would have left London by now—there was no chance of stopping him. Then there was another danger he had not foreseen, and it was too late to stop that now. Morris was going again to Falmer Park; had, indeed, started, and that afternoon Godfrey Mills would get out of the train, as he had planned at the station just below, and walk back over the downs to Brighton. What if they

met there, alone?

For an hour, perhaps, Mr. Taynton delved at these problems, and at the end, even, it did not seem as if he had solved them satisfactorily, for, when he went out of his house, as he did at the end of this time to get a little breeze, if such was obtainable, his face was

still shadowed and overclouded. Overclouded, too, was the sky, and as he stepped out into the street from his garden-room the hot air struck him like a buffet; and to him, in his troubled and apprehensive mood, it felt as if some hot hand warned him by a blow not to venture out of his house. But the house, somehow, in this last hour, had become terrible to him: any movement or action even on a day like this, when only madmen and the English go abroad, was better than the nervous waiting in his darkened room. Dreadful forces-forces of ruin and murder and disgrace—were abroad in the world of men; the menace of the low, black clouds and stifling heat was more bearable.

He wanted to get away from his house, which was permeated and

soaked in association with the other two actors, who, in company with himself, had surely some tragedy for which the curtain was already rung up in front of them. Some dreadful scene was already prepared for them; the setting and stage were ready, the prompterand who was he?-was in his box, ready to tell them the next line, if any of them faltered. The prompter-surely he was destiny, fate, the irresistible course of events, with which no man can struggle, any more than the actor can struggle with or alter the lines that are set down for him. He may mumble them, he may act dispiritedly and tamely, but he has undertaken a certain part; he has to go through with it.

Though it was a popular hour of the day, there were but few people abroad when Mr. Taynton came out onto the sea-front: a few cabs stood by the railings that bounded the broad asphaltpath that faced the sea, but the drivers of these, despairing of fares, were, for the most part, dozing on the boxes, or, with a more set purpose, were frankly slumbering in the interiors. The dismal little wooden shelters that punctuated the parade were deserted, the pier stretched, an untenanted length of boards, over the still, lead-colored sea, and it seemed as if nature herself was waiting for some elemental catastrophe.

And, though the afternoon was of such hideous and sultry heat, Mr. Taynton, though he walked somewhat more briskly than his wont, was conscious of no genial heat that produced perspiration and the natural reaction and cooling of his skin. Some internal excitement and fever of his brain cut off all external things—the loneliness, the want of correspondence that fever brings between external and internal conditions, was on him. At one moment, in spite of the heat, he shivered; at another he felt that some apoplexy must overtake him.

For some half-hour he walked to and fro along the sea-wall, between the blackness of the sky and the blackness of the water, and then his thoughts turned to the downs about this stricken place, where, even in the sultriest days.

the rain."

some breath of wind was always moving. Just opposite him, on the other side of the road, was the street that led steeply upward to the station. He went up it.

It was about half-past seven o'clock that evening that the storm burst. A few huge drops of rain fell on the hot pavements, then the rain ceased again, and the big splashes dried, as if the stones had been blotting-paper that soaked the moisture in. Then a stream of fire split the steeple of St. Agnes' Church, just opposite Mr. Taynton's house, and the crash of thunder answered it more quickly than the servant had run to open the door to Morris' furious ringing of the bell that afternoon. At that the sluices of heaven were opened, and heaven's artillery thundered its salvos. In the next halfhour a dozen houses in Brighton were struck, while the choked gutters, overflowing onto the streets, made ravines and waterways down the roadways. Then the thunder and lightning ceased, but the rain still poured down relentlessly and windlessly, a flow of perpendicular water.

Mr. Taynton had gone out without umbrella, and when he let himself in by his latch-key at his own house door about half-past eight, it was no wonder that he wrung out his coat and trousers so that he should not soak his Persian rugs. But from him, as from the charged skies, some tension had passed; the tempest which had so cooled the air and restored the equilibrium of its forces had smoothed the frowning creases of his brow, and when his servant hurried up at the sound of the banged front door, he found his master soaked, indeed, but serene.

"Yes, I got caught by the storm, Williams," he said, "and I am drenched. The lightning was terrific, was it not? I will just change, and have a little supper; some cold meat, anything that there is. Yes, you might take my coat at once."

He divested himself of that.

"And I expect Mr. Morris this evening," he said. "He will probably have

dined, but if not, I am sure Mrs. Otter will toss up a hot dish for him. Oh, yes, and Mr. Mills will be here at halfpast nine, or even sooner, as I cannot think he will have walked from Falmer as he intended. But whenever he comes I will see him. He has not been here already?"

"No, sir," said Williams. "Will you

have a hot bath, sir?"

"No, I will just change. How bright
the garden will look to-morrow after

Mr. Taynton changed his wet clothes, and half an hour afterward had sat down to his simple and excellent supper. Mrs. Otter had provided an admirable vegetable soup for him, and some cold lamb, with asparagus and endive salad. A macédoine of strawberries followed. Simple as his fare was, it just suited Mr. Taynton's tastes, and he was indulging himself with the rather rare luxury of a third glass of port when Williams entered again.

"Mr. Assheton," he said, and held the door open.

Morris came in; he was dressed in evening clothes, with a dinner jacket, and gave no salutation to his host.

"He's not come yet?" he asked.

But his host sprang up.

"Dear boy," he said, "what a relief it is to see you. Ever since you left this afternoon I have had you on my mind. You will have a glass of port."

Morris laughed—a curious, jangling laugh.

"Oh, yes, to drink his health," he

He sat down with a jerk, and leaned

his elbow on the table.

"He'll want a lot of health to carry him through this, won't he?" he asked.

He drank his glass of port like water, and Mr. Taynton instantly filled it up again for him.

"Ah, I remember, you don't like port," he said. "What else can I offer you?"

"Oh, this will do very well," said Morris. "I am so thirsty." "You have dined?" asked his host quietly.

"No; I don't think I did. I wasn't hungry."

The Cromwellian clock chimed a

clear half-hour.
"Half-past?" said Morris, filling his glass again. "You expect him, then,

don't you?"
"Mills is not always very punctual,"

said Mr. Taynton.

For the next quarter of an hour the two sat with hardly the interchange of a word. From outside came the swift, steady hiss of the rain onto the shrubs in the garden, and again the clock chimed. Morris, who at first had sat very quiet, had begun to fidget and stir in his chair; occasionally, when he happened to notice it, he drank off the port with which Mr. Taynton hospitably kept his glass supplied; sometimes he relit a cigarette, only to let it go out again. But when the clock struck he got up.

"I wonder what has happened," he said. "Can he have missed his train? What time ought he to have got in?"

"He was to have got to Falmer," said Mr. Taynton, with a little emphasis on the last word, "at a quarter to seven. He spoke of walking from there."

Morris looked at him with a furtive,

sidelong glance.

"Why, I—I might have met him then," he said.

"You saw nothing of him?" asked

the lawyer.

"The path over the downs does not branch off for a quarter of a mile below Falmer Station," said Mr. Taynton.

The minutes ticked on till ten. Then Morris got up hurriedly.

"I shall go round to his rooms to see

if he is there," he said.

"There is no need," said his host. "I

will telephone."

The instrument hung in a corner of the room, and, with very little delay, Mills' servant was rung up. His master had not yet returned, but he had said that he should very likely be late.

"And he made an appointment with you for half-past nine?" asked Morris again.

"Yes; I cannot think what has hap-

pened to detain him."

Morris went quickly to the door.

"I believe it is all a trick," he said, "and you don't want me to meet him. I believe he is in his rooms the whole time. I shall go and see."

Before Mr. Taynton could stop him he had opened the front door and banged it behind him, and was off hatless and coatless through the pouring,

perpendicular rain.

Mr. Taynton ran to the door, as if to stop him, but Morris was already half-way down the street, and he went upstairs to the drawing-room. Morris was altogether unlike himself; this discovery of Mills' treachery seemed to have changed his nature. Violent and quick he always was, but to-night he was suspicious; he seemed to distrust Mr. Taynton himself. And, a thing which his host had never known him to do before, he had drunk in that half-hour, when they sat waiting, close on a bottle of port.

The evening paper lay ready cut for him in its accustomed place, but for some five minutes Mr. Taynton did not appear to notice it, though every paper, on the money-market page, might contain news so frightfully momentous to him. But something-this strangeness in Morris, no doubt, and his general anxiety and suspense as to how this dreadful knot could unravel itself-preoccupied him now, and even when he did take up the paper and turn to the reports of stock-exchange dealings, he was conscious of no more than a sort of a secondary thrill of satisfaction. For Boston Coppers had gone up nearly a point since the closing price of last

It was not many minutes, however, before Morris, with streaming hair, drenched clothes, and sodden shirt, returned.

"He has not come back," he said. "I went to his rooms and satisfied my-

self of that, though I think they thought I was mad. I shall go round there again first thing to-morrow morning, and if he is not there, I shall go up to find him in town. I can't wait; I simply can't wait."

Mr. Taynton looked at him gravely,

then nodded.

"No. I guess your feeling," he said. "I cannot understand what has happened to Mills; I hope nothing is wrong. And now, my dear boy, let me implore you to go straight home, get off your wet things, and go to bed. You will pay heavily for your excitement, if you are not careful."

"I'll get it out of him," said Morris.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Morris, as Mr. Taynton had advised, though not because he advised it, had gone straight home to the house in Sussex Square, had stripped off his dripping clothes, and then, since this was the line of least resistance, had gone to bed. He did not feel tired, and he longed with the childlike longing of the son for the mother, that Mrs. Assheton had been here, so that he could just be in her presence, and, if he found himself unable to speak and tell her all the hideous happenings of those last days, let her presence bring a sort of healing to his tortured mind. But though he was conscious of no weariness, he was tired to the point of exhaustion, and he had hardly got into bed, when he fell fast asleep.

It was not yet eleven when Morris had reached home, and he slept dreamlessly with that recuperative sleep of youth for some six hours. Then, as within the secret economy of the brain, the refreshment of slumber repaired the exhaustion of the day before, he began to dream, with strange, lurid distinctness, a sort of resurrection dream, of which the events of the two days before supplied the bones and skeleton out-

line.

As in all very vivid and dreadful dreams, the whole vision was connected and coherent, there were no ludicrous and inconsequent interludes, none of those breakings of one thread and hurried seizures of another, which, though one is dreaming very distinctly, supply some vague mental comfort, since even to the sleeper they are reminders that his experiences are not solid, but mere phantasies woven by imperfect consciousness and incomplete control of thought. It was not thus that Morris dreamed; his dream was of the solid

and sober texture of life.

He was driving in his motor, he thought, down the road from the house at Falmer Park, which joins the main road by a disused lodge, that leads from Falmer Station to Brighton. He had just heard from Sir Richard's own lips who it was who had slandered and blackened him, but, in his dream, he was conscious of no anger. The case had been referred to some higher power, which would certainly use its own instruments for its own vengeance. He felt he was concerned in the affair no longer; that he was but a spectator of what would be. And, in obedience to some inward dictation, he drove his motor on to the grass behind the lodge, so that it was concealed from the road outside, and walked along the inside of the park-palings, which ran parallel with it.

The afternoon was very dark, though the atmosphere was extraordinarily clear, and, after walking along the springy grass inside the railings for some three hundred yards, where was the southeastern corner of the parkenclosure, he stopped at the angle, and, standing on tiptoe, peered over them, for they were nearly six feet high, and

looked into the road below.

From this corner it ran straight on, but at the corner the foot-path over the downs to Brighton left the road, and struck upward. On the other side of this road ran the railway, and in this clear, dark air, Morris could see with great distinctness Falmer Station some four hundred yards away, and a long stretch of the line on the other side of it

As he looked he saw a puff of steam rise against the woods beyond the station, and before long a train, going Brightonward, clanked into the station. Only one passenger got out, and he came out of the station on to the road. He was quite recognizable, even at this distance. In his dream Morris felt that he expected to see him get out of the train, and walk along the road; the whole thing seemed foreordained. But he ceased tiptoeing, to look over the paling; he could hear the steps when

they came nearer.

Morris thought he waited quietly, squatting down on the mossy grass behind the palings. Something in his hands seemed angry, for his fingers kept tearing up the short, soft turf, and little stains of blood showed on the severed stems. At the time this seemed quite natural. Then, in the gathering darkness, he heard the tip-tap of footsteps on the highway. But it never occurred to him that this passenger would continue on the highroad; he was certainly going over the downs to

Brighton.

The air was quite windless, but at this moment Morris heard the boughs of the oak-tree immediately above him stir and shake, and, looking up, he saw Mr. Taynton sitting in a fork of the tree. That, too, was perfectly natural; Mr. Taynton was Mills' partner; he was there as a sort of umpire. He held a glass of port wine in one hand and was sipping it in a leisurely manner, and when Morris looked up at him, he smiled at him, but put his finger to his lips, as if recommending silence. And as the steps on the road outside sounded close, he turned a meaning glance in the direction of the road. From where he sat, high in the tree, it was plain to Morris that he must command the sight of the road, and was in his friendly manner directing operations.

Suddenly the sound of the steps ceased, and Morris wondered for the moment whether Mills had stopped. But, looking up again, he saw Mr. Taynton's hand twisted round to the right, while he still looked over the palings. And Morris knew at once that the footsteps were noiseless, not because the walker had paused, but because they were inaudible on the grass. He had

left the road, as the dreamer felt certain he would, and was going over the

downs to Brighton.

At that Morris got up, and from inside the park followed. Then, for the first time in his dream, he felt angry, and the anger grew to rage, and the rage to quivering madness. Next moment he had vaulted the fence, and sprang upon the walker from behind. He dealt him blows with some hard instrument, belaboring his head, while with his left hand he throttled his throat so that he could not scream. Only a few were necessary, for he knew that each blow went home, since all the savage vouthful strength of shoulder and loose elbow directed them. Then he withdrew his left hand from the throttled throat of the victim, who had ceased to struggle, and like a log fell back on to the grass, and Morris for the first time looked on his face. It was not Mills at all; it was Mr. Tayn-

The terror plucked him from his sleep; for a moment he wrestled and struggled to raise his head from the pillow and loosen the clutch of the night-hag who had suddenly seized him, and, with choking throat and streaming brow, he sat up in bed. Even then his dream was more real to him than the sight of his own familiar room, more real than the touch of sheet and blanket or the dew of anguish which his own hand wiped from his forehead and throat. Yet, what was his dream? Was it merely some subconscious stringing together of suggestions and desires and events vivified in sleep to a coherent story (all but that recognition of Mr. Taynton, which was nightmare pure and simple) or had it happened?

With waking, anyhow, the public life—the life that concerned other living folk as well as himself—became predominant again. He had certainly seen Sir Richard the day before, and Sir Richard had given him the name of the man who had slandered him. He had gone to meet that man, but the latter had not kept his appointment, nor had he come back to his flat in Brighton. So to-day he, Morris, was going to call

there once more, and if he did not find him, was going to drive up to London

and seek him there.

But he had been effectually plucked from further sleep. Sleep had been strangled, somebody had murdered sleep, and he got out of bed and went to the window. Nature, in any case, had wept her trouble away, and the pure, sweet morning was beginning to dawn in lines of yellow and fleeces of rosy cloud on the eastern horizon.

It was, by his watch, scarcely five; in an hour it would be reasonable to call at Mills' flat, and see if he had come by the midnight train. If not, his motor could be round by soon after six, and he would be in town by eight, before Mills, if he had slept there, would be thinking of starting for Brighton. He was sure to catch him.

Morris had drawn up the blind, and through the open window came the cool breath of the morning, ruffling his hair, and blowing his nightshirt close to his skin, and just for that moment, so exquisite was this feeling of renewal and cleanness in the hour of dawn, he thought with a sort of incredulous wonder of the red, murderous hate which had possessed him the evening before. He seemed to have been literally beside himself with anger, and his words, his thoughts, his actions had been controlled by a force and a passion which

was outside himself.

Also, the dreadful reality of his dream still a little unnerved him, and though he was himself now and awake, he felt that he had been no less himself when he throttled the throat of that abhorred figure that walked up the noiseless path over the down to Brighton, and with vehement and savage blows clubbed it down. And then the shock of finding it was his old friend whom he had done to death! That, it is true, was nightmare pure and simple, but all the rest was clad in the sober convincing garb of events that had really taken place. He could not at once separate his dream from reality; for indeed what had he done yesterday after he had learned who his traducer had been? He scarcely knew; all events

and facts seemed colorless compared to the rage and mad lust for vengeance which had occupied his entire conscious-

Then, as he dressed, the thoughts and the rage of vesterday began to stir and move in his mind again. His hate and his desire that justice should be done, that satisfaction should be granted him, were still in his heart. But now they were not wild and flashing flames; they burned with a hard, cold, even light. They were already part of himself, integral pieces and features of his soul. And the calm beauty and peace of the morning ceased to touch him, he had a stern piece of business to put through before he could think of anything else. Or had justice been done? Was his dream only a dream?

It was not yet six when he arrived at the house in which was Mills' flat. A few housemaids were about, but the lift was not yet working, and he ran up-stairs and rang at the bell. It was answered almost immediately, for Mills' servant supposed it must be his master arriving at this early hour, since no one else would come then, and he opened the door, half-dressed, with coat and trousers only put over his night things.

"Is Mr. Mills back yet?" asked Morris.

"No, sir."

Morris turned to go, but then stopped, his mind still half-suspicious that he had been warned by his partner, and was lying perdu.

"I'll give you another ten shillings, as I did last night," he said, "if you'll let me come in and satisfy myself again."

The man hesitated.

"A sovereign," said Morris.

He was admitted.

He went back to Sussex Square, after this, roused Martin, ordering him to bring the motor round at once, and just drank a cup of tea, for he would breakfast in town. His mother, he expected, would be back during the morning, and at the thought of her he remembered that this was June 24, her birthday,

and that his present to her would be arriving by the early post. He gave orders, therefore, that a packet for him from Asprey's was not to be unpacked, but given to her on her arrival with her letters. A quarter of an hour later he was off, leaving Martin behind, since there were various businesses in the town which he wanted him to attend to.

Mr. Taynton, though an earlier oriser than his partner, considered that halfpast nine was soon enough to begin the day, and punctually at that time he came down-stairs to read, as his custom was, some short piece of the Bible and a few collects, to his servants, before having his breakfast. That little ceremony over, he walked for a few minutes in his garden while Williams brought in his toast and tea-urn, and observed that though the flowers would no doubt be all the better for the liberal watering of the day before, it was idle to deny that the rain had considerably damaged them. But his attention was turned from these things to Williams, who told him that breakfast was ready, and who also brought him a telegram. It was from Morris, and had been sent off from the Sloane Square office an hour before.

Mills is not in town; they say he left yesterday afternoon. Please inform me if you know whether this is so, or if you are keeping him from me. Am delayed by breakdown. Shall be back about five.

MORRIS, Bachelors' Club.

Mr. Taynton read this through twice, as is the habit of most people with telegrams, and sent, of course, the reply that all he knew was that his partner intended to come back last night, since he had made an appointment with him. Should he arrive during the day, he would telegraph. He himself was keeping nothing from Morris, and had not had any correspondence or communication with his partner since he had left Brighton for town three days before.

The telegram was a long one, but Mr. Taynton still sat with poised pen. Then he added: "Pray do nothing violent, I implore you." And he signed it.

He sat rather unusually long over his breakfast this morning, though he ate but little, and from the cheerful, smiling aspect of his face it would seem that his thoughts were pleasant to him. He was certainly glad that Morris had not yet come across Mills, for he trusted that the lapse of a day or two would speedily calm down the lad's perfectly justifiable indignation. Besides, he was in love, and his suit had prospered; surely there were pleasanter things than

revenge to occupy him.

Then Mr. Taynton's face grew grave a moment as he thought of Morris' mad, murderous outburst of the evening before, but that gravity was shortlived, and he turned, with a sense of pleasant expectation, to see recorded again the activity and strength of Boston Coppers. But the reality was far beyond his expectations; Coppers had been strong all day, and in the Street afterward, subsequent to the news of vesterday's evening paper, there had been renewed buying from quarters which were usually well informed. Bostons had been most in request, and after hours they had had a further spurt, closing at £71/2.

Already in these three days he had cleared his option, and at present prices the shares showed a profit of a point. Mills would have to acknowledge that his perspicacity had been at fault, when he distrusted this last purchase.

Mr. Taynton left his house at about half-past ten, and again immured himself in the bird-cage lift that carried him up to his partner's flat, where he inquired if he had yet returned. Learning he had not, he asked to be given pen and paper, to write a note for him, which was to be given to him on his arrival.

Dear Mills: Mr. Morris Assheton has learned that you have made grave accusations about him to Sir Richard Templeton, Bart. That you have done so appears to be beyond doubt, and it, of course, rests with you to substantiate them. I cannot, of course at present, believe that you could have done so without conclusive evidence; on the other hand, I cannot believe that Mr. Assheton is of the character which you have given him. I therefore refrain, as far as I am able,

from drawing any conclusion till the matter is cleared up.

I may add that he deeply resents your conduct; his anger and indignation were terrible to see,

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD TAYNTON.

GODFREY MILLS, Eso.

Mr. Taynton read this through, and glanced round, as if to see whether the servant had left the room. Then he sat with closed eyes for a moment, and took an envelope and swiftly addressed it. He smudged it, however, in blotting it, crumpled it up, and threw it into the waste-paper basket, and addressed another. Into this he inserted his letter, and got up.

The servant was waiting in the little

hall outside.

"Please give this to Mr. Mills when he arrives," he said. "You expected him last night, did you not?"

Mr. Taynton found, on arrival at his office, that, in his partner's absence, there was a somewhat heavy day of work before him, and foresaw that he would be occupied all afternoon, and, indeed, probably up to dinner-time. But he was able to get out for an hour at half-past twelve, at which time, if the weather was hot, he generally indulged in a swim. But to-day there was a certain chill in the air after yesterday's storm, and instead of taking his dip, he walked along the sea-front toward Sussex Square. For in his warm-hearted way, seeing that Morris was, as he had said, to tell his mother to-day about his happy and thoroughly suitable loveaffair, Mr. Taynton proposed to give a little parti carré on the earliest possible evening, at which the two young lovers, Mrs. Assheton, and himself would form the table. He could learn from her what was the earliest night on which she and Morris were disengaged, and then write to that delightful girl whose affections dear Morris had captured.

But at the corner of the square, just as he was turning into it, there bowled swiftly out a victoria drawn by two horses, and he recognized the equipage; he recognized also Mrs. Assheton, who was sitting in it. Her head, however, was turned the other way, and Mr. Taynton's hand, already half-way up to his hat, was spared the trouble of

journeying farther.

But he went on to the house, since his invitation could be easily conveyed by a note which he would scribble there, and was admitted by Martin. Mrs. Assheton, however, was out, a fact which he learned with regret, but, if he might write a note to her, his walk would not be wasted. Accordingly, he was shown up into the drawing-room, where, on the writing-table, was laid an open blotting-book. Even in so small a detail as a blotting-book the careful appointment of the house was evident, for the blotting-paper was absolutely clean and white, a virgin field.

Mr. Taynton took up a quill-pen, thought over for a moment the wording of his note, and then wrote rapidly. A single side of note-paper was sufficient; he blotted it on the pad, and read it through. But something in it, it must be supposed, did not satisfy him, for he crumpled it up. Ah! at last and for the first time there was a flaw in the appointment of the house, for there was no waste-paper basket by the table. At any rate, one must suppose that Mr. Taynton did not see it, for he put his rejected sheet into his

pocket.

He took another sheet of paper, selecting from the various stationery that stood in the case a plain piece, rejecting that which was marked with the address of the house, wrote his own address at the head, and proceeded for the second time to write his note of invitation. But first he changed the quill for his own stylograph, and wrote with that. This was soon written, and by the time he had read it through, it was dry, and did not require to be blotted. He placed it in a plain envelope, directed it, and with it in his hand left the room and went briskly down-stairs.

Martin was standing in the hall.
"I want this given to Mrs. Assheton when she comes in, Martin," he

said.

He looked round, as he had done once before when speaking to the boy.

"I left it at the door," he said, with quiet emphasis. "Can you remember that? I left it. And I hope, Martin, that you have made a fresh start, and that I need never be obliged to tell anybody what I know about you. You will remember my instructions? I left this at the door. Thank you. My hat? Yes, and my stick."

Mr. Taynton went straight back to his office, and though this morning there had seemed to him to be a good deal of work to be got through, he found that much of it could be delegated to his clerks. So before leaving to go to his lunch, he called in Mr.

Timmins.

"Mr. Mills not been here all morning?" he asked. "No? Well, Timmins, there is this packet which I want him to look at, if he comes in before I am back. I shall be here again by five, as there is an hour's work for me to do before evening. Yes, that is all, I think. Please tell Mr. Mills I shall come back, as I said. How pleasant this freshness is after the rain. The 'clear shining after rain.' How true! Yes, Mr. Timmins, you will find that beautiful phrase in the second book of Samuel."

## CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Taynton made but a short meal of lunch, and ate but sparingly, for he meant to take a good walk this afternoon, and it was not yet two o'clock when he came out of his house again, stick in hand. It was a large, heavy stick that he carried, a veritable club, one that it would be easy to recognize amid a host of others, even as he had recognized it that morning in the rather populous umbrella-stand in the hall of Mrs. Assheton's house. He had, as may be remembered, more office work to get through before evening, so he prepared to walk out as far as the limits of the time at his disposal would admit, and take the train back. And since there could be nothing more pleasurable in the way of walking than locomotion over the springy grass of the downs, he took, as he had done a hundred times before, the road that led to Falmer.

A hundred yards out of Brighton there was a stile by the roadside; from there a foot-path, if it could be dignified by the name of path at all, led over the hills to a corner of Falmer Park. From there three or four hundred yards of highway would bring him to the station. He would be in good time to catch the four-thirty train back, and would thus be at his office again for

an hour's work at five.

His walk was solitary and uneventful: but to one of so delicate and sensitive a mind, full of tiny but memorable sights and sounds. Up on these highlands there was a considerable breeze, and Mr. Taynton paused for a minute or two beside a windmill that stood alone in the expanse of down, watching, with a sort of boyish wonder, the large flails swing down and aspire again in their tireless, unremitting toil. A little farther on was a grass-grown tumulus of Saxon times, and his mind was distracted from the present to those early days when the unknown dead were committed to this

wind-swept tomb.

From this point the ground declined swiftly to the main road. Straight in front of Mr. Taynton were the palings of Falmer Park, and the tenantless down with its long, smooth curves was broken up into sudden hillocks and depressions. Dells and dingles, some green with bracken, others half-full of water, lay to right and left of the path, which as it approached the corner of the park was more strongly marked than when it lay over the big open spaces. It was somewhat slippery, too, after the torrent of yesterday, and Mr. Taynton's stick saved him more than once from slipping. But before he got down to the point where the corner of the park abutted on the main road, he had leaned on it too heavily, and for all its seeming strength, it had broken in the middle. The two pieces were of no use, and just as he came to the road, he threw them away. The stick had broken straight across; it was no use to think of having it mended.

He was out of the wind here, and since there was still some ten minutes to spare, he sat down on the grassy edge of the road to smoke a cigarette. The woods of the park basked in the fresh sunshine; four hundred yards away was Falmer Station, and beyond that the line was visible for near a mile as it ran up the straight valley. Indeed, he need hardly move till he saw the steam of his train on the limit of the horizon. That would be ample warning that it was time to go.

Then, from far away he heard the throbbing of a motor, which grew suddenly louder as it turned the corner of the road by the station. It seemed to him to be going very fast, and the huge cloud of dust behind it indorsed his impression. But almost immediately after passing this corner it began to slow down, and the cloud of dust be-

hind it died away.

At the edge of the road where Mr. Taynton sat there were standing several thick bushes. He moved a little away from the road, and took up his seat again behind one of them. The car came very slowly on, and stopped just opposite him. On his right lay the hollow where he had thrown the useless halves of his stick, on his left was the corner of the Falmer Park railings. He had recognized the driver of the car, who was alone.

Morris got out, when he had stopped the car, and then spoke aloud, though to

himself.

ward him.

"Yes, there's the corner," he said, "there's the path over the downs. There——"

Mr. Taynton got up and came to-

"My dear fellow," he said, "I have walked out from Brighton on this divine afternoon, and was going to take the train back. But will you give me the pleasure of driving back with you instead?"

Morris looked at him a moment, as if he hardly thought he was real.

"Why, of course," he said.

Mr. Taynton was all beams and smiles.

"And you have seen Mills?" he

asked. "You have been convinced that he was innocent of the terrible suspicion—Morris, my dear boy, what is the matter?"

Morris had looked at him for a moment with incredulous eyes. Then he sat down—covered his face with his hands.

"It's nothing," he said at length. "I felt rather faint. I shall be better in a minute. Of course I'll drive you back."

He sat huddled up, with hidden face, for a moment or two. Mr. Taynton said nothing, but only looked at him. Then the boy sat up.

"I'm all right," he said; "it was just a dream I had last night. No, I have not seen Mills; they tell me he left yesterday afternoon for Brighton. Shall we go?"

For some little distance they went in silence; then it seemed that Morris

made an effort and spoke.

"Really, I got what they call 'quite a turn' just now," he said. "I had a curiously vivid dream last night about that corner, and you suddenly appeared in my dream quite unexpectedly, as you did just now."

"And what was this dream?" asked Mr. Taynton, turning up his coat-collar, for the wind of their movement blew rather shrilly on to his neck.

"Oh, nothing particular," said Morris carelessly, "the vividness was concerned with your appearance; that was what startled me just now."

Then he fell back into the train of thought that had occupied him all the

way down from London.

"I believe I was half-mad with rage last night," he said at length, "but this afternoon I think I am beginning to be sane again. It's true Mills tried to injure me, but he didn't succeed. And as you said last night I have too deep and intense a cause of happiness to give my thoughts and energies to anything so futile as hatred or the desire for revenge. He is punished already. The fact of his having tried to injure me like that was his punishment. Anyhow, I am sick and tired of my anger."

The lawyer didn't speak for a mo-

ment, and when he did, his voice was trembling.

"God bless you, my dear boy," he said gently.

Morris devoted himself for some little time to the guiding of the car.

"And I want you, also, to leave it all alone," he said, after a while. "I don't want you to dissolve your partnership with him, or whatever you call it. I suppose he must guess that you know all about it, so perhaps it would be best if you told him straight out that you do. And then you can—well, make a few well-chosen remarks, you know, and drop the whole damned subject forever."

Mr. Taynton seemed much moved.

"I will try," he said, "since you ask it. But, Morris, you are more generous than I am."

Morris laughed, his usual boyish high spirits and simplicity were re-

asserting themselves again.

"Oh, that's all rot," he said. "It's only because it's so fearfully tiring to go on being angry. But I can't help wondering what has happened to the fellow. They told me at his flat in town that he went off with his luggage yesterday afternoon and gave orders that all letters were to be sent to his Brighton address. You don't think there's anything wrong, do you?"

"My dear fellow, what could be wrong?" asked Mr. Taynton. "He may easily find some business to do at Lewes on his way down, and I make no doubt he slept there, probably forgetting all about his appointment with me. I would wager you that we shall find he is at Brighton when we get in."

"I'll take that," said Morris. "Half a crown."

"No, no, my usual shilling, my usual shilling," laughed the other.

Morris set Mr. Taynton down at his office, and by way of settling their wager at once, waited at the door, while the other went up-stairs to see if his partner was there. He had not, however, appeared there that day, and Mr. Taynton sent a clerk down to Morris, to ask him to come up, and they would

ring up Mr. Mills' flat on the tele-

This was done, and before many seconds had elapsed they were in communication. His valet was there, still waiting for his master's return, for he had not yet come back. It appeared that he was getting rather anxious, for Mr. Taynton reassured him.

"There is not the slightest cause for any anxiety," were his concluding words. "I feel convinced he has merely been detained. Thanks, that's all. Please let me know as soon as he returns."

He drew a shilling from his pocket and handed it to Morris. But his face, in spite of his reassuring words, was a little troubled. You would have said that, though he might not yet be anxious, he saw that there was some possibility of his being so, before very long. Yet he spoke gaily enough.

"And I made so sure I should win," he said. "I shall put it down to unexpected losses not connected withbusiness; eh, Mr. Timmins? Or shall it be charity? It would never do to put down 'betting losses.'"

But this was plainly a little forced, and Morris waited till Mr. Timmins had gone out.

"And you really meant that?" he asked. "You are really not anxious?"

"No, I am not anxious," was the reply, "but—but I shall be glad when he comes back. Is that inconsistent? I think perhaps it is. Well, let us say then that I am just a shade anxious. But I may add that I feel sure my anxiety is quite unnecessary. That defines it for you."

Morris went straight home from here, and found that his mother had just returned from her afternoon drive. She had found the blotting-book waiting for her when she came back that morning, and was delighted with the gift and the loving remembering thought that inspired it.

"But you shouldn't spend your money on me, my darling," she said to Morris, "though I just love the impulse

that made you."

"Oh, very well," said Morris, kissing her, "let's have the initials changed about, then, and let it be M. A. from H. A."

Then his voice grew grave.

"Mother, dear, I've got another birthday present for you. I think—I think you will like it."

She saw at once that he was speaking of no tangible material gift.

"Yes, dear?" she said.

"Madge and me," said Morris. "Just

And Mrs. Assheton did like this second present, and though it made her cry a little, her tears were the sweetest that can be shed.

Mother and son dined alone together, and since Morris had determined to forget, to put out of his mind the hideous injury that Mills had attempted to do him, he judged it to be more consistent with this resolve to tell his mother nothing about it, since to mention it to another, even to her, implied that he was not doing his best to bury what he determined should be dead to him.

As usual, they played backgammon together, and it was not till Mrs. Assheton rose to go to bed that she remembered Mr. Taynton's note, asking her and Morris to dine with him on their earliest unoccupied day. This, as is the way in the country, happened to be the next evening, and since the last post had already gone out, she asked Morris if Martin might take the note round for her to-night, since it ought to have been answered before.

That, of course, was easily done, and Morris told his servant to call also at the house where Mr. Mills' flat was situated, and ask the porter if he had come home. The note despatched, his mother went to bed, and Morris went down to the billiard-room to practise spot-strokes, a form of hazard at which he was singularly inefficient, and wait for news. Little as he knew Mills, and little cause as he had for liking him, he, too, like Mr. Taynton, felt vaguely anxious and perturbed, since disappearances are necessarily hedged about with mystery and wondering. His own anger and hatred, too, like mists drawn

up and dispersed by the sun of love that had dawned on him, had altogether vanished; the attempt against him had, as it turned out, been so futile, and he genuinely wished to have some assurance of the safety of the man he had been so mad against only twentyfour hours ago.

His errands took Martin the best part of an hour, and he returned with two notes, one for Mrs. Assheton, the other for Morris. He had been also to the flat and inquired, but there was no news of the missing man. Morris opened his note, which was from Mr. Taynton.

DEAR MORRIS: I am delighted that your mother and you can dine to-morrow, and I am telegraphing first thing in the morning to see if Miss Madge will make our fourth. I feel sure that when she knows what my little party is, she will come.

I have been twice round to see if my partner has returned, and find no news of him. It is idle to deny that I am getting anxious, as I cannot conceive what has happened. Should he not be back by to-morrow morning, I shall put the matter into the hands of the police. I trust that my anxieties are unfounded, but the matter is beginning to look strange.

Affectionately yours,

EDWARD TAYNTON.

There is nothing so infectious as anxiety, and it can be conveyed by look or word or letter and requires no period of incubation. And Morris began to be really anxious, also.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Taynton, as he told Morris he intended to do, sent round early next morning (the day of the week being Saturday) to his partner's flat, and, finding that he was not there, and that no word of any kind had been received from him, went, as he felt himself now bound to do, to the police office, stated what had brought him there, and gave them all information which it was in his power to give.

It was brief enough; his partner had gone up to town on Tuesday last, and, according to his expressed intention, should have returned to Brighton by Thursday evening, since he had made an appointment to come to Mr. Taynton's house at nine-thirty that night. It

had been ascertained, too, by—Mr. Taynton hesitated a moment—by Mr. Morris Assheton, in London, that he had left his flat in St. James Court on Thursday afternoon, presumably to catch the train back to Brighton. He had also left orders that all letters should be forwarded to him at his

Brighton address.

Superintendent Figgis, to whom Mr. Taynton made his statement, was a slow, rather stout, and sad-looking person, who looked in every way utterly unfitted to ferret out mysteries, unearth crime, or run down the criminal. looked quite incapable of running down anything, and Mr. Taynton had to repeat everything he said in order to be sure that Mr. Figgis got his notes, which he made in a large, round hand, with laborious distinctness, correctly written. Having finished them, the superintendent stared at them mournfully for a little while, and asked Mr. Taynton if he had anything more to add.

"I think that is all," said the lawyer.
"Ah, one moment. Mr. Mills expressed to me the intention of perhaps getting out at Falmer and walking over the down's to Brighton. But Thursday was the evening on which we had that terrible thunderstorm. I should think it very unlikely that he would have left

the train."

Superintendent Figgis appeared to be trying to recollect something.

"Was there a thunder-storm on

Thursday?" he asked.

"The most severe I ever remember," said Mr. Taynton.

"It had slipped my memory," said this incompetent agent of justice.

But a little thought enabled him to ask a question that bore on the case. "He traveled, then, by Lewes, and

not by the direct route?"

"Presumably. He had a season ticket via Lewes, since our business often took him there. Had he intended to travel by Hayward's Heath," said Mr. Taynton rather laboriously, as if explaining something to a child, "he couldn't have intended to get out at Falmer."

Mr. Figgis had to think over this.

"Seeing that the Hayward's Heath line does not pass, Falmer," he suggested.

Mr. Taynton drew a sheet of paper toward him, and kindly made a rough sketch-map of railway lines.

"And his season ticket went by the

Lewes line," he explained.

Superintendent Figgis appeared to understand this after a while. Then he sighed heavily and changed the subject with rather disconcerting abruptness.

"From my notes I understand that Mr. Morris Assheton ascertained that the missing individual had left his flat in London on Thursday afternoon," he

said.

"Yes, Mr. Assheton is a cflient of ours, and he wished to see my partner on a business matter. In fact, when Mr. Mills was found not to have returned on Thursday evening, he went up to London next day to see him, since we both supposed he had been detained there."

Mr. Figgis looked mournfully once more at his notes, altered a palpably mistaken "Wednesday" into "Thursday," and got up.

"The matter shall be gone into," he

said.

Mr. Taynton went straight from here to his office, and for a couple of hours devoted himself to the business of his firm, and dealt with it with his whole attention and, perhaps, more speed than it was usually his to command. Saturday, of course, was a half-holiday, and it was naturally his desire to clear off anything that would otherwise interrupt the well-earned repose and security from business affairs which was to him the proper atmosphere of the seventh, or as he preferred to call it, the first day.

This interview with the accredited representative of the law already had removed a certain weight from his mind. He had placed the matter of his partner's disappearance in official hands, he had done all he could to clear up his absence, and, in case—— But here he pulled himself up; it was at

present most premature even to look at the possibility of crime having been

committed.

Mr. Taynton was in no way a vain man, nor was it his habit ever to review his own conduct, contrasting it favorably with what others would have done under the circumstances. Yet he could not help being aware that others less kindly than he would have shrugged sarcastic shoulders and said: "Probably another blackmailing errand has detained him."

For, indeed, Mills had shown himself in very ugly colors in his last interview with him; that horrid hint of blackmail, which still, so to speak, held good, had cast a new light on him. But now he was conscious of no grudge against him, he did not say: "He can look after himself." He was anxious about his continued absence, and had taken the extreme step of calling in the aid of the police, the national guardian of

personal safety.

He got away from his office about half-past twelve, and in preparation for the little dinner festival of this evening -for Miss Templeton had sent her joyful telegraphic acceptance-went to several shops to order little things to grace his plain bachelor table. An icepudding, for instance, was outside the orbit, so he feared, of his plain though excellent cook, and two little dishes of chocolates and sweets-since he was at the confectioner's—would be appropriate to the taste of his lady guests. Again, a floral decoration of the table was indicated, and since the storm of Thursday, there was nothing in his garden worthy of this occasion, thus a visit to the florist resulted in an order for smilax and roses.

He got home, however, at his usual luncheon hour, to find a telegram waiting for him on the Heppelwhite table in the hall. There had been a continued buying of copper shares, and the feature was a sensational rise in Bostons, which, during the morning, had gone up a clear point.

Mr. Taynton had no need to make calculations. He knew, as a man knows

the multiplication-table of two, what every fraction of a rise in Bostons meant to him, and this, provided only he had time to sell at once, meant the complete recovery of the losses he had suffered. With these active markets it was still easily possible, though it was Saturday, to effect his sale, since there was sure to be long-continued business in the Street, and he had but to be able to exercise his option at that price to be quit of that dreadful incubus of anxiety which for the last two years had been a millstone round his neck, that had grown mushroomlike. Telephone to town, of course, was far the quickest mode of communication, and ten minutes later the tube babbled and croaked to him again.

There is a saying that things are "too good to be true," but when Mr. Taynton sat down to his lunch that day, he felt that the converse of the proverb was the correcter epigram. Things could be so good that they must be true, and here, still tingling in his ears, was one of them. Morris—thus he phrased it to himself—was paid off, or, in more businesslike language, the fortune of which Mr. Taynton was trustee was intact again, and, like a bonne bouche for a good child, there was an additional five or six hundred pounds for him who had managed the trust so

well.

Mr. Taynton could not help feeling somehow that he deserved it; he had increased Morris' fortune since he had charge of it by ten thousand pounds. And what a lesson, too, he had had so gently and painlessly taught him! No one knew better than he how grievously wrong he had gone, in gambling with trust money. Yet now it had come right: he had repaired the original wrong; on Monday he would reinvest this capital in those holdings which he had sold, and Morris' forty thousand pounds (so largely the result of careful and judicious investment) would certainly stand the scrutiny of any who could possibly have any cause to examine his ledgers.

Indeed, there would be nothing to see! Two years ago Mr. Morris Asshe-

ton's fortune was invested in certain railway debentures and government stock. It would in a few days' time be invested there again, precisely as it had been. Mr. Taynton had not been dealing in gilt-edged securities lately, and could not absolutely trust his memory. but he rather thought that the repurchase could be made at a somewhat smaller sum than had been realized by their various sales dating from two years ago. In that case there was a little more sub-rosa reward for this well-inspired trustee. That, however, to do him justice, weighed but featherwise against the overwhelming relief of the knowledge that he could make wrong things right again, and repair his-yes, his scoundrelism.

How futile, too, now, was Mills' threatened blackmail! Mills might, if he chose, proclaim on any convenient housetop that his partner had gambled with Morris' forty thousand pounds that stood in the ledgers to be invested in certain railway debentures and other gilt-edged securities. In a few days, any scrutiny might be made of the securities lodged at the county bank, and assuredly among them would be found those debentures, those gilt-edged securities exactly as they appeared in the

Yet Mr. Taynton, so kindly is happiness, contemplated no revengeful step on his partner, though he did not feel sure that he would dissuade him from going to Morris-should he care to do so-with this cock-and-bull story that his fortune had been gambled with. And kind though happiness made him, Mr. Taynton could not prevent his mouth forming itself into a smile when he pictured to himself the interview. Dear Morris had already had experience of what Mills' stories were worth; he would judge of the inherent falseness of this seeond one by the known and execrable falseness of the first. Indeed, if Morris used strong language about it all, Mr. Taynton would not find it in his heart to blame him.

Whether happiness makes us good is a question not yet decided, but it is quite certain that happiness makes us forget that we have been bad, and to Mr. Taynton, as he sat in his cool dining-room, and ate his lunch with a more vivid appetite than had been his for months, it seemed that the man who had gambled with his client's money was no longer himself; it was a perfectly different person who had done that.

It was a different man, too, who so few days ago had connived at and applauded the sorry trick which Mills had tried to play on Morris, when (so furtively, it is true) he had shadowed him to Sir Richard. Now he felt that he -this man that to-day sat here-was incapable of such meanness. And, thank God! it was never too late: for to-day he would lead the honorable, upright existence which the world (apart from his partner) had always credited him with leading.

He basked in the full sunshine of these happy and comfortable thoughts. and even as the suns of midsummer lingered long on the sea and hills, so for hours this inward sunshine warmed and cheered him. Nor was it till he saw by his watch that he must return from the long, pleasant ramble on which he started as soon as lunch was over, that a cloud, filmy and thin at first, began to come across the face of the sun. Once and again those genial beams dispersed it, but soon it seemed as if the vapors were getting the upper

A thought, in fact, had crossed Mr. Taynton's mind that quite distinctly dimmed his happiness. But a little reflection told him that a very simple step on his part would put that right again, and he walked home rather more quickly than he had set out, since he had this little bit of business to do before dinner.

He went-this was only natural-to the house where Mr. Mills' flat was situated, and inquired of the porter whether his partner had yet returned. But the same answer as before was given him, and, saving that he had need of a document that Mills had taken home with him three days before, he went up in the lift and rang the bell of the flat. But it was not the servant who opened it, but the slow Superintendent Figgis,

For some reason this was rather a shock to Mr. Taynton; to expect one face and see another is always, though ever so slightly, upsetting, but he instantly recovered himself and explained himself.

his errand.

"My partner took home with him on Tuesday a paper which is concerned with my business," he said; "would you kindly let me look round for it?"

Mr. Figgis weighed this request. "Nothing must be removed from the rooms," he said, "till we have finished our search."

"Search for what?" asked Mr. Tayn-

ton.

"Any possible clue as to the reason of Mr. Mills' disappearance. But in ten minutes we shall have done, if you care to wait."

"I don't want to remove anything," said the lawyer. "I merely want to consult——"

At this moment another man in plain clothes came out of the sitting-room. "He carried in his hand two or three letters and a few scraps of crumpled paper. There was an envelope or two among them.

"We have finished, sir," he said to

the superintendent.

Mr. Figgis turned to the lawyer, who was looking rather fixedly at what the other man had in his hand.

"My document may be among those,"

said Mr. Taynton.

Mr. Figgis handed them to him. There were two envelopes, both addressed to the missing man, one bearing his name only, some small, torn-up scraps, and three or four private letters.

"Is it among these?" he asked. Mr. Taynton turned them over.

"No," he said, "it was—it was a large, yes, a large, blue paper, officiallooking."

"No such thing in the flat, sir," said

the second man.

"Very annoying," said the lawyer.

An idea seemed slowly to strike Mr.

Figgis

"He may have taken it to London with him," he said. "But will you not look round?"

Mr. Taynton did so. He also looked in the waste-paper basket, but it was

empty.

So he went back to make ready to receive his guests for the little party. But it had got dark; this "document," whatever it was, appeared to trouble him. The simple step he had contemplated had not led him in quite the right direction.

The superintendent, with his colleague, went back into the sitting-room, on the lawyer's departure, and Mr. Figgis took out from his pocket some of his notes.

"I went to the station, Wilkinson," he said, "and in the lost-luggage office I found Mr. Mills' bag. It had arrived on Thursday evening. But it seems pretty certain that its owner did not arrive with it."

"Looks as if he did get out at Falmer," said Wilkinson.

Figgis took a long time to consider this.

"It is possible," he said. "It is also possible that he put the luggage into the train in London, and subsequently

missed the train himself." Then together they went through the papers that might conceivably help There was a torn-up letter found in his bedroom fireplace, and the crumpled-up envelope that belonged to it. They patiently pieced this together, but found nothing of value. The other letters referred only to his engagements in London, none of which was later than Thursday morning. There remained one crumpled-up envelope (found in the waste-paper basket), but no letter that in any way corresponded with it. It was addressed in a rather sprawling, eager, boyish hand.

"No letter of any sort to correspond?" asked Figgis for the second time.

"No."

"I think for the present we will keep it," said he.

The little party at Mr. Taynton's was gay to the point of foolishness, and of them all none was more light-hearted than their host. Morris had asked him in an undertone, on arrival, whether any more had been heard, and, hearing there was still no news, had dismissed the subject altogether. The sunshine of the day, too, had come back to the lawyer; his usual cheerful serenity was touched with a sort of sympathetic boisterousness at the high spirits of the two young people; and it has to be recorded that after dinner they played musical chairs and blind man's buff, with infinite laughter.

Never was an elderly solicitor so spontaneously gay; indeed, before long it was he who reinfected the others with merriment. But, as always, after abandonment to laughter, a little reaction followed, and when they went upstairs from his sitting-room, where they had been so uproarious, so that it might be made tidy again before Sunday, and sat in the drawing-room overlooking the street, there did come this little reaction. But it was already eleven, and soon Mrs. Assheton rose

go.

The night was hot, and Morris was sitting to cool himself by the open window, leaning his head out to catch the breezes. The street was very empty and quiet, and his motor, in which, as a great concession, his mother had consented to be carried, on the promise of his going slow, had already come for them. Then down at the seaward end of the street he heard street cries, as if some sudden news had come in that sent the venders of the evening papers out to reap a second harvest that night. He could not, however, catch what it was, and they all went down-stairs together.

Madge was going home with them, for she was stopping over the Sunday with Mrs. Assheton, and the two ladies had already got into the car, while Morris was still standing on the

pavement with his host.

Then suddenly a newsboy, with a sheaf of papers still hot from the press, came running from the corner of the street just above them, and as he ran he shouted out the news which was already making little groups of people collect and gather in the streets.

Mr. Taynton turned quickly as the words became audible, seized a paper from the boy, giving him the first coin that he found, and ran back into the hall of his house, Morris with him, to underneath the electric light that burned there. The shrill voice of the boy still shouting the news of murder got gradually less loud as he went farther down the street.

They read the short paragraph together, and then looked at each other with mute horror in their eyes.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The inquest was held at Falmer on the Monday following, when the body was formally identified by Mr. Taynton and Mills' servant, and they both had to give evidence as regards what they knew of the movements of the deceased. This information, as a matter of fact, Mr. Taynton had already given to Figgis, and in his examination now he repeated quite exactly what he had said before, including again the fact that Morris had gone up to town on Friday morning to try to find him there.

On this occasion, however, a few further questions were put to him, eliciting the fact that the business on which Morris wanted to see him was known to Mr. Taynton but could not be by him repeated, since it dealt with confidential transactions between the firm of solicitors and their client. The business was, yes, of the nature of a dispute, but Mr. Taynton regarded it as certain that some amicable arrangement would have been come to, had the interview taken place. As it had not, however, since Morris had not found him at the flat in town, he could not speak for certain on the subject. The dispute concerned an action of his partner's made independently of him. Had he been consulted, he would have

strongly disapproved of it.

The body, as was made public now, had been discovered by accident, though, as has been seen, the probability of Mills having got out at Falmer had been arrived at by the police, and Figgis, immediately after his interview with Mr. Taynton on the Saturday evening, had started for Falmer to make inquiries there, and had arrived there within a few minutes of the dis-

covery of the body.

A carpenter of that village had strolled out about eight o'clock that night with his two children while supper was being got ready, and gone a bit of the way on the path over the downs, which left the road at the corner of Falmer Park. The children were running and playing about, hiding and seeking each other in the bracken-filled hollows and among the trees, when one of them screamed suddenly, and a moment afterward they both came running to their father, saying that they had come upon a man in one of these copses, lying on his face, and they were frightened. He had gone to see what this terrifying person was, and had found the body. He went straight back to the village without touching anything, for it was clear both from what he saw and from the cloud of buzzing flies that the man was dead, and gave information to the police. Then within a few minutes from that Mr. Figgis had arrived from Brighton, to find that it was superfluous to look any farther or inquire any more concerning the whereabouts of the missing man. All that was mortal of him was here, the head covered with a cloth, and bits of the fresh summer growth of fern and grass sticking to his clothing.

After the identification of this body came evidence medical and otherwise that seemed to show beyond doubt the time and manner of his death and the possible motive of the murderer. The back of the skull was smashed in, evidently by some violent blow dealt from behind with a blunt, heavy instrument of some sort, and death had probably

been instantaneous. In one of the pockets was the first edition of an evening paper published in London on Thursday last, which fixed the earliest possible time at which the murder had been committed, while in the opinion of the doctor who examined the body late on Saturday night, the man had been dead certainly more than twenty-four hours.

In spite of the very heavy rain which had fallen on Thursday night, there were traces of a pool of blood about midway between the clump of bracken where the body was found and the path over the downs leading from Falmer to Brighton. This, taken in conjunction with the information already given by Mr. Taynton, made it practically certain that the deceased had left London on the Thursday as he had intended to do, and had got out of the train at Falmer, also according to his expressed intention, to walk to Brighton.

It would again have been most improbable that he would have started on his walk had the storm already begun. But the train by which his bag was conveyed to Brighton arrived at Falmer at half-past six; the storm did not break till an hour afterward. Finally, with regard to possible motive, the murdered man's watch was missing; his pockets also were empty of coins.

This concluded the evidence, and the verdict was brought in without the jury leaving the court, and "Wilful murder by person or persons unknown" was recorded.

Mr. Taynton, as was, indeed, to be expected, had been much affected during the giving of his evidence, and when the inquest was over, he returned to Brighton feeling terribly upset by this sudden tragedy which had crashed without warning into his life. It had been so swift and terrible; without sign or preparation this man, whom he had known so long, had been hurled from life and all its vigor into death.

And how utterly now Mr. Taynton forgave him for that base attack that he had made on him so few days ago; how utterly, too, he felt sure Morris had for-

given him for what was perhaps even harder to forgive. And if they could forgive trespasses like these, they who were of human passion and resentments, surely the Reader of all hearts would forgive. That moment of agony, short though it might have been in actual duration, when the murderous weapon split through bone and brain, surely brought punishment, and, therefore, atonement for the frailties of a lifetime.

Mr. Taynton, on his arrival back in Brighton that afternoon, devoted a couple of solitary hours to such thoughts as these, and others to which this tragedy naturally gave rise, and then, with a supreme effort of will, he determined to think no more on the subject. It was inevitable that his mind should again and again, perhaps for weeks and months to come, fall back on these, dreadful events, but his will was set on not permitting himself to dwell on them.

So, though it was already late in the afternoon, he set forth again from his house about tea-time, to spend a couple of hours at the office. He had sent word to Mr. Timmins that he would probably come in, and begin to get through the arrears caused by his unavoidable absence that morning, and he found his head clerk waiting for him. A few words were, of course, appropriate, and they were admirably chosen.

"You have seen the result of the inquest, no doubt, Mr. Timmins," he said, "and yet one hardly knows whether one wishes the murderer to be brought to justice. What good does that do, now our friend is dead? So mean and petty a motive, too; just for a watch and a few sovereigns. It was money bought at a terrible price, was it not? Poor soul, poor soul; yes, I say that of the murderer. Well, well, we must turn our faces forward, Mr. Timmins; it is no use dwelling on the dreadful irremediable past. The morning's post? Is that it?"

Mr. Timmins ventured sympathy.
"You look terribly worn out, sir," he
said. "Wouldn't it be wiser to leave
it to the morning? A good night's rest,

you know, sir, if you'll excuse my mentioning it."

"No, no, Mr. Timmins, we must get to work again, we must get to work."

Nature, inspired by the spirit and instinct of life, is wonderfully recuperative. Whether earthquake or famine, fire or pestilence, has blotted out a thousand lives, those who are left, like ants when their home is disturbed, waste but little time after the damage has been done in vain lamentations, but, slaves to the force of life, begin almost instantly to rebuild and reconstruct.

And what is true of the community is true also of the individual, and thus in three days from this dreadful morning of the inquest, Mr. Taynton, after attending the funeral of the murdered man, was very actively employed, since the branch of the firm in London, deprived of its head, required supervision

from him.

Others, also, who had been brought near to the tragedy, were also occupied again, and of these Morris in particular was a fair example of the spirit of the life force. His effort, no doubt, was in a way easier than that of Mr. Taynton, for to be twenty-two years old and in love should be occupation sufficient. But he, too, had his bad hours, when the past rose, phantom-like, about him, and he recalled that evening when his rage had driven him nearly mad with passion against his traducer.

And by an awful coincidence, his madness had been contemporaneous with the slanderer's death. He must, in fact, have been within a few hundred yards of the place at the time the murder was committed, for he had gone back to Falmer Park that day with the message that Mr. Taynton would call on the morrow, and had left the place not half an hour before the breaking of the storm. He had driven by the corner of the park, where this path over the downs left the main road, and within a few hundred yards of him at that moment, had been, dead or alive, the man who had so vilely slandered Supposing—it might so easily

have happened—they had met on the road? What would he have done? Would he have been able to pass him and not wreak his rage on him? He hardly dared to think of that. But life and love were his, and that which might have been was so dreamlike in comparison with those. Indeed, that dreadful dream which he had had the night after the murder had been committed was no less real than it. The past was all of thin texture, and, mistlike, it was evaporated in the beams of the day that was his.

Now, Brighton is a populous place, and a sunny one, and many people lounge there in the sun all day. But for the next three or four days a few of these loungers lounged somewhat systematically. One lounged in Sussex Square, another lounged in Montpellier Road, one or two others, who apparently enjoyed this fine air but did not care about the town itself, usually went to the station after breakfast and spent the day in rambling agreeably about the downs. They also frequented the pleasant little village of Falmer, gossiping freely with its rural inhabitants. Often footmen or gardeners from the park came down to the village, and acquaintances were easily ripened in the ale-house.

Otherwise, there was not much incident; sometimes a motor drove by, and one, after an illegally fast progress along the road, very often turned in at the park gates. But no prosecution followed; it was clear they were not agents of the police.

Mr. Figgis also frequently came out from Brighton, and went strolling about, too, very slowly and sadly. He often wandered in the little copses that bordered the path over the downs to Brighton, especially near where it joined the main road a few hundred yards below Falmer Station. Then came a morning when neither he nor any of the other chance visitors to Falmer was seen there any more. But the evening before Mr. Figgis carried back with him to the train a long, thin package wrapped in brown paper.

But on the morning when these

strangers were seen no more at Falmer, it appeared that they had not entirely left the neighborhood, for instead of one only being in the neighborhood of Sussex Square, there were three of them there.

Morris had ordered the motor to be round that morning at eleven, and it had been at the door some few minutes before he appeared. Martin had driven it round from the stables, but he was in a suit of tweed; it seemed that he was not going with it.

Then the front door opened, and Morris appeared, as usual in a violent hurry. One of the strangers was on the pavement close to the house door, looking with interest at the car. But his interest in the car ceased when the boy appeared. And from the railings of the square gardens opposite another stranger crossed the road, and from the left behind the car came a third.

"Mr. Morris Assheton?" said the

"Well, what then?" asked Morris.
The two others moved a little nearer.
"I arrest you in the king's name," said the first.

Morris was putting on a light coat as he came across the pavement. One arm was in, the other out. He stopped dead; and the bright color of his face slowly faded, leaving a sort of ashen gray behind. His mouth suddenly went dry, and it was only at the third attempt to speak that words came.

"What for?" he said.

"For the murder of Godfrey Mills," said the man. "Here is the warrant. I warn you that all you say——!"

Morris, whose lithe, athletic frame had gone slack for the moment, stiffened himself up again.

"I am not going to say anything," he said. "Martin, drive to Mr. Taynton's at once, and tell him that I am arrested."

The other two men had closed round

"Oh, I'm not going to bolt," he said.
"Please tell me where you are going to take me?"

"Police court in Branksome Street," said the first.

"Tell Mr. Taynton I am there," said Morris to his man.

There was a cab at the corner of the square, and, in answer to an almost imperceptible nod from one of the men, it moved up to the house. The square was otherwise nearly empty, and Morris looked round as the cab drew nearer. Up-stairs in the house he had just left was his mother, who was coming out to Falmer this evening to dine; above, illimitable blue stretched from horizon to horizon; below, was the free, fresh sea. Birds chirped in the branches, and lilac was in flower. Everything had its liberty.

Then a new instinct seized him, and, though a moment before he had given his word that he was not meditating escape, liberty called to him. Everybody else was free. He rushed forward, striking right and left with his arms, then tripped on the edge of the paving-stones, and fell. He was instantly seized, and next moment was in the cab, and fetters of steel, though he could not remember their having been placed there, were on his wrists.

### CHAPTER X.

It was a fortnight later, a hot July morning, and an unusual animation reigned in the staid and leisurely streets of Lewes. For the assizes opened that day, and it was known that the first case to be tried was the murder of which all Brighton and a large part of England had been talking so much since Morris Assheton had been committed to trial. At the hearing in the police court there was not very much evidence brought forward, but there had been sufficient to make it necessary that he should stand his trial. It was known, for instance, that he had some very serious reason for anger and resentment against the victim; those who had seen him that day described him as being utterly unlike himself; he was known to have been at Falmer Park that afternoon about six, and to have driven home along the Falmer road in his car an hour or so later. And, in a copse close by to where the body of his victim was found, had been discovered a thick bludgeon of a stick, broken, it would seem, by some violent act into two halves. On the top half was rudely cut with a penknife "M. Asshe." What was puzzling, however, was the apparent motive of robbery about the crime; it will be remembered that the victim's watch was missing, and that no money was found on him.

But since Morris had been brought up for committal at the police court it was believed that considerable more evidence of a peculiarly incriminating kind had turned up. Yet, in spite of this, so it was rumored, the prisoner apparently did more than "bear up"; it was said that he was quite cheerful, quite confident that his innocence would be established. Others said that he was merely callous, and utterly without any

moral sense.

Much sympathy, of course, was felt for his mother, and even more for the family of the Templetons, and thedaughter to whom it was said that Morris was actually engaged. But most of all, perhaps, it was Mr. Taynton who was the recipient of the respectful pity of the British public. Though no relation, he had all his life been a father to Morris, and while Miss Madge Templeton was young, and had the spring and elasticity of youth, so that, though all this was indeed terrible enough, she might be expected to get over it, Mr Taynton was advanced in years, and it seemed that he was utterly broken by the shock.

He had not been in Brighton on the day on which Morris was brought before the police-court magistrates, and the news had reached him in London after his young friend had been committed. It was said he had fainted straight off, and there had been much difficulty in bringing him round. But since then he had worked day and night on behalf of the accused.

But certain fresh evidence, which had turned up a day or two before the assizes, seemed to have taken the heart out of him. He had felt confident that the watch would have been found and the thief traced, but something new that had turned up had utterly staggered him. He could only cling to one hope, and that was that he knew the evidence about the stick must break down, for it was he who had thrown the fragments into the bushes. But at the most, all he could hope for was that, though it seemed as if his poor lad must be condemned, the jury, on account of his youth, and the provocation he had received, of which Mr. Taynton would certainly make the most when called upon to bear witness on this point, or, owing to some weakness in the terrible chain of evidence that had been woven, would recommend him to mercy.

The awful formalities at the opening of the case were gone through. The judge took his seat, and laid on the bench in front of him a small parcel wrapped up in tissue-paper; the jury was sworn in, and the prisoner asked if he objected to the inclusion of any of them among the men who were going to decide whether he was worthy or life or guilty of death, and the packed court, composed about equally of men and women, most of whom would have shuddered to see a dog beaten, or a tired horse made to go an extra mile, settled themselves into their places with a rustle of satisfaction at the thought of seeing a man brought before them in the shame of suspected murder, and promised themselves an interesting and thrilling couple of days in observing the gallows march nearer him, and in watching his mortal agony.

They, who would, and perhaps did, subscribe to benevolent institutions for the relief of suffering among the lower animals, would willingly have paid a far higher rate to observe the suffering of a man. It was so interesting; he was so young and good-looking; what a deprayed monster he must be. And that little package in tissue-paper, which the judge brought in and laid on the bench! The black cap, was it not? That showed what the judge thought about it all. How thrilling!

The counsel for the crown, the prosecution, opened the case, and in a speech grimly devoid of all emotional appeal laid before the jury the facts he was prepared to prove, on which they would base their verdict.

The prisoner, a young man of birth and breeding, had, it is true, strong grounds for revenge on the murdered man. The prosecution, however, was not concerned in defending what the murdered man had done, but in establishing the guilt of the man who had murdered him. Godfrey Mills had, as would be proved by witnesses, slandered the prisoner in an abominable manner, and the prosecution was not intending for a moment to attempt to establish the truth of the slander. But this slander they put forward as a motive that gave rise to a murderous impulse on the part of the prisoner.

The jury would hear from one of the witnesses, an old friend of the prisoner, and a man who had been a sort of father to him, that a few hours only before the murder was committed, the prisoner had uttered certain words which admitted only of one interpretation—namely, that murder was in his mind.

Counsel then sketched the actual circumstances of the crime, as far as they could be constructed from what evidence there was. This evidence was purely circumstantial, but of a sort which left no reasonable doubt that the murder had been committed by the prisoner in the manner suggested. Mr. Godfrey Mills had gone to London on the Tuesday of this fatal week, intending to return on the Thursday. On the Wednesday the prisoner became cognizant of the fact that Mr. Godfrey Mills had-he would not argue over it-wantonly slandered him to Sir Richard Templeton, a marriage with the daughter of whom was projected in the prisoner's mind, and there was reason to suppose might have taken place. Should the jury wish to be satisfied on that point, witnesses would be called. including the young lady herself, but, unless the counsel for the defense challenged these statements, it would be unnecessary to intrude on the poignant and private grief of persons so situated, and to insist on a scene which must prove to be so heartrendingly

painful.

(There was a slight movement of demur in the humane and crowded court at this; it was just these heartrendingly painful things which were

so thrilling.)

It was most important, continued the counsel for prosecution, that the jury should fix these dates accurately in their minds. Tuesday was June 21; it was on that day the murdered man had gone to London, designing to return on June 23, Thursday. The prisoner had learned on Wednesday (June 22) that aspersion had been made—false aspersion-on his character, and it was on Thursday that he learned for certain from the lips of the man to whom they had been made, who was the author of them. He had thereupon motored back from Falmer Park, and informed Mr. Taynton of this, and had left again for Falmer Park an hour later. He knew, too-this would be proved-that Mr. Godfrey Mills proposed to return from London that afternoon, to get out at Falmer Station and walk back to Brighton. It was certain from the finding of the body that Mr. Mills had traveled from London, as he intended, and that he had got out at this station. It was certain, also, that, at that hour, the prisoner, burning for vengeance, and knowing the movements of Mr. Mills, was in the vicinity of Falmer.

To proceed with known events, it was certain, also, that the prisoner, in a very strange, wild state, had arrived at Mr. Taynton's house about nine that evening, knowing that Mr. Mills was expected there at about nine-thirty. Granted that he had committed the murder, this proceeding was dictated by the most elementary instinct of selfpreservation. It was also in accordance with that, that he had gone round in the pelting rain late that night, to see if the missing man had returned to his flat, and that he had gone to London next morning to seek him there. He had not, of course, found him, and had returned to Brighton that afternoon.

In connection with this return, anoth-

er painful passage lay before them, for it would be shown by one of the witnesses that again on the Friday afternoon the prisoner had visited the scene of his crime. Mr. Taynton, in fact, still unsuspicious of anything being wrong, had walked over the downs that afternoon from Brighton to Falmer, and had sat down in view of the station, where he proposed to catch a train back to Brighton, and had seen the prisoner stop his motor-car close to the corner where the body had been found, and behave in a manner inexplicable, except on the theory that he knew where the body lay.

Subsequently to the finding of the body, which had occurred on Saturday evening, there had been discovered, in a coppice adjoining, a heavy bludgeonlike stick broken into two. The top of it, which would be produced, bore the

inscription, "M. Asshe."

Mr. Taynton was present in court, and was sitting on the bench to the right of the judge, who had long been a personal friend of his. Hitherto his face had been hidden in his hands as this terribly logical tale went on. But here he raised it, and smiled, a wan smile enough, at Morris. The latter did not seem to notice the action. Counsel for the prosecution continued.

All this, he said, had been brought forward at the trial before the policecourt magistrate, and he thought the jury would agree that it was more than sufficient to commit the prisoner to trial. At that trial, too, they had heard -the whole world had heard-of the mystery of the missing watch, and the missing money. No money, at least, had been found on the body; it was reasonable to refer to it as "missing." But here, again, the motive of selfpreservation came in; the whole thing had been carefully planned; the prisoner had, just as he had gone up to town to find Mr. Mills the day after the murder was committed, striven to put justice off the scent in making it appear that the motive of the crime had been robbery. With a criminal cunning he had taken the watch and what coins there were from the pockets of his victim. That, at any rate, was the theory

suggested by the prosecution.

The speech was admirably delivered, and its virtue was its extreme impassiveness; it seemed quite impersonal, the mere, relentless march of justice, not revengeful, not seeking for death, but merely stating the case as it might be stated by some planet or remote, fixed star. Then there was a short pause, while the prosecution for the crown laid down his notes. And the same slow, clear, impassive voice went on.

"But since the committal of the prisoner to stand his trial at these assizes," he said, "more evidence of an utterly unexpected, but to us, convincing kind has been discovered. Here it is."

And he held up a sheet of blottingpaper and a crumpled envelope.

"A letter has been blotted on this sheet," he said, "and, by holding it up to the light and looking through it, one can, of course, read what was written. But before I read it, I will tell you from where this sheet was taken. It was taken from a blotting-book in the drawing-room of Mrs. Assheton's house in Sussex Square. An expert in handwriting will soon tell the gentlemen of the jury in whose hand he, without doubt, considers it to be written. After the committal of the prisoner to trial, search was, of course, made in this house, for further evidence. This evidence was almost immediately discovered. After that no further search was made."

The judge looked up from his notes. "By whom was this discovery made?"

he asked.

"By Superintendent Figgis and Sergeant Wilkinson, my lord. They will give their evidence."

He waited till the judge had entered

this.

"I will read the letter," he said, "from the negative, so to speak, of the blotting-paper."

#### PRIVATE.

DEAR MR. MILLS: There is a business matter on which I want to consult you without delay, and as I hear from Mr. Taynton you are thinking of getting out at Falmer on your way back from town, I will be there with my car, and hope to drive you into Brighton.

Sincerely yours,

M. ASSHETON.
P. S. I have marked this "private," as I do not want T. to know.

A sort of purr went round the court; the kind, humane ladies and gentlemen who had fought for seats found this to their taste. The noose tightened.

"I have here also an envelope," said the prosecution, "which was found by Mr. Figgis and Mr. Wilkinson in the waste-paper basket in the sitting-room of the deceased. According to the expert in handwriting, whose evidence you will hear, it is undoubtedly addressed by the same hand that wrote the letter I have just read you. And, in his opinion, the handwriting is that of the prisoner. The letter itself is missing, but the jury will observe that what I have called the negative of the letter was dated June 21, the day that the prisoner suspected the slander that had been leveled at him. The suggestion is that the deceased opened this before leaving for London, and took the letter with him. And the hand that, for purposes of misleading justice, robbed him of his watch and his money, also destroyed the letter which was then on his person, and which was an incriminating document. But this sheet of blotting-paper is as valuable as the letter itself. It proves the letter to have been written.

Morris had been given a seat in the dock, and on each side of him there stood a prison warder. But in the awed hush that followed—for the vultures and carrion-crows who crowded the court were finding themselves quite beautifully thrilled—he wrote a few words on a strip of paper and handed it to a warder to give to his counsel. And his counsel nodded to him.

The opening speech for the crown had lasted something over two hours, and a couple of witnesses only were called before the interval for lunch. But most of the humane ghouls had brought sandwiches with them, and the

court was packed with the same people when Morris was brought up again, after the interval, and the judge, breath-

ing sherry, took his seat.

The court had become terribly hot, but the public were too humane to mind that. A criminal was being chased toward the gallows, and they followed his progress there with breathless interest. Step by step all that was laid down in the opening speech for the prosecution was inexorably proved; all, that is to say, ex-

cept the affair of the stick.

But from what this witness (Mr. Taynton) swore to, it was clear that this piece of circumstantial evidence, which, indeed, was of the greatest importance, since the crown's case was that the murder had been committed with that bludgeon of a stick, completely broke down. Whoever had done the murder, he had not done it with that stick, since Mr. Taynton deposed to having been at Mr. Assheton's house on the Friday, the day after the murder had been committed, and to having taken this stick away, by mis-

take, believing it to be his.

And the counsel for the defense asked only one question on this point, which question closed the proceedings

for the day. It was:

"You have a similar stick, then?"
And Mr. Taynton replied in the affirmative.

The court then rose.

On the whole, the day had been most satisfactory to the ghouls and vultures, and it seemed probable that they would have equally exciting and plentiful fare next day. But, in the opinion of many, Morris' counsel was disappointing. He did not cross-examine witnesses at all sensationally, or drag out dreadful secrets (which had nothing to do with the case) about their private lives, in order to show that they seldom, if ever, spoke the truth.

Indeed, witness after witness was allowed to escape without any cross-examination at all; there was no attempt made to prove that the carpenter who had found the body had been himself

tried for murder, or that his children were illegitimate. Yet gradually as the afternoon went on, a sort of impression began to make its way that there was something coming which no

one suspected.

The next morning those impressions were realized; when the adjourned cross-examination of Mr. Taynton was renewed, the counsel for the defense made an immediate attack on the theories of the prosecution, and it told. For the prosecution had suggested that Morris' presence at the scene of the murder the day after was suspicious, as if he had come back uneasily and of an unquiet conscience. If that was so, Mr. Taynton's presence there, who had been the witness who proved the presence of the other, was suspicious also. What had he come there for? In order to throw the broken pieces of Morris' stick into the bushes?

These inferences were, of course, but suggested in the questions that counsel asked Mr. Taynton in the further cross-examination of this morning, and perhaps no one in court saw what the suggestion was for a moment or two, so subtly and covertly was it conveyed. Then it appeared to strike all minds together, and a subdued rustle went round the court, followed the moment after by an even intenser silence.

Then followed a series of interrogations, which at first seemed wholly irrelevant, for they appeared to bear only on the business relations between the prisoner and the witness. Then suddenly, like the dim light at the end of a tunnel, where shines the pervading illuminating sunlight, a little ray dawned.

"You have had control of the prisoner's private fortune since 1886?"

"Yes."

"In the year 1896 he had, among other securities, eight thousand pounds, or thereabouts, in London & Northwestern debentures, six thousand pounds in consols, seven thousand pounds in government bonds of South Australia?"

"I have no doubt those figures are

correct."

"A fortnight ago you bought eight thousand pounds of London and Northwestern debentures, six thousand pounds in consols, seven thousand pounds in government bonds of South Australia?"

Mr. Taynton opened his lips to speak, but no sound came from them.

"Please answer the question."
If there had been a dead hush before, succeeding the rustle that had followed the suggestions about the stick, a silence far more palpable now

descended. There was no doubt as to what the suggestion was now.

The counsel for the prosecution broke it.

"I submit that these questions are irrelevant, my lord," he said.

"I shall subsequently show, my lord, that they are not."

"The witness must answer the question," said the judge. "I see that there is a possible relevancy."

The question was answered.

"Thank you, that is all," said the counsel for the defense, and Mr. Taynton left the witness-box.

It was then, for the first time since the trial began, that Morris looked at this witness. All through he had been perfectly calm and collected, a circumstance which the spectators put down to the callousness with which they kindly accredited him, and now for the first time, as Mr. Taynton's eyes and his met, an emotion crossed the prisoner's face. He looked sorry.

#### CHAPTER XI.

For the rest of the morning the examination of witnesses for the prosecution went on, for there was a very large number of them, but when the court rose for lunch, the counsel for the prosecution intimated that this was his case. But again hardly any one but those engaged officially—the judge, the counsel, the prisoner, the warders—left the court.

Mr. Taynton, however, went home, for he had his seat on the bench, and he could escape for an hour from this very hot and oppressive atmosphere. But he did not go to his Lewes office, or to any hotel, to get his lunch. He

went to the station, where, after waiting some quarter of an hour, he took the train to Brighton. The line ran through Falmer, and from his window he could see where the park palings made an angle close to the road; it was from there that the path over the downs, where he had so often walked, passed to Brighton.

Again the judge took his seat, still carrying the little parcel wrapped up in tissue-paper. There was no need for the usher to call silence, for the silence was granted without being asked for.

The counsel for the defense called his first witness. He also unwrapped a flat parcel which he had brought into court with him, and handed it to the witness.

"That was supplied by your firm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who ordered it?"
"Mr. Assheton."

"The prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he order it from you; you your-self?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he give any specific instructions about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"That the blotting-book which Mrs. Assheton had already ordered was to be countermanded, and that this was to be sent in its stead, on June 24."

"You mean not after June 24?"
"No, sir; the instructions were that it was not to be sent before June 24."

"Why was that?"

"I could not say, sir. Those were the instructions."

"And it was sent on June 24?"

"Yes, sir. It was entered in our book."

The book in question was produced and handed to the jury and the judge. "That is all," said counsel. "Mrs.

"That is all," said counsel. "Mrs Assheton."

She stepped into the witness-box and smiled at Morris. There was no murmur of sympathy, no rustling; the whole thing was too tense.

"You returned home on June 24 last

from a visit to town?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"I could not say to the minute. But about eleven in the morning."

"You found letters waiting for you?"

"Yes."

"Anything else?"

"A parcel."

"What did it contain?"

"A blotting-book. It was a present from my son on my birthday."

"Is this the blotting-book?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with it?"

"I opened it, and placed it on my writing-table in the drawing-room."

"Thank you; that is all."

There was no cross-examination of this witness, and after the pause the counsel for the defense spoke again.

"Superintendent Figgis."

"You searched the house of Mrs. Assheton in Sussex Square?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you take from it?"

"A leaf from a blotting-book, sir."
"Was it that leaf which has been already produced in court, bearing the

impress of a letter dated June 21?

"Yes, sir."
"Where was the blotting-book?"

"On the writing-table in the drawing-room, sir."

"You didn't examine the blotting-book in any way?"

"No. sir."

Counsel opened the book, and fitted

the torn-out leaf into its place.

"We have, then, the impress of a letter dated June 21, written in a new blotting-book that did not arrive at Mrs. Assheton's house from the shop till June 24. It threatens—threatens a man who was murdered, supposedly by the prisoner, on June 23. Yet the threatening letter could not have been written till June 24, after he had killed him."

Quiet and unemotional as had been the address for the crown, these few remarks were even quieter. Then the examination continued.

"You searched also the flat occupied by the deceased, and you found there the envelope, supposedly in the handwriting of the prisoner, which has been produced by the prosecution?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you. That is all."

Again there was no cross-examination, and the superintendent left the witness-box.

Then the counsel for the defense took up two envelopes, in addition to the one already produced, and supposedly addressed in the handwriting

of the prisoner.

"This blue envelope," he said, "is from the stationery in Mrs. Assheton's house. This other envelope, white, is from the flat of the deceased. It corresponds in every way with the envelope which was supposed to be addressed in the prisoner's hand, found at the flat in question. The inference is that the prisoner blotted the letter dated June 21 on a blotting-pad which did not arrive in Mrs. Assheton's house till June 24, went to the prisoner's flat, and put it in an envelope there."

These were handed to the jury for

examination.

"Ernest Smedley," said counsel.

Mills' servant stepped into the box

and was sworn.

"Between, let us say, June 21 and June 24, did the prisoner call at Mr. Mills' flat?"

"Yes, sir; twice."

"When?"

"Once on the evening of June 23, and once very early next morning."

"Did he go in?"

"Yes, sir; he came in on both occa-

"What for?"

"To satisfy himself that Mr. Mills had not come back."

"Did he write anything?"

"No, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"I went with him from room to room, and should have seen if he had done so."

"Did anybody else enter the flat during those days?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"Mr. Taynton."

The whole court seemed to give a great sigh; then it was quiet again. The judge put down the pen with which he had been taking notes, and, like the rest of the persons present, he only listened.

"When did Mr. Taynton come into

the flat?"

"About midday, or a little later on Friday."

"June 24?"
"Yes, sir."

"Please tell the jury what he did."

The counsel for the prosecution stood up.

"I object to that question," he said. The judge nodded at him; then looked at the witness again. The examination went on.

"You need not answer that question. I put it to save time merely. Did Mr. Taynton go into the deceased's sitting-room?"

"Yes. sir."

"Did he write anything there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he alone there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you."

Again the examining counsel paused, and again no question was asked by the prosecution.

"Charles Martin," said the counsel

for defense.
"You are a servant of the prison-

er's?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in his service during this week of June, of which Friday was June 24?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe the events—— No. Did the prisoner go up to town or elsewhere on that day, driving his motor-car but leaving you in Brighton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mrs. Assheton came back that morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did any one call that morning? If so, who?"

"Mr. Taynton called."

"Did he go to the drawing-room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he write anything there?"

"Yes, sir; he wrote a note to Mrs. Assheton, which he gave me when he went out."

"You were not in the drawing-room when he wrote this?"

"No, sir."

"Did he say anything to you when you left the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

The question was not challenged now.

. "He told me to say that he had left the note at the door."

"But he had not done so?"
"No, sir; he wrote it in the drawing-

room."
"A moment, please," said the judge.

He took a telegraph form, wrote on it, and gave it to an usher.

"Yes?" he said.

Counsel turned to the witness again.

"Thank you. That is all."

But this witness was not allowed to pass as the others had done. The counsel for the prosecution got up.

"You told Mrs. Assheton that this note had been left at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"You knew that was untrue?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what reason did you say it, then?"

Martin hesitated—he looked down, then he looked up again, and was still silent.

"Answer the question."

His eyes met those of the prisoner. Morris smiled at him, and nodded.

"Mr. Taynton told me to say that," he said. "I had once been in Mr. Taynton's service. He dismissed me.

The judge interposed.

"Do you press your question?" he asked. "I do not forbid you to ask it, but I ask you whether the case for the prosecution of the—the prisoner is furthered by your insisting on this question. We have all heard, the jury and I alike, what the last three or four witnesses have said, and you have allowed that—quite properly, in my opinion—

to go unchallenged. I do not myself see that there is anything to be gained by the prosecution in pressing this question. I ask you to consider this point. If you think, conscientiously, that the evidence, the trend of which we all know now, is to be shaken, you are right to do your best to try to shake it. If not, I wish you to consider whether you should press the question. What the result of your pressing it will be I have no idea, but it is certainly clear to us all now that there was a threat implied in Mr. Taynton's words. Personally, I do not wish to know what that threat was, nor do I see how the knowledge of it would affect your case in my eyes, or in the eyes of the jury.

There was a moment's pause.

"No, my lord, I do not press it."

Then a clear young voice broke the silence.

"Thanks, Martin," it said. It came from the dock.

The judge looked over to the dock for a moment, with a sudden, inevitable impulse of kindness for the prisoner whom he was judging. But he turned

at once to the witness.

"Charles Martin," he said, "you have given your evidence, and, speaking for myself, I believe it to be entirely trustworthy. A question was asked you, which I allowed to be asked, but there has been no necessity for you to answer it. I wish to say, therefore, that your character is perfectly clear. No aspersion whatever has been made on it, except that you said a note had been delivered at the door, though you'knew it to have been not so delivered. You made that statement through fear of a certain individual; you were frightened into telling a lie. No one inquires into the sources of your fear. The prisoner, for instance"—then he looked direct at Morris—"should he for any cause dismiss you from his service, may give you a blameless character. For my part, should he do so, I will, from my knowledge of you gained in the last few minutes, indorse it."

Then, on the moment, the tense silence of the ghouls and vultures was broken. Huge applause filled the court, and the face of the judge, which had beamed with smiles, became fixed and stern. He nodded to the usher, who called "Silence!"

The uproar died down as suddenly as

it had began.

In the general stillness, there was one part of the court, however, that was not still, but the judge made no command of silence there, for in the jury-box there were whispering and consultation. This went on for some three minutes. Then the foreman of the jury stood up.

"The jury have heard sufficient of this case, my lord," he said, "and they

are agreed on their verdict.'

For a moment the buzzing whispers went about the court again, shrilling high, but instantaneously they died down, and the same tense silence prevailed. But from the back of the court there was a stir, and the judge, seeing what it was that caused it, waited, while Mrs. Assheton moved from her place, and made her way to the front of the dock in which Morris sat. She had been in the witness-box that day, and every one knew her, and all made way for her, moving as the blades of corn move when the wind stirs them, for her right was recognized and unquestioned. But the dock was high above her, and a barrister who sat below instantly vacated his seat, and she got up and stood

All eyes were fixed on her, and none saw that at this moment a telegram was handed to the judge, which he opened and read. Then he turned to the foreman of the jury.

"What verdict do you find?" he asked.

MCG.

"Not guilty."
Mrs. Assheton had already grasped
Morris' hands in hers, and, just as the
words were spoken, she kissed him.

Then a shout arose which bade fair to lift the roof off, and neither judge nor usher of the court made any attempt to quiet it, and if it was originally for the sensation of seeing the gallows march nearer the prisoner that these folk had come together, yet there was no mistaking the genuineness of

their congratulations now.

Morris' whole behavior, too, had been so gallant and brave; innocent though he knew himself to be, yet it required a very high courage to listen to the damning accumulation of evidence against him, and if there is one thing that the ordinary man appreciates more than sensation, it is pluck. Then, but not for a long time, the uproar subsided, and the silence descended again. Then the judge spoke.

"Mr. Assheton," he said, "for I can no longer call you prisoner, the jury have, of course, found you not guilty of the terrible crime of which you were accused, and I need not say that I entirely agree with their verdict. Throughout the trial you have had my sympathy and my admiration for your gallant bearing. I should like to shake your hand before you leave the court."

Morris got up, and was instantly let out of the dock, and the second uproar, as he crossed the court, and the judge, standing up, bent down and shook his hand, was perhaps more prolonged than the first. Then, at a sign from the judge, his mother and he were let out by the private door below the

bench.

Then once more the judge spoke.

"I wish to make public recognition," he said, "of the fairness and ability with which the case was conducted on both sides. The prosecution, as it was their duty to do, forged the chain of evidence against Mr. Assheton as strongly as they were able, and pieced together incriminating circumstances against him with a skill that at first seemed conclusive of his guilt. The first thing that occurred to make a weak link in their chain was the acknowledgment by a certain witness that the stick with which the murder was supposed to have been committed was not left on the spot by the accused, but by himself. Why he admitted that we can only conjecture, but my idea is that it was an act of repentance and contrition on his part. When it came to that point he could not let the evidence which he had himself supplied tell against him on whom it was clearly his object to father the crime. You will remember, also, that certain circumstances pointed to robbery being the motive of the crime. That I think was the first idea, so to speak, of the real criminal. Then, we must suppose, he saw himself safer, if he forged against another certain evidence which we have heard."

The judge paused for a moment, and then went on with evident emotion.

"This case will never be reopened again," he said, "for a reason that I will subsequently tell the court; we have seen the last of this tragedy, and retribution and punishment are in the hands of a higher and supreme tribunal. This witness-Mr. Edward Tayntonhas been for years a friend of mine, and the sympathy which I felt for him at the opening of the case, when a young man, to whom I still believe him to have been attached, was charged with this crime, is changed to a deeper pity. During this afternoon you have heard certain evidence, from which you, no doubt, as well as I will infer that the fact of this murder having been committed was known to the man who wrote a letter and blotted it on the sheet which has been before the court. That man, also, as it was clear to us an hour ago, directed a certain envelope which you have also seen. I may add that Mr. Taynton had, as I knew, an extraordinary knack of imitating handwritings: I have seen him write a signature that I could have sworn was mine. But he has used that gift for tragic purposes.

"It was about an hour ago that I felt it was my duty to send directions that a warrant for his arrest should be issued. I have just received a reply. He left this court before the luncheon interval, and went to his house in Brighton. Arrived there, as I have just learned, he poisoned himself. And may God have mercy on his soul!"

Again he paused.

"The case, therefore, is closed," he said, "and the court will rise for the day. You will please go out in silence."

# HER SON

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

OROTHY FAIRFAX, a young woman of beauty, charm and moderate wealth, falls in love with Richard Gasgoyne, a clever but impecunious newspaper man. The two become engaged, in spite of the opposition of Dorothy's relatives.

A short time before the day fixed for the wedding, Dorothy receives a call from a certain Crystal Wride, a singer and dancer of the music-hall type, very pretty and equally vulgar. Crystal has come to tell Dorothy that Richard Gasgoyne has been her lover, but they separated some time before he met Dorothy. The actress threatens to kill herself unless Dorothy agrees to put off the marriage for a year and not to see or communicate with Gasgoyne during that time. Dorothy consents and insists on keeping her word in spite of Gasgoyne's pleading, whereupon the latter goes away as war correspondent to Afghanistan. Dorothy tries to befriend Crystal and succeeds in winning that young woman's confidence and a certain sort of affection.

Some months after, Dorothy is summoned by Crystal to Southampton. She arrives to find Crystal dead, but there is a child, a boy, which Crystal in a letter bequeaths to Dorothy. The latter accepts the charge and returns with the baby to France. Dorothy becomes very much attached to the little fellow. Soon after, news comes that Gasgoyne has been killed in Afghanistan. Heartbroken, Dorothy moves to the village of Champfleury, where she takes the name of Madame Armine. When the boy is two years old, Dorothy suddenly discovers that Gasgoyne is alive and in England. Gasgoyne has written a famous book, and Dorothy goes to London to find out about him from his publishers. Here she is overwhelmed by the intelligence that he is married to an heiress. In despair she returns to France and devotes her life to the boy. Several years pass. Then Dorothy moves to Winchester where she puts her adopted son, known as "Min," at school.

Gasgoyne and Dorothy meet by accident at Margate. Dorothy allows Gasgoyne to believe that Min is her own son and that she has never been married. After a time Dorothy loses considerable money in speculation, and Min fails to pass his examinations for the navy. For her beloved "son's" sake, Dorothy decides to lay the matter before Gasgoyne and she travels for that purpose to London, where a private interview at the house of a friend, Lady Curragh, has been arranged.



### CHAPTER XIII.



ASGOYNE was the first to speak, and his voice indicated a self-possession which obviously he wished to communicate to Dorothy.

"Doll, you look horribly worried.

you've sent for the right man; I'm going to take this worry off your face and hands at once."

"Thank you, Dick."
"Tut, tut! Bless me, you're trembling; you mustn't let things upset you so. I don't. Nothing upsets me now, not even the new color of Kitty's hair."

He looked at Dorothy kindly, but his laugh rang false; and the woman watching him divined that her first impression was correct; he had grown hard. Would he be hard on her? With his usual quickness he guessed part of her thought.

"Do you see much change in me?"

She hesitated.

"The truth, please!"

"Dick, you look as if you had hardened yourself against people."

He laughed again, with a curious note of complacence mingled with de-

"Doll, you read me easily. Yes; I'm pretty tough, the Lord be praised!"

His voice softened delightfully as he continued:

"You're worrying about the boy.

Moira Curragh told me he had failed for the navy. By the way, how is he?"

"He's very well."

"Jolly little cove! Let me see-his name?

That he should have forgotten his name came upon her with a shock.

"Noël. We call him Min."

"Yes, of course-Min. Now I've guessed your reason for seeing me. I offered help after that little flutter of yours, and you refused it most unkindly. Now, you've changed your mind, eh? And you mean to give me a great pleasure. Let me have my say. I know what your feelings are exactly. In my way I'm as proud as you, as unwilling to accept assistance from others; but, Doll, I've had to take it often, and sometimes I've not been able to make any return. Once a man who befriended me at an opportune moment died before I could even thank him. I was greatly in his debt. Now, in helping you and your boy, I want you to feel that I'm paying my debt to that man."

It was delicately said, but Dorothy was miserably sensible that the speaker took an honest pride in his generosity. Always had he been a liberal giver of money and money's equivalents. That his pride was about to be humbled she knew, also, and shrank from inflicting the blow. Being a woman, she tried to temper it with words.

"Yes, it is about the boy."

He took her hands, pressed them Copyright, 1906, by Horace Annesley Vachell

kindly, smiled encouragingly, and led her to the sofa, seating himself beside

"Dick, before we speak of the boy I wish to tell you something about Crystal."

"Crystal?"

His voice became hard; his face set. "Yes, Crystal. Oh, Dick, you don't understand women; you never saw beneath the crust which you hated."

"Let us leave the woman in her

grave."

"Ah, if we could! When we met at Margate vou never asked me about

"Why should I?"

"It would have been natural, consid-

"Considering that she drove us apart! Natural! Good God! You women are puzzles!"

"To men, yes," she sighed, "and to each other sometimes, but the puzzle of Crystal I solved. I got to know her."

He closed his lips; a slight flush came

into his cheek.

"I saw her soon after you went to Afghanistan. I found out that she loved you devotedly, although she knew you hated her. She worked like a slave to improve herself. She believed, poor thing! that she had it in her to become a famous actress and singer, and that then, when the world was at her feet, you would come back to her. Oh, the pity of it!"

Gasgovne's face softened: possibly out of sympathy with the speaker rather than for the dead woman. He made

no comment.

"She tried to teach herself to speak and to behave like a lady."

"Dorothy, can't we drop this?" "No.

The decision of her reply startled him. For the first time he looked upon her with a different expression in his face. He was generally the first man to discern a cloud in his sky.

"All right. Go on; but, in Heaven's

name, skip this preamble.'

She obeyed him literally. All her carefully rehearsed phrases melted like snowflakes beneath the glare of his

"Dick, I told you that I had not married."

"You did. Let's skip that, too."

"But I let you and my own people believe that Min was my own son-

She spoke hurriedly, but something in her tone arrested Gasgoyne's atten-The subordinates in his office knew that their chief could never sit still when news of importance was being discussed. Now he got up quickly, moved a couple of steps, and, looking down upon her, said sharply:

"What! This boy is not your son?"

She rose, also, facing him, collecting herself for the supreme effort. With a dignity of voice and gesture impossible to describe, she said: "He is my son in everything except the tie of blood. I took him when he was twentyfour hours old, and for your sake, for his poor mother's sake, and, lastly and chiefest of all, for his own sake, I have tried to be a true mother to him ever

"My God! He is Crystal's son!"

She saw that he was grappling with the truth, straining his inward vision to perceive it the more clearly. She came nearer, touched his arm, and in a slightly quavering tone almost whispered the final words:

"Yes; Crystal's son, and yours. She gave him to me, to me, Dick, not to

you. Remember that."

He stared at her, saying nothing, trying to piece together the details, to fit them in with what he knew already. He had the air of a man foundering in quicksands unable to find a footing anywhere.

"Dick-sit down."

"Let me think it out."

He repulsed her, but not roughly.

"Why was I not told that the child

was coming?"

She knew then that his brain had begun to assert itself over his emotions. but at the same moment he showed plainly how greatly the shock had affected him; for he sank into a big armchair, and covered his face. Dorothy hesitated; then she knelt down to explain.

"She thought that the baby, the sight of a splendid child, would soften you." Gasgoyne looked at her with haggard

"As if anything would have turned

me from you to her!"

"I knew that all the time. It made nie the sorrier for her. When I heard about the child, I asked her to let me tell you. She wouldn't; she said you would be bored."

"She must have needed money. Did

"Yes."

He groaned, divining what she left unsaid, knowing that every act of hers had been done for his sake, against his return.

"When she was dying she sent for me, but I arrived too late. I found the

baby and this.'

She held out Crystal's letter. While he was reading it, she rose from her knees and walked to the window, leaving him alone with that last message.

Then she turned round. Crystal's letter was lying unheeded on the carpet. Dick was staring into the past and perhaps into the future. The heavy frown upon his face frightened the woman watching him. She approached him timidly, laying her hand upon his broad shoulder, as he sat huddled up in the chair.

"Dick, say you are not angry with

me."

"Angry with you?" He sprang up. Then she saw that tears were in his eyes. "Angry with you?" he repeated. "Would you like me to go down on my knees and tell you what I think of you?"

"I was afraid you would resent my

keeping him to myself."

"As if I cared tuppence about the child! He is nothing to me, nothing! You are and always were—everything. My God! What a woman you are! And I believed ill of you. I——" He broke off with a laugh and a shake of his shoulders, as if he were trying to shake off forever the incredibly wrong impression he had conceived of her.

Then, in a different voice, he added: "The irony of it eats into my marrow. Angry with you! Great heavens! You have done more for me and mine than ever woman did before; renounced love, reputation, friends, family, for my sake, and you ask if I am angry!"

"You wanted a son, so you told

me."

"If he had been ours; but he is hers."
"He is mine. You won't take him from me?"

"Of course you love him; better, perhaps, than you loved me." He eyed

her jealously.

"Dick, you must put such words and thoughts from you. Try to remember that for fifteen years he has been all the comfort I have had. Oh, you will be

proud of him yet!"

"He stands between us," said Gasgoyne grimly. "I see obstacles clearly, Doll, when I'm face to face with them. I told you once before that you hugged your chains. This boy has taken my place in your heart. If it were not for him, I'd make you forget, make myself forget, the years that the locust has eaten, but this boy prevents."

"And your wife," she added steadily. "My wife? You are right. I had

forgotten my-wife!"

She came a step nearer.

"Dick."
"Well?"

"Because chains, as you call them, have been placed upon us, because we did not make them for ourselves——"

"We did make them, and that's why I want to strike them from us, if I can."

"But you can't."

"All the same, I shall try. Did you suppose that you could tell me this, and that it would end here? Why did you tell me? I forgot. The boy again. You want me to help him, to give him the right start. So be it. I charge myself with everything. I'll settle on him to-day, to-morrow, the ten thousand pounds you lost on his account. He shall be rich, my heir, if you say so; but, understand, I do it for you, Dorothy, not for him; for your son, not for

mine. I do not admit his claim upon me for such advantages, but you—why

all I have is yours."

"I want him to go to Winchester, although he has not worked hard enough to win a scholarship, as you did."

"Agreed."

"Afterward, the university or the army."

"Anything you like."

"And he mustn't know about Crystal."

"Eh? Why shouldn't he know? He's

old enough to know."

"Oh, Dick, is any boy brought up as he has been old enough to learn that he is basely born? It would nearly kill him. And I, if you could understand, I want him to believe always, but always, that I am his mother."

"I see, he is never to know his father."

"It seems too much to ask."

"That depends."

"On what?"
"On your powers of fibbing, for one thing; on the chance of your not being recognized as Dorothy Fairfax, for another; on the good faith"—he sank his voice—"of our kind friends here; on your old nurse's discretion. Experience tells me that the odds are greatly against any secret being kept that is shared by more than two persons. I see a better way."

"Yes?"

"Is it necessary to stand glaring at each other, as if we were enemies instead of friends? Sit down!"

They sat down upon the sofa. Gasgoyne took her hand for a moment, patted it with a gesture he had used when they were lovers, relinquished it with a reluctant sigh, and said quiet-

lv:

"I shall begin with a confession of laith, my creed. I believe in myself. I hold that each man and woman is intended by Omniscience to be the architect of his or her fate. In that sense I don't quarrel with the orthodox interpreters of the doctrine of Free Will. I believe, also, in the forgiveness of sins and in the communion of saints.

I should be a better fellow living with For the rest, the other clauses of your creed, I know nothing for cer-Christianity as it has been revealed to some excellent and wise persons has not been so revealed to me. That may be my fault, but I'm telling you exactly how I feel. As for the conventions of society, the rules for our protection and well-being, I support them unhesitatingly as necessary for the civilization in which we live. They are, and always have been, and always will be, subject to modification and to exceptions. We happen to be exceptions.'

"Dick, I know what you are going to say. It would be so much wiser

and-kinder not to say it."

"I must say it," he replied sharply. "We are exceptions, you and I, inasmuch as we have the intelligence to break the law, so-called, without injury to the commonwealth for which that law was framed."

"Dick," she looked into his eyes, "you swore before God and man to be true to your wife. You are about to ask me to help you to break that oath."

"Yes; I swore to love, honor, and cherish Kitty Tabard, but I've broken that oath without your assistance."

She saw the passion rising and swelling in him, and wondered at her own calmness. Before, at Margate, her pulses had thrilled, her knees had trembled. She had known herself to be as clay. Had she changed? Or was it the potter, whose power to mold her

had departed?

"Dorothy, are you going to dismiss me again? God forbid that I should reproach you for what you have done, but when you let Crystal stand between us you allowed sentiment to overpower sense. I can say to you now what was impossible to speak of to a young girl. My connection with Crystal was the inevitable result of the artificial conditions under which we moderns have to live. Between her and me—I swear this to you—the connection was regarded as temporary, as all such connections are. She deliberately wrecked our happiness, and you let her do it,

because there is too much angel in your make-up."

"If she had killed herself and-"

"A threat! But I'm willing to argue the case from your point of view. If she had killed herself, what then? Do you dare to affirm that any law, human or divine, would have held me responsible for her rash act? She drove me from her. If I had wrecked her life, which I did not, was that a reason for wrecking yours? And in the end she did die, having done all the mischief she could."

"How hard you are!"

"Yes; I am hard; but, oh! how soft I'm going to be to you."

"Min lives."

"The boy? Yes, yes; we always come back to him. He lives. And your coming here to-day proves that I am necessary to him, that you and he want the protection of a man. But you propose to play the ostrich, bury your head in the sand. Mark my words, the boy will find everything out."

"No, no!"

"He will, as sure as fate. And I say better now than later. Doll. my dearest, have you not considered him enough? Won't you do something for me?" The harshness went out of his "If you knew how I want you voice. -you admit you loved the old Dick. He was rather a cock-a-whoop, bumptious ass that old Dick, who walked into this room a few minutes ago. You've taken the starch out of him. Doll: give me a chance to make up to you for all you have suffered. Look here, I've a little plan: Let us be seen together in Paris, or where you will. Kitty will do the rest. When she has divorced me, not till then, I swear you will be my own wife, and I can force the world, if you care for the world, to acknowledge you and honor you as such-Dorothy!"

The reproach in her face staggered him. He caught her whispered words: "And I asked you to help me."

He caught her in his arms, kissed her fiercely before she could prevent him, and said, with the brutality of a strong man:

"Answer that."

She released herself quickly, but with a certain dignity. Perhaps at that moment, for the first time, he recognized her superiority to him as a fellow creature, and could measure the distance between them. Morally speaking, as well as physically, he had always in a sense looked down upon her, as being a woman, and therefore necessarily the weaker. He had just appealed to her weakness, and her answer revealed his own. A peculiar radiance shone in her eyes, as if for the moment some subtle emanation of the spirit triumphant over the flesh had made itself visible. She gazed at him with a pity which pierced, with a sorrowfulness of regard which purged.

"Oh, my poor Dick! Why do you destroy yourself in the eyes of the

woman who loves you?"

His eyes brightened.
"You do love me? You admit it?"

"My love has never failed. You must know that. Have I not given proofs?" "It is not the world you are afraid of, you?"

"No."

"Is it your religion? You were never a Puritan."

She made no answer. He guessed that she realized the fatuity and futility of trying to impose her convictions upon one who a moment before had repudiated such feelings. But he chose deliberately to misinterpret her silence.

"I don't believe it is your religion which keeps us apart. At Margate, for a moment"—he saw her wince and pursued his advantage—"at Margate, Doll, your religion did not keep you from me. It was the boy. I saw it. First and last my son has cut me out."

"If I said that he was part of my

religion— "Eh?"

A new note in her voice challenged his attention.

"He is part of my religion. I wonder how many women there are in the world to whom God has been revealed not in gospels and creeds but in the face of a child. I will tell you something. When I heard of your marriage, my heart seemed to turn into a thing of horror. A devil got possession of me. I made up my mind to inflict the torment I suffered upon you and her And I had my weapon; the child. I was tempted—ah, God! how I was tempted—to take the child to both of you—you were on your honeymoon—and fling it and its story and my story in your faces. For I hated you and her and the child because it was yours."

If he had ever doubted her capacity for passion, for intense feeling, those doubts fled before the flash of her eyes and the thrill of her voice. Only a woman who had loved with overpowering strength and fidelity could speak as

she was speaking.

"And what prevented me?" she continued, in a gentler tone. "What drove out my devil? The child. The helpless child. Why? Because some power greater than the evil in me looked out of his baby eyes. He reached out his tiny arms to me, who hated him, and at his touch I became whole. So I say that your son is part of my religion, but he is more. I loved you and I love you still, I must always love you, and I love him passionately, not only because I have nursed and cherished him, but because you, the best part of you, live again in him, and to watch the growth of what is fine and noble in him has been my joy and solace. And now you ask me to destroy my work. Let me finish. If I obey you, and obey the lower half of my own nature, if, to use your words, we are exceptions to a rule, can we keep what we have done secret from him? Impossible. Every sordid detail of the divorce will be poured into his ears; sooner or later he will know us for what we are, creatures of the flesh, and despising us at first he may end by following our example, and sink lower than even we have sunk. Yes, you are right; it is not the world nor the saving of my own soul which keeps us apart, but your son."

She turned from him and went to the window, but he noticed that she trembled and moved with difficulty. For a reason which physiologists may partly account for, this evidence of weakness moved him more profoundly than her strength.

"Dorothy---"

"I can bear no more; you had better

"Yes; I will go. You have—conquered even if you have not convinced. As for the boy, I'll do what I said, and more; anything you like. Good-

His abruptness startled her, bringing a flush to her cheeks. She held out her hand, which he took for a moment, and then dropped with a sigh. As he was leaving the room, by the door which opened into the hall, she called him back. Her voice trembled, her bearing and gestures betrayed her nervousness and distress. She laid her hand upon the sleeve of his coat.

"Dick."

"Poor little woman!"

"You-you say that you will do-

"Yes, yes; anything!"

"You don't understand. The 'more' I ask for will be a greater thing than the signing of checks. You are sure that one day your son will know that you are his father. Oh, Dick! if that day comes, let him find his father the man I have described him to be."

"I see." He smiled derisively, lifting his dark brows. "You are indeed asking for 'more,' for much more than I can promise. I am to behave myself—eh?—so as to be worthy of—of Crystal's son!"

"It is cruel to say that."

"I wish to open your eyes to the fact that I have only a half-interest in this young gentleman, who is to be a paragon of all the virtues. I am the good, generous, noble fellow, am I? Well, all the newspapers controlled by me say so, so it must be true, but Crystal—"

"Dick, she is dead."

"True: but her son isn't."

She heard his firm tread in the hall, and the slam of the front door. Then, after a few minutes, Lady Curragh came into the library. She kissed Dorothy and looked into her eyes.

"Is it well?" she asked.
"Not with him, Moira."

## CHAPTER XIV.

Gasgoyne, on leaving Lord Curragh's house, in Curzon Street, hailed a hansom, and drove straight to his solicitors. Certainly a factor of his success was the habit of doing whatever he had promised to do without hesitation and circumlocution. Within an hour he had made arrangements to settle upon Min ten thousand pounds, the interest to be paid to Dorothy during the boy's minority. Then he walked to his splendid offices in Norfolk Street, but before entering the great building, he paused to survey it—a monument of his energy, capacity, and untiring industry. To many men -and Gasgoyne was of such-stones are more eloquent than popular preachers. It tickled Dick's vanity to think that the Gasgoyne Building would endure when he was dust, that in it issues vital to the empire would have their birth, that from it, as from the vast establishment in Printing Square, would fulminate messages that might shake the spheres, that had shaken them already.

He passed into his own room, where he found his secretary and an editor, both eager to communicate some political news. Gasgoyne listened to them abstractedly, nodding now and again but making no comments. As a rule questions would pour from his lips. Silence seemed almost confounding. The editor glanced at the secretary.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked his chief.

"Have I heard anything?" he laughed. "Yes, I have, but it's not for publication. As for this matter, you must deal with it. Oh, don't bother! I give you a free hand."

"It is of the first importance," murmured the editor.

"Is it? The more credit to you, if you handle it properly." He nodded carelessly, dismissing the editor; and then, turning to his secretary, added:

"I don't wish to be disturbed for an hour."

The men went out at once. The editor murmured to the other: "Never saw him look tired before. What's up?"

"Row at home, I expect; but he's accustomed to that."

Left alone, Gasgoyne sat back in his chair, closing his eyes, evoking the scene, carefully analyzing Dorothy's words and their import. He told himself that he had been premature in his proposals, that he ought to have listened to her, sympathized more fully about the boy, and thereby paved the way to another meeting. He had rushed in like a fool; and he was not a man to suffer gladly folly either in himself or in others. With all women these affairs were less matters of principle than of feeling, and feelings change.

Thinking of Dorothy, his face gradually softened, the hard lines fading out of it. What an adorable creature she was! How tender, true, and kind! With her at his side what might he not achieve. He had loved her after she had made him believe that she was besmirched; now his love increased enormously as she shone, radiant and immaculate, out of the shadows which for so many years had obscured his vision of her.

"She is mine," he muttered; "mine!"
Then, frowning deeply, he began to think of the woman he had married, his wife Kitty.

The marriage had been disastrous. Before the honeymoon waned he knew that he had blundered, that Kitty was not the woman for him nor he the man for her. He discovered at once what she had skilfully concealed; a morbid jealousy, so intense, so firmly rooted in an obstinate and narrow nature, that he realized the fatuity and futility of attempting to overcome it. During the first year of marriage when he hardly looked at another woman, this absurd jealousy inflamed itself against his men friends, his business, his ambitions. He was so sorry for her that at first he surrendered his will to hers,

to such an extent, indeed, that he made himself ridiculous. Then, quite suddenly, with inflexible impassivity, he went his way, regardless of protests, tears, and violent reproaches. In his office he was omnipotent; in his house, as he told Dorothy, he became a cipher -the man who signed the checks. He entertained his own friends at his clubs; he treated his wife's friends with studied civility and indifference. The amateur actors, the musicians, the artists who drank his champagne and paid court to his wife were unanimous in declaring Richard Gasgoyne to be unworthy of the talented creature who had bestowed upon him herself and her money. He had money of his own now, plenty of it, but he admitted frankly that his wife's gold had enabled him to buy and exploit his first newspaper. He might have added-had he been that sort of man-that he was never likely to forget this, because Kitty reminded him of it so constantly, even in the presence of the servants. In brief, he had married "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." As the years passed, the rag and the bone and the hank of hair, particularly the hair, became more and more conspicuous. She wore amazing gowns, padded, painted her face, and dyed her hair. Gasgoyne made a huge success with a paper called the Beacon, and a witty Frenchman nicknamed the new baronet Le Gardien du

Presently, dismissing Kitty from his thoughts, he wrote a letter to Dorothy, telling her curtly what he had done on the boy's behalf. Purposely, he omitted any tender phrase, knowing that she would miss it, that the omission would trouble her. He signed himself "Yours faithfully," sealed the letter, and sent it by special messenger to Curzon Street. Then he smoked a couple of cigars before he began again the normal work of his life.

Dorothy acknowledged the letter in terms almost as curt and businesslike as his own, which brought a grim smile to his lips. Emotion is like champagne; uncork it too soon, and the sparkle goes out of it. Nevertheless, he

felt the necessity of speech. Accordingly, after some ten days had passed, he called upon Moira Curragh.

"You are surprised to see me," he

"Not at all. I was expecting you."
"Lady Curragh, you've been an angel
o us."

His use of the plural provoked a slight smile. Gasgoyne continued: "I asked her to go away with me."

"Bah! You say that as if you were a pasha. Did you really think she would go?"

He answered moodily: "Yes."

She murmured quickly: "Thank God! She didn't."

Something in her tone exasperated him. She conveyed the quality at once the most alluring and the most infuriating to masterful men—an elusiveness which reminded him of Dorothy.

"She has chosen the blameless life," he growled. "She will kiss the boy, play Mendelssohn, darn stockings, and let that Winchester moss grow thick upon her body and soul."

"If you were less violent, I should

like vou better."

"I beg your pardon. Am I violent? I feel so. Yes, volcanic, and she—an iceberg."

"How dare you say that! And you think I shall repeat it to her. But I shall be particularly careful not to mention your name to her. Did you think because we let you meet her here that we were tacitly encouraging you? If

we were tacitly encouraging you? If you did, you are not as clever as I thought. No, no, my friend, we arranged the meeting because we were so sure of her."

"I have been cut out by my own son."
This was his first mention of Min.
Lady Curragh eyed him very keenly,
but she said lightly: "I should like to
talk to you about him; he is the most
delightful boy I ever saw. Does it
aggravate you to hear that?"

"You are too sharp."

"Ah! It does aggravate you. You are certainly very human, my dear Sir Richard, and I can stand in your shoes. This amazing illumination has revealed Doll as a sort of angel, hasn't it? You

feel that she can fly—and you can't; and then, as compensation, fate makes you an unexpected present of a son."

"You put it clearly enough. You knew from the beginning that he was mine."

"I did."

"You might have given me a hint. It

was not very friendly."

"I'll be entirely frank; from first to last I have only considered Dorothy and her wishes. All the same, I protested against her letting you go to Afghanistan; I urged her to spend those first months with me; I objected violently to the adoption of Crystal's child."

"A most unhappy and distracted man

begs your pardon.

"If I dared offer a little advice-

"I should be much obliged."

"It seems so superlatively stupid to offer advice that you know won't be taken. However—if you want to join Dorothy, you must rise to her heights; she won't fall to our plane."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Oh, yes, you do. If I were not sure that you were the right sort, that in your heart you did know gold from dross, I should not have said just now that I was not at home to other visitors." She dropped her light, easy manner, and spoke gravely, with a feeling of which he had deemed her incapable. "You will not drag her down; that is certain, no matter how hard you try. And I warn you every attempt to do so will set you two farther apart. On the other hand—"

"Go on!"

"If you help her by leaving her alone, by not disturbing the peace which means so much to such a woman, you will—oh, I'm sure of it—have your reward."

"Are you hinting at a life to come?"

"Don't sneer!"

"If you think that renunciation is another word for happiness—"

"I'm not such a fool. It is another word, perhaps, for contentment, serenity. You spoke of yourself just now as an unhappy man. And it is true, in spite of your wonderful success.

Dorothy has had no success of that kind, but she is not unhappy. She looks years younger than I do, and we are the same age. Is it necessary to draw the moral?"

"She gave me the same advice that

you have just given me."

"Ah!"

"I am to go on working for self and the empire."

"You can leave out the self, if you

like."

"And have my picture painted with a halo. Was there ever a Saint Richard? I think not. Not in our calendar. Good-by, Lady Curragh. Where can I buy a hair shirt?"

She replied gravely enough: "The one you are wearing now will last long enough. Good-by. Come and see me whenever you can, but keep out of Win-

chester."

"I haven't been back since I was at school there. One moment. About the —boy. You've seen him, you say. Can you describe him?"

"I can show you his photograph."
She fetched the picture and placed it in his hand, turning aside, but watching him out of the corner of her eye. He stared intently at the frank, eager

face smiling up at his own.
"He's very like you. Another reason for keeping out of Hampshire."

He returned the portrait in silence, and took his leave with an impassive face

Shortly after this visit, toward the end of the season, Gasgoyne became aware that his wife's health was causing her grave concern. This was not surprising, inasmuch as for several years she had persistently practised immoderation in all things. Certainly, she had the appearance of a wiry woman, being of the long, lean, indefatigable sort, who go everywhere, do everything, and seem to suffer fatigue only vicariously in the persons of those who witness their amazing activities. Dick was in the habit of saying that the mere recital of what his wife accomplished during the average day gave him the backache.

As usual, he had supposed that she would go to Homburg after Goodwood, but when the time came to order rooms, Kitty said abruptly that she intended to take a three weeks' cure at Bad Nauheim.

"At Nauheim? You don't mean to

say that--"

"Yes; heart. Oh, it's nothing serious, and, if it were, you wouldn't care."

She looked at him with a curious defiance, as if she had divined that she stood between him and happiness, and meant to take particular pains to go on so standing as long as possible.

Dick, hardened though he was, felt a

pang of pity.

Then he said quietly: "I suppose Skeffington advises Nauheim?" She nodded carelessly, and hurried away. That afternoon Dick called upon the famous specialist and sent in his card. Not having an appointment, he had to cool his heels in the waiting-room for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Finally he stood face to face with the great man.

"My wife tells me you are sending

her to Nauheim."

The doctor smiled reassuringly. Then in his bland tones he begged Sir Richard to sit down. Lady Gasgoyne had a wonderful constitution of which she had taken, perhaps, undue advantage. There was cardiac weakness. Nothing organic, but an overstraining. He concluded with emphasis:

"Lady Gasgoyne must take things

more quietly.'

"And if she won't?"

The doctor looked at his nails.

"If she won't," he murmured, "you must make her, or——" He spread out his hands in an expressive gesture.
"Make her?" Dick repeated the

words, frowning.

"Oh, there are ways and means which good husbands know. Quite between ourselves, my dear Sir Richard, I can assure you that the hearts of half the fashionable women in England are—er—not what they should be."

"I can believe that," growled Dick.

He took his leave after a few more phrases had been interchanged, and, later, he said to Kitty, as they were driving to a dinner at one of the embassies:

"Skeffington tells me you must mark time for a bit. I'll help you. Shall we cut our engagements and go abroad?"

"Certainly not," she replied tartly. Then she laughed. "Go abroad with you? Honeymooning! Why, we should be bored to death."

"At Nauheim—"

"I don't want you at Nauheim. We may as well understand each other. I've had a fright. You needn't imagine that I shall give you your freedom——"

"Why will you say such things?"

he muttered.

"Because they are true," she answered defiantly. "You never cared for

me; I soon found that out.'

He felt her glance upon him, realized miserably that she wished him to deny what she had said, and his impotence to do so. He reflected for the thousandth time upon the similarity between his wife and Crystal Wride. In each raged the same wild spirit of jealousy, the same unbridled tongue, the same mordant desire to wound. She continued bitterly:

"But you know that once I cared for you. You don't dare to deny that, do

you?"

"I don't deny it. Calm yourself!"
"What exasperates me is that you have never looked at our marriage from my point'of view."

"I have tried to do so."

"You understand men. How is it you know absolutely nothing about women?"

He shrugged his shoulders, remembering that both Crystal and Dorothy had asked almost the same question.

"Shall I show you my point of view?"
"Now? We shall be in Grosvenor

Square in a minute or two."

"A great deal can be said in a minute or two. We are never alone, except when we are driving out to dine." She laughed shrilly. "What rows we have had in this brougham!" She laid her thin hand upon his arm; he could feel her fingers gripping his wrist, as she continued quickly: "I know just what you think of me, my darling Dick; I can see myself plainly in your eyes. I am a liar"—she felt him wince—"and an actress, and false from my hair to the tips of the shoes which you think too small for my feet; I am inordinately vain, and I court the admiration and adulation of men whom you despise. There! That's how you see me."

"This is so unnecessary."

"Is it? Let me tell you that you have made me what I am. If you had loved me I should have been a different woman. But I don't believe you ever loved any woman, unless it was that Fairfax girl who mysteriously disappeared."

With difficulty he restrained himself. Dorothy's name had not passed her lips

for years.

"The world said at the time you jilted her, but I believe she jilted you. I hope she did. Anyway, I know that if anything happened to me, you would regard it as a happy release, and because of that I'm going to take extra care of myself. Nothing would become me in your eyes like the leaving of this life,

but I'm not going to leave it."

Gasgovne said no more, acutely sensible that his pity was genuine. The possibility of her death, a contingency never calculated, struck him with horror, because, instantly, he had perceived what it meant to Dorothy and himself and the boy; the adjustment and regulation of three lives. Ever since his last interview with Dorothy he had thought steadily of reunion with her; he had told himself that the psychological moment must come; that sooner or later she would need and claim his protection. But to leave his wife engrossed in her own pleasures, able to enjoy her own life, was one thing; to abandon her when she was weak, to aggravate, possibly, that weakness into an acute disease, struck him as dastardly. Like many very strong men, physical infirmity aroused his finest qualities. Now, he told himself grimly, whatever happened he must stick to Kitty.

And she would stick to him like a limpet, outlive him, probably, for she had a will of Bessemer steel, and was quite likely to pursue health as doggedly as she had pursued pleasure. Well—there remained ambition and work.

Fate ordained that business of political importance took him to Winchester during term-time. He wrote to Dorothy, warning her that he was coming, expressing a wish that they should meet, if possible, but leaving the matter in her hands. She replied, saying that she would stay in her house and run no risks.

At Winchester Dick saw Heseltine, greeted him with geniality, was charmed to find an old friend, and, finally, considered an invitation to dine and pass the night beneath the old

friend's roof.

"Why not?" said Heseltine.

"I will," Dick replied, "provided that we have the evening to ourselves."

"You live with your mother?"

"Yes."

"Bless me! I supposed Mrs. Heseltine—I heard there was a Mrs. Hesel-

tine-was your wife."

"I am a bachelor," said Heseltine. Then he added: "My mother will be so pleased to meet you. We have spoken of you a thousand times, followed your meteoric career."

He laughed pleasantly.

"You might have looked me up, old Sobersides," said Dick, squeezing his arm.

"Tu quoque! Well, we won't reproach each other. It warms the cockles of my heart to see you again."

At dinner, alone with Heseltine and his mother, Dick became once more the Wykehamist, prattling of adventures in and out of college, using the college slang, the "notions," chaffing Heseltine as if they were boys with gowns tucked up watching out for prefects in Meads. Mrs. Heseltine nodded, captivated by Dick's easy manners, but presently she began to talk herself.

"If I had known you were coming, Sir Richard, I would have asked Mrs. Armine to meet you; our friend and

neighbor?"

"Mrs. Armine?" Gasgoyne sipped his wine to hide a slight confusion.

"Our friend and neighbor-the most charming woman. Only a wall divides her little dining-room from ours."

"You know her, I think," said Hes-

eltine.

"We have met," said Dick. He felt that Heseltine's mild orbs were on him. He had quite recovered his composure. but he wondered what and how much Heseltine knew. Was Heseltine a very particular friend?

"Her boy is a great admirer of yours," continued Heseltine; "and you know, it is very curious, but he reminds me of you."

"Of me?"

"Of what you were. It rather drew

me to him.'

At once Mrs. Heseltine plunged into a panegyric of Dorothy, with here and there an insidious question. At each of these her son slightly blushed. His mother's infirmity sometimes tried his patience sorely.

"Mrs. Armine is the most devoted mother, Sir Richard, and as a wife she must have been equally admirable. I suppose you knew Mr. Armine?"

"No," Dick replied. "I never met

"Mrs. Armine never mentions him, poor man, but they say in Winchester--"

"Mother, the Winchester

won't interest Sir Richard.'

"But it does," said Dick. "How rude of him to interrupt you, Mrs. Heseltine!"

"Well, well, it is gossip, but the bishop's wife told me that Mr. Armine had never received Christian burial."

"I believe that is true," said Dick

gravely.

"In fact, one hardly dares mention it, but I was told by one of the canon's wives, I think, that he was eaten by Asiatic cannibals."

"No wonder he is never mentioned."

"Just so. I thought you would understand, but the silence has created a little mystery, as you may imagine, and that, together with the fact that she seems to have no relations---'

"Mother!"

"Dear David, have we ever seen any of Mrs. Armine's relations?"

"She has relations," said Dick curtly. "I used to know some of them. Stupid people! They rather cut Mrs. Armine because she would not marry the idiotic young lordling they had picked out for her."

"Really? How very interesting. It has made her position here-er-embarrassing. A censorious world we live in, Sir Richard. For her sake, I should like to mention, if I may, that

you have vouched for-"

Again Heseltine tried to stop the too-

garrulous tongue.

"Mother, I am sure Sir Richard will agree with me that Mrs. Armine needs no credentials other than her face and the life she has led among us.'

"Exactly," said Dick warmly. "And if she, out of mistaken pride, possibly, has chosen to keep silence, the least we can do as her friends is to respect that

silence."

Mrs. Heseltine closed her mouth with a sound approximating a snap. Shortly afterward she left the men to their coffee and cigars. Dick stared at the wall which divided him from Dorothy; she had sat in this very room, occupied the chair he was occupying; her presence seemed to suffuse itself like a subtle perfume. Then, through the thin cloud of tobacco smoke, he saw the blue eyes of Heseltine fixed in steady contemplation of his face. Dick turned to his host.

"An excellent cigar, Heseltine."

Heseltine nodded.

"My mother," he said abruptly, "is the kindest creature in the world. I should like you to believe that in her way she has silenced rather than provoked any gossip there may have been about Mrs. Armine."

Dick puffed at his cigar, trying to divine why Heseltine had spoken so de-

liberately.

"I am sure of that," he replied pleasantly. "One could not conceive of your mother, old chap, being other than a good sort. It has been delightful, this renewal of friendship. After all, the old friends, the old places, the old jokes are what bind us together. You must come to see me—and my wife," he added, after a slight pause, "We can always put you up, you know."

"But you will come back here, Gas-

goyne?"

"I hope so; but I'm a slave, a regular slave. Positively, I envy you your quiet life. I'm so sick of the hurly-

burly."

"I fit my little groove; and you fill the big place you have made for yourself. At times we may feel that we should like to stand in each other's shoes, but nature made our lasts, and nature knows her business."

As he spoke, he saw that Gasgoyne, who had changed his chair after Mrs. Heseltine left the room, was staring at a framed photograph of Min; one similar to that in Lady Curragh's posses-

sion.

"Mrs. Armine's boy," said Heseltine.
"I told you there was a look of you."
He rose, took the photograph, and placed it in Dick's hands.

"So there is. But I was a common

type."

"You? Not in this country."

Heseltine replaced the photograph. After that the talk flowed pleasantly back into Meads and College Street. The name Armine was not mentioned again.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Shortly after his visit to Winchester, Gasgoyne wrote to Dorothy, telling her of what had passed at the Heseltines. In conclusion, he added:

Of course you will decide what you think is best, but it seems to me that in withdrawing so completely from your own world you have whetted, rather than blunted, the tongues of the gossips. At any rate, you admitted to the Heseltines that you knew me, which was wise. Is there any reason now why we should not meet occasionally? Heseltine has begged me to visit him during the next May fly-season. I should like to see something of the boy, who is often in my thoughts.

To this, after much consideration, Dorothy replied that, under cover of his friendship for Heseltine, the risk in seeing the boy occasionally might be considered too small to be taken seriously. But in her heart Gasgoyne's determination to invade her sanctuary filled her with fears. Her intelligence, the more acute as she grew older, told her that Dick was behaving selfishly, and yet the admission that he did think of his own son, that he wished to see him, was surely the most natural thing in the world. Lastly, she had faith in his ability and tact; the flair of the trained journalist.

To make things easier, Heseltine had been given command of the house where Min boarded. Dick could run down to visit his friend, meet half a dozen boys, give a "feed" and a tip, and depart without arousing the smallest

suspicions.

This happened several times during the course of the next twelve months. Dick, as an old Wykehamist, subscribed munificently to college institutions; Winchester welcomed him with open arms as one of the most distinguished of her sons.

But Dorothy and he met but seldom. Upon the first occasion, it became plain to the woman that the man had accepted the situation. Dick spoke curtly of his wife.

"She has had a breakdown, you know—heart; but she's keeping herself in cotton-wool for the moment."

"If she should come here— "She won't; I'll see to that."
"If she met Min——"

"Nothing would happen."

"I have an idea that Mr. Heseltine

suspects something."

During these years Dorothy had come to regard David Heseltine as a firm friend, but now and again he puzzled her. She had fallen into the habit of consulting this philosopher, whose quiet, monotonous life formed such a contrast to Gasgoyne's varied and variegated career. Time was—in the old Helmingham days—when small beer had been esteemed the flattest beverage, now she had a palate for it. Even uninteresting people interested her, as if the demand for her sympathy had cre-

ated the supply; her life remained sweet, when it might have turned sour, because its current percolated everywhere, feeding and fed by other streams, ebbing and flowing placidly, but never stagnant.

Dick laughed when he heard Hesel-

tine's name.

"Why, Heseltine can't see an inch before his nose; he never could."

"He detected Min's likeness to you."

"Did he?"

"We owe a great deal to the Hesel-

tines," said Dorothy.

Indeed, such distinction as Noël Armine achieved at Winchester was largely due to the influence and friendship of Heseltine. After the failure for the navy, the boy began his first term at a great public school afire with the resolution to mend his ways, to retrieve the ground he had lost. He understood vaguely that the money for an expensive education was part of an unexpected legacy.

Dorothy said at the time: "You know, Min, that I could not possibly have afforded to send you to Winchester as a commoner, and your trustee might have insisted upon my choosing a less expensive school. I mention this because I expect you to make a special effort. Young as you are, you are old enough to realize that in this world one gets nothing for nothing, and very little

for sixpence. That's all."

The words did not root themselves very firmly. During Min's first year at Winchester, it seemed as if the seed had fallen upon absolutely barren soil. Min became preeminent in games and a leader among the fags. His high spirits, his disregard of authority, brought him endless punishment. He tried to work, but the influence of his house before Heseltine took command of it was against sustained endeavor. Dorothy passed sleepless nights, you may be sure, but always Heseltine assured her that the boy "would come out all right in the end." The tutor based this assurance upon Min's love for Dorothy and his genuine remorse at causing her unhappiness. Meantime, he undertook the breaking of this wild colt, although the young animal had no idea of how slowly and carefully the lunging and bitting were accomplished. For Heseltine's methods were unostentatious. But his slightly derisive smile became, at times, a burden upon the mind and memory. Wykehamists admitted the impossibility of humbugging him. At the end of Min's third term, he showed Heseltine, with enormous pride, a silver cup he had won against competitors older and bigger than himself. Heseltine glanced at the cup and then at the triumphant Min, who had been reported as "unsatisfactory, indolent, and grossly careless" by his mathematical master, mathematics-let it be said-being the subject in which the boy had displayed marked ability.

"Not bad, sir," said the jubilant Min.
"My mother will be rather bucked

about this."

"Will she?" murmured Heseltine; then smilingly he added thoughtfully: "I'm sure Susan Judkins thinks you a very fine fellow indeed."

Min had the grace to blush, and, when he showed his trophy to Dorothy, he muttered sheepishly: "I wish I'd done better in that beastly algebra."

Behind Heseltine's back, very small boys indulged in such withering sarcasm as, "Old Hazel is tied to his mammy's apron-strings," because mother and son were seen walking together in Meads, when other masters were playing rackets or fives, but one June afternoon Min heard Heseltine refuse a day's trout-fishing on the plea that he had promised to take his mother for a drive. The amazed Min protested: "I say, sir, there's a splendid lot of fly on the water; you won't have a better chance this year."

To this Heseltine replied dryly: "You're devoted to your mother, aren't

you, Noël?"

"Why, yes, sir, but---"

"And so am I to mine. It's a bond between us. There are lots of trout, but few mothers. Run along!"

Min, however, moved off very slowly, and the next time an allusion was made in his hearing to Heseltine and apron-strings, the speaker—much to his indignation-had his arm savagely twisted.

After a couple of years had passed, it became more and more evident that Gasgoyne's affection for his son was fructifying. Min, on his side, had developed a sort of hero-worship of the celebrity who treated him with unvarying kindness and a familiarity untainted by patronage. Dick, warned by Dorothy, was equally friendly with other Wykehamists, but Min divined that he was the favorite. He had the modesty to attribute the great man's generosity partly, at least, to the fact that he had been Dorothy's old friend. And he wondered why these old friends met so seldom, and never in the presence of others.

"He is awfully decent to me, because he likes you, mother," he said one day to Dorothy.

"Sir Richard likes you for yourself,

Min.'

He had hoped that she would speak frankly, but her silence intimidated him (about the only thing that did), and possibly he divined suffering and disappointment beneath a smooth skin and behind clear eyes. Min was now seventeen and approaching manhood rap-

During that summer term an incident occurred. The young man discovered what the boy had been too blind to see-to wit, that Dorothy had made concrete sacrifices for his sake. One day he remembered with vividness a cross of handsome diamonds which she had inherited from her mother.

"You never wear your cross," he

"Don't I?" Dorothy smiled, "Well, Min, you are old enough to know that I sold it.'

"Sold it! Why?"

She hesitated for a moment: then, with a slight flush, she said quietly: "To pay my debt to Mr. Williamson."

The color died out of her cheeks and flamed in the young man's.

"Did you sell the 'Cries' to pay my school bills?"

The London "Cries," a fine set of thirteen prints, used to hang in the

drawing-room. When they disappeared, other and less valuable prints took their place, and Min was made to understand that Dorothy had been playing "swops."

"Yes, they had to go, too."

"Oh, mother!"

He kissed her, and murmured a few tender words, but, doing so, remembered what Heseltine had said when he failed for the navy about kisses and

words being cheap.

A fortnight afterward Dick Gasgoyne came to Winchester to see the Eton match, held that year at Winchester. Min took part in this tremendous contest, in which, for the first time in many seasons, Winchester won a glorious victory. He played a very useful innings, and was almost embraced by Heseltine, who quite abandoned his usual chill composure. Then Gasgoyne, taking Min aside, told him he was going to present him with a

"Go to Purdey's and have yourself

measured for one of the best.

"How awfully generous of you!" Dick laughed, delighted with the young fellow's eager, grateful face.

"And I shall give you some shooting. Hello! What's up?"

His quick eye had detected a passing cloud, succeeded by a vivid flush.

"Sir Richard, I suppose you'd think me a beast if I asked you for-for the money instead."

"Eh? Money? You're not in debt, are you? Tell me."

"Yes; horribly."

"You young rascal! To whom?"

"To my mother."

Dick's face cleared, but his thick, dark brows expressed interrogation.

Hurriedly, yet haltingly, Min explained; reciting the facts about the sale of the diamond cross and the "Cries."

Gasgovne nodded. Then he laid his hand upon Min's shoulder.

"Purdey charges about sixty guineas for one of his best guns. If I send you a check, what will you do?"

"Spend it on diamonds."

"Um! I think we'd better buy

those diamonds together, and do a play at the same time. What do you say?"

This program was carried out at the beginning of the summer holidays, Lady Gasgoyne being absent at the time. Min came back to Winchester with a fine diamond ring in his pocket. He had to explain everything to Dorothy, and said at the end with a gay laugh:

"You see, Mumsie, my old gun will do jolly well for the next five years. Let me slip on the ring and wish you everything good under heaven."

She kissed him, murmuring: "My

dear son, my dear, dear son."

As he grew older, he talked more and more openly with Dorothy upon subjects which revealed his maturing ideas and judgments. Since the famous affair with Nellie, he had adored half a score of charmers. Dorothy encouraged in him a chivalrous ideal of woman. But one day, to her extreme dismay, he began to talk of illicit love and its consequences. Long before, when he was a small boy, he had asked, apropos of some passage in English history: "Mumsie, what is a natural son?" To this Dorothy replied categorically: "A natural son, Min, is a child whose father and mother have never been properly married." Min, at that time absolutely innocent, had digested this information for at least a minute before he said, with a quip, which indicated his sense of humor: "Why aren't they called unnatural sons?"

But a child of ten can be pushed gently from thin ice or be forbidden to approach it. With a young man of seventeen, questions must be met squarely.

During the following holidays they ascended the hill crowned with trees which rises to the southwest of Winchester. Below lay the ancient town slightly obscured by haze and mist, out of which crept the Itchen, that silvery stream beloved by anglers. Upon the other side of the city, silhouetted against the evening sky, black and sinister, the tower of the county jail frowned grimly upon the soft, red brick houses at its base. That morning, at

eight o'clock, a woman had been hanged for the murder of her baby. The case, a cause célèbre, engrossed the sympathy and pity of all England. Desperate efforts had been made to obtain a reprieve, but the home secretary, fortified by the support of the judge who tried the wretched woman, remained inexorable. Dorothy saw Min's eyes resting upon the tower, and guessed his thoughts.

"What beasts there are in the

world!"

"Don't think of her as a beast," she

whispered.

"Her? I was thinking of the man who betrayed her, of the man who escapes scot-free! I'd like to kill him —with my own hand."

As before, she was vouchsafed a glimpse of Crystal. These gusts of passion were rare with Min, and therefore the more impressive.

"If anybody belonging to me were

treated like that-

"My dear Min, you mustn't get so

excited."

"I can't help it, mother. Why, you look quite scared. It's the injustice of it that maddens me. Is there one law for women and another law for men?"

"Yes," said Dorothy slowly. "Eastern women understand that better than we. The purity of the race lies in the hands of the women, and a violation of that purity is a greater offense in a woman than in a man."

She spoke dreamily, giving utterance to an opinion often and carefully considered, not remembering for the moment the particular instance of Min's

birth.

"It would be easier for you to forgive the man in such a case as that" he indicated the jail—"rather than the woman?"

"Yes."

"I am surprised."

A new note in his voice challenged her attention. Perhaps for the first time she regarded him as a man, and as such one who was entitled to an opinion which he would not lightly relinquish. Then, in full flood, the significance of the subject in the mouth

of Crystal's child almost swept her

away.

"He went away and left her," continued Min, scarlet with indignation; "and he was not an ignorant man. Some people would call him a gentleman. A gentleman!"

"If he didn't-know-"

"That aggravates it. He ought to have known. And you, of all the women in the world, you defend him."

"Min, you are too young and too inexperienced to throw stones; and what makes it worse in your case is that you

are such a good shot."

She touched his arm, smiling pathetically, but he still regarded her frowningly; wondering why even the best of women was so hard upon her own sex.

"It's lucky the baby is dead," he muttered. "That was the kindest thing the mother could do to it, to murder it!"

"Don't say that!"

He gazed at her in astonishment; her eyes were wet, her finely formed fingers trembled. In a vague fashion he apprehended trouble; some dark shadow behind this gracious, tender figure. Regarding her, he began to stammer: "Why, mother, what is it? Surely you agree with me. In our civilization what place is there for a basely born child, the son of a gentleman and some wretched waif?"

She answered him slowly, weighing each word, trying to speak impersonally, to throw the fine dust of generalities into the artless eyes looking into

hers.

"There is a place here for such, my son; a place that can be filled worthily, in spite of all its disabilities. And nature is sometimes kinder to these poor love-children; often they are stronger, healthier, more beautiful than the others. I have heard my father say so."

Of late years, she had spoken several times of her father to the boy, describing his life and his indefatigable labors on behalf of the poor and infirm; but she had kept secret his name, or, rather, she had cut off the Fairfax, leaving the Middleton, his second name, which he had never used.

"All the same," replied Min, after a pause, "if it were me, I'd sooner be dead."

He rose abruptly and moved a few paces away, turning his back upon the woman, who gazed after him with troubled, mournful eyes.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Dorothy had escaped calumny so long that perhaps she was not altogether unreasonable in considering herself immune from it. During ten years she had built up a position in a censorious and gossip-mongering community. She would have been the first to admit that the task had amused her. Her mind, ever alert, found distraction in the exercise of tact and discreet silence. More than once she had stood upon the ragged edge of discovery and had gazed into that abysmal void into which are flung the socially damned.

Then, suddenly, the long-impending

sword of recognition fell.

Dorothy was drinking tea at the deanery, in the pretty room which looks out into the close. The dean's wife reckoned herself to be Mrs. Armine's friend, but the fact that Dorothy withheld confidence respecting her past had rankled in the august lady's bosom. Nevertheless, capacity for such work as charity organization, for playing the piano at church concerts, for plying her needle with "Friendly Girls," and like accomplishments, had captured respect and affection.

Dorothy was alone with her hostess when the door opened, and the butler

said loudly:

"The Countess of Ipswich."

Afterward Dorothy wondered whether she would have recognized her cousin Amy, once so slender, so becomingly (her mother's adjective) modest, so characteristically the young English "Mees," in the majestic figure which swept into the deanery drawingroom. During the moment while Mrs. Chatfield was greeting her visitor, Dorothy realized the impossibility of

escape, and summoned all energies to confront recognition. Two possibilities presented themselves. Amy — pulpywitted Amy—might have forgotten her, or, remembering, might possess wit and tact enough to dissemble. Then Mrs. Chatfield said:

"So kind of you to look me up; I heard you were stopping with the Hampshires. May I introduce a friend of mine, Mrs. Armine? Mrs. Armine—Lady Ipswich."

"Gracious! It's Dollie!"

"How do you do, Amy?" said Doro-

The cousins shook hands. Amy very flushed of countenance, Dorothy pale but calm; a slight smile upon her lips.

Mrs. Chatfield stared from one to the other. Her first emotion was of gratified vanity; because she had supported a stranger apparently on intimate terms with a great lady; then she saw the great lady's purple cheeks, and suspended judgment. Amy, it has been said, had divided most of the past fifteen years between the nursery and the kennels: she adored her children and her terriers, which proves she had affections. Moreover, at one time she had loved and admired Dorothy as a sister. Now, looking into Dorothy's face, slightly faded, but with that unmistakable expression of spirituality and delicacy which made her a more beautiful woman at eight-and-thirty than she had ever been in her teens, Amy told herself that here was a noble opportunity to befriend the outcast and fallen. Back of this lay, of course, the amorphous instinct to-as her mother had put it-hush things up. Acting upon these reflections, she bent forward and kissed her cousin's cheek. Dorothy's eyes crept a tiny sparkle of amusement. She understood her Amy.

"We have not met for an age," said Amy. "Are you living here, dear?" "Alone with my son; yes."

"Of course—your son. Shall you be at home to-morrow?"

"Yes," Dorothy replied, after an instant's hesitation. Then she mentioned her address, which Amy repeated. Mrs. Chatfield's slightly congested eyes cleared perceptibly as she heard Dorothy inquire concerning the Helminghams and Amy's replies.

"Poor papa! He is a confirmed invalid. And mama—as devoted as ever! Such an example. We lead very humdrum lives. Teddy, as you know, hates town."

Mrs. Chatfield smiled for the first time. It was comforting to reflect that Mrs. Armine knew Teddy. Dorothy took her leave, wondering what Amy would say as soon as she was out of hearing.

Next day, Amy herself furnished

this information.

"My dear, I had to answer questions. Oh! I was discreet, you may be sure. And in these cases the truth is not best, is it?"

"The truth?"

"I admitted frankly that we had not met because of your—er—marriage with—ahem!—Mr. Armine."

"Oh."

"And I laid a little stress upon your independent ways as a girl, and your upbringing—"

"You mentioned my father's name?"
"Of course not. Mrs. Chatfield would have hunted it up in the peerage."

"You have tried to make things easy. I'm much obliged. Do tell me about

yourself and your children."

Upon these congenial topics Amy spoke volubly for nearly an hour. Her eldest son was at Eton and going into the Guards; he was the *dearest* fellow; her girls were very satisfactory, not too clever, but so amiable and domestic in their tastes—Alicia, the younger, drew quite too delightfully in water-colors.

Dorothy listened to this artless prattle with an uncomfortable sense of envy and jealousy, not because the speaker was a countess and a rich woman, but for the subtler reason that every word which fell from her lips indicated the possession of a position in her county and family which nothing could assail.

For Dorothy never doubted that recognition by Amy meant renewal of gossip and a notoriety which might end in catastrophe; it meant, also, questions upon the part of Min to be answered evasively or with humiliating fibs. Finally, Amy rose, serene and majestic. As she kissed Dorothy, she murmured confidentially: "Bygones are bygones, my dear. Shall I ask Flora Hampshire to call?"

'No, thank you."

"She has heard of you. She told me that Mr.-er-Armine had been eaten by cannibals, and that was why his name was never mentioned. Dorothy, you have managed so cleverly, and you - How you have kept your complexion is quite amazing! Andyour figure! And everybody seems to speak of you in the highest terms. Poor mama will be so pleased, and so would papa, if he could be made to understand. Yes; the mind, unhappily, has quite failed. He spends the morning in packing up papers and books, and in the afternoon he unpacks them. In the evening mama sets him simple little sums in addition and subtraction.'

"Oh, how dreadful!" Dorothy exhibited real sympathy, slightly wasted upon a lady too serenely engrossed in her own life to enter very deeply into the lives of others less fortunate.

"It might be worse, Dorothy. Teddy has an uncle who held orders. He has a mania for taking off his clothes in public places. Very shocking! Good-by, dear, so glad to have seen vou."

She drove off in the resplendent Hampshire barouche, waving her plump hand and smiling.

A week later Dorothy was present at a small garden-party; and it happened of any group when Dorothy approached Indeed, Mrs. Chatfield was on a hot scent, although for the moment running mute. How she would give tongue presently! For she had found in her peerage a significant entry under the name Helmingham; the date of the marriage between George Fairfax and the sister of Sir Augustus, and the result-one daughter, Dorothy. Instantly she leaped to the conclusion that Mrs. Armine and Lady Ipswich were first cousins. Old friends who have not met for years do not kiss; and the great lady's kiss had been, as Mrs. Chatfield remembered, rather a kiss of relationship than of friendship. To her mind, the frigid salute was confirmation strong, but she was practical enough to know that what satisfied her might not satisfy other inquiring minds in Winchester. And to identify Dorothy Fairfax with Dorothy Armine might be no easy matter.

At the time of the garden-party she had discovered a part of the truth. A friend in town with an encyclopedic memory and a slight acquaintance with the house of Helmingham had answered one question, upon four pages of note-paper. Dorothy Fairfax had been presented at court by Lady Helmingham, had been taken about Mayfair by that lady, had become engaged to be married to Sir Richard Gasgoyne, then an obscure journalist; had been (supposedly) jilted by him, and finally had mysteriously disappeared. Chatfield's face grew grim as she perused this letter, for, although she could reasonably claim to be a loyal wife, a loving mother, and an exemplary churchwoman, she held-despite (perhaps because of) these qualificationsthe obtaining of her friendship and support under false pretenses to be an unpardonable sin.

Nevertheless, nothing might have happened had it not been for the excellent Mrs. Heseltine, who would cheerfully have sacrificed the tip of her very active tongue rather than wittingly do Dorothy an injury. Unhappily, Mrs. Heseltine had been uplifted that the dean's wife seemed to melt out by her son's renewal of friendship with a personage. Dick, you may be sure, had paid David's mother a score of attentions; salmon, grouse, venison came from Scotland, pheasants and partridges from his Essex estate; and Mrs. Heseltine could not deny herself the pleasure of saying to any guest who might be dining with them: "Sir Richard Gasgoyne sent this fine fish. He never forgets old friends, however humble they may be."

Mrs. Chatfield, to whom words to

this effect were addressed, answered thoughtfully: "I've never met Sir Richard. Does he come often to Win-

chester?"

"He is a Wykehamist," Mrs. Heseltine replied, "and interested in all that concerns us; his kindness to our boys is extraordinary. He has actually asked young Noël Armine to stalk this year in Sutherland."

"Indeed, how very-interesting!"

Mrs. Chatfield's grandfather had kept a pack of harriers, so the love of the chase was inherent in her. Positively, a view-halloa nearly left her lips. Her

hare, indeed, was in sight.

She was now convinced that Sir Richard Gasgoyne wished to show kindness to the son of the woman he had wanted to marry. Nothing more natural, but the mystery remained; the ever-recurrent question presented itself; "Who was Armine?" Debrett never mentioned Armine.

When the ladies left the dining-room, Mrs. Chatfield was seen to repulse the advance of the prolific wife of a minor canon, and to turn with undue impatience to her hostess, with whom she withdrew to a corner of the drawing-

room.

"We were speaking of Mrs. Armine's boy," she began easily. "He is a young man now—"

"And leaving at the end of this term," said Mrs. Heseltine.

"Going to Oxford, I have heard."

"Yes, New College."

"His mother, considering her cir-

cumstances, is very generous."
"The boy has, I am told, means of his own. What a charming woman

Mrs. Armine is!"

"Remarkably so; but, if I may be allowed the expression, veiled. During all these years one has never seen her quite clearly. I don't even know her maiden name."

"Middleton. Her father was a doc-

tor, an eminent one, I believe."

"Ah!"

Again Mrs. Chatfield looked grim. She could see the entry in Debrett: "Florence Mary, married, 1856, George Middleton Fairfax, F. R. C. S." Mrs. Heseltine, sensible of a fall in the temperature, added warmly: "And the most devoted mother I ever saw."

"Is she going to Scotland, too?"
"Oh, no. She hardly ever leaves home. I understand there will be no ladies at the lodge. Sir Richard has taken a great fancy to Noël Armine. Unfortunately, he has no son of his own. My David tells me that Noël is just such a boy as Sir Richard used to be; really quite a remarkable resemblance, both mentally and physically. Like is generally drawn to like."

"I see," said Mrs. Chatfield, drawing

in her breath rather sharply.

Mrs. Heseltine, looking up, saw that her guest's face was slightly pinker than usual, and that her eyes were sparkling. A successful hunt is admittedly reju-

venating.

The invitation to stalk in Scotland had been accepted by Min not without discussion between Dorothy and Dick Gasgoyne. But, as usual, the man had overpowered the remonstrance of the woman. Also the boy himself was so keen, Dorothy had not the heart to keep him in Winchester, playing tennis, when royal sport awaited him in the Highlands. Upon a higher plane entirely was another reason for risking the remote possibility of discovery. The time had come for Noël to choose a profession, and indications were not lacking that pipe-clay was in his marrow. Gasgoyne, however, thinking of Dorothy, pointed out that military advancement was slow, and that a keen soldier saw very little of his mother.

"You are an only son," he said to Min. "A bullet will kill her if it hits you."

The young fellow nodded.

"All the same, I should make a fair fighting man."

"There are always fights," said Gas-

"I'm not fit to be parson, doctor, or barrister."

"How about journalism?"
"I think I should like that."

Accordingly, Dick enjoyed the keen pleasure of telling Dorothy that he had successfully lured Min in the direction of Fleet Street. He insisted, however,

upon the visit to Scotland.

"It's a ticklish thing bending the twig," he said. "I don't pretend to know Min, and I want to make his intimate acquaintance. Lend him to me for three weeks or a month.'

"But Lady Gasgoyne? Oh, Dick, you are getting rather reckless. We see

too much of each other."

Gasgoyne regarded her intently.

"We have met exactly five times during the past seventeen years. Do you think I have not counted them? you grudge me-minutes, when you know that a minute with you is more to me than a year with any one else?"

She blushed faintly, unable to meet his glance; always afraid that the flames, so long suppressed, would burst out and destroy both of them.

"As for Kitty," he continued, in a different voice, "she is wrapped up in herself and her health."

"She is better?"

"Better! I don't know. Some-He broke off abruptly, adding with grim irrelevance: "She'll outlive us. And she will have left the lodge before Min comes. But there is no adequate reason why they shouldn't meet.'

"She is a woman. And, Dick, you are fonder of Min than you think.'

"Bah! He is all yours. Are you going to lend him to me or not?"

She told herself that she must give

way, and did so.

The meeting with Amy Ipswich followed, and then a period of comparative tranquillity. Later the dean and Mrs. Chatfield went abroad for a sixweeks' holiday. They returned in the middle of September, about the time when Min traveled to Sutherland, and everybody in and about the close was invited to a garden-party at the dean-

"Of course you are going?" said

Mrs. Heseltine to Dorothy.

Dorothy hesitated a moment; then, very quietly, she replied: "No, I am The truth is, I have been forgotten."

"Forgotten? You?"

"At any rate, I have not received a card."

"Shall I speak to Mrs. Chatfield?"

"Pray don't."

"It is very strange. Mrs. Chatfield is so particular about such matters, almost too particular, don't you think

SO ?"

"Perhaps." Dorothy smiled faintly; she was quite sure that the dean's wife had purposely withheld the invitation. From a certain expression in the sharp, beady eyes of her visitor, she divined that Mrs. Heseltine was as certain as she. David's mother rose to take leave.

"It's very oppressive, is it not?

Thunder in the air."

"Yes." Dorothy held out her hand. "My dear." Dorothy felt the thin, wiry fingers clasp her own tightly. suppose you know that nothing would ever shake my friendship and affection for you-nothing. I'm a babbling old woman, but if-well, I'll say this, and no more, speaking for my son as much as for myself, your little finger is more to us than the dean's wife, and the dean himself, and all the chapter. There!"

She whisked off, leaving Dorothy touched but dismayed. No preternatural acuteness was necessary to infer that Mrs. Heseltine had called with a definite purpose; to warn, and, with any encouragement, to advise.

"There is certainly thunder in the

air," said Dorothy.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

Gasgoyne's moor and forest were situated not far from Lairg; and on the march flowed the river Shin, which, in its upper pools, may or may not hold many salmon. Splendid as the place was reckoned to be from a sporting point of view, it possessed but a small lodge. Partly on this account, more particularly because the wife's friends were not the husband's, Kitty seldom passed more than a fortnight at Ben Aber. Invariably she left Sutherland before the stalking began. Gasgoyne promised Min a few days' grouseshooting and a salmon or two, but the "tall, red deer" were to furnish the principal entertainment. Min, as has been said, accepted the invitation gladly, but neither Dorothy nor he had any conception of what such a privilege was worth in the eyes of persons living north of Tweed. It is certain, also, that Dick, in spite of his enormous experience, had overlooked the importance of the favor he was showing to a young man who had never stalked in his life.

Kitty heard of the matter from the slightly injured individual who for several years had shared the stags with

Dick.

"You're coming, of course, Jack," she had said, meeting him at Sandown.

"No; I'm not," he replied ruefully. "Dick has left me out this year, worse luck! He tells me that he means to have up a Winchester boy.

"This is the first I've heard of it,"

said Kitty.

However, when she spoke of the change to her husband, he replied carelessly that Jack had enjoyed more than his share of stalking, and that there was nothing more delightful than to see a really keen boy entered to royal game.

"It's young Armine, you know," he

added.

"I don't know any young Armine."
"A Wykehamist, my dear, and as

strapping a fellow as I am."

Kitty dismissed the matter from her thoughts. Long ago it had been understood that so long as Dick gave to her a free hand in London, she would not interfere with Ben Aber. But it struck her as odd that Dick should contemplate a month's tête-à-tête with a boy of eighteen.

At the end of this season she underwent another cure at Nauheim. The first had done her so much good that Skeffington, on her return, had pronounced her a whole woman; a fact she had carefully concealed from Dick, because she had divined his sympathy for her, although she repudiated it, and was comfortably alive to the convenience of possessing an imaginary ailment to plead as an excuse for leaving undone certain things which Mrs. Grundy might hold ought to be done. Excel-

lent persons, with slightly inferior cooks, were accustomed to hear of Kitty's sincerest regret that her "heart" kept her almost a prisoner in her own house. As a matter of fact, she had resumed even with greater ardor the old life of private theatricals, dancing, and card-playing. Dick paid all bills, and told himself that Skeffington was a humbug.

The second visit to Nauheim gave Kitty a serious fright; for the Nauheim doctor declared that only a very partial cure had been effected. He added that she must return at the end of two months, and that meanwhile she would do well to live quietly in some unfashionable and bracing spot.

"If I come here next year--"

The German, who had no time to waste, glared at her through his spectacles.

"Do as I prescribe," he growled, "or, well, how shall I my meaning make clear? Soh! If you think my advice not worth taking, I shall have the honor of wishing you 'adieu,' madame, instead of 'auf wiedersehen.'"

"I shall do as you say," faltered

Kitty.

She joined her husband in Scotland, and inhaled the life-restoring breezes of Ben Aber. But when the stalking season approached, she showed no signs of going elsewhere. Dick asked for information, and received a peevish reply to the effect that no plans had been made.

"I may go to-morrow; I may stay on a bit. I dare say you want me out of

the way."

She flashed a glance upon him, but he met her eyes quite steadily.

"Don't say those things!"
"I shall say what I please."

Dick nodded, wondering whether it would be wise to write to Min, putting him off; but such a course, at the last moment, would not only bitterly disappoint the young fellow, but also provoke Kitty's suspicions. Afterward it occurred to him that he might have taken counsel with Dorothy, but it was not his habit to take counsel with anybody. It may be added, in extenuation,

that if ever a man was justified in placing faith in himself, Dick was he.

Finally, when Min arrived, Kitty was still in possession. At the first glance she amended her judgment. Here was no boy assuredly, but a man, with a man's strength of body and mind. Now Kitty could no more resist making herself pleasant to a man than a cat can resist eating fish. Boys she disliked; men amused her, and agreeably tickled her appetite for excitement. It is certain that she would not have looked at Min had another man presented himself. Faute de mieux she cultivated him, and because he was handsome made a fuss over him. We have Min's own testimony in a letter written to Dorothy about this time that Lady Gasgoyne angled in vain for his friendship.

I'm having a ripping time, and Sir Richard has lent me a rifle and given me a salmonrod. We come home late, dine, and go to bed at ten sharp. After dinner I play piquet with Lady Gasgoyne. She's been awfully nice to me, but, Mumsie, I can't bear her. It seems beastly to write this under her own roof, but there it is. She rags Sir Richard, even before the servants; and he never says a word in reply, although if she rubs it in too hard he talks to his dog. If I married a woman like that I should always have a dog handy. Although we are supposed to be roughing it, the luxury is something which quite staggers me. Lady G. is supposed to be on the strictest diet, but she does go Nap all the same! I feel a beast, but you told me to tell you everything.

When Dorothy read this, Dick's conduct in running the risk of discovery struck her as selfish, and yet, on consideration, she told herself that such a risk was small, and that Gasgoyne must not be held accountable for his wife's change of plan. Lying awake at night, she computed the odds against Truth popping out of her well. Dick made similar calculations; each considered what questions might be put to Min and what answers he would make. If he happened to allude to his first meeting with Dick at Margate, Kitty might express surprise, but Dick's wits could be relied upon in such an unlikely emer-

Kitty, however, discovered part of

the truth in the most natural way. Min arrived at Ben Aber with a camera, the first he had ever possessed, and in those days not so common an object as now. After using up his first roll of films he sent them to be developed, and the finished proofs were forwarded to Sutherland. Among these happened to be a snap shot of Dorothy; not a bad likeness for a first attempt. Min was aware that no photographs of his mother were in existence, so far as he knew. Again and again he had entreated her to be taken, as often she had refused. That she had any reason for such refusal never, naturally enough, entered his head; and one of the delights connected with the new toy was the reflection that he would snap shot his adorable mother secretly, and surprise her with the finished proof.

Almost the first person to whom he showed the photograph was Kitty. She did not recognize it at once; that is to say, she perceived that young Armine's mother bore a resemblance to somebody she had known, a somebody to whom she was unable to assign a name. Min, you may be sure, had sung his mother's praises loudly. She was the best in the world, his great pal, a ripping good sort. One can hear his enthusiastic, ingenuous tones, and see the sparkle in his eyes, the smile on his lips, the flush in his young cheeks. Even Kitty, who found such outpourings tiresome as a rule, was impressed by this filial devo-

"Your mother has a charming face," she murmured, staring at the photo-

They were alone, sitting upon a bench outside the lodge, a place which commanded a delightful view of the Shin and the moors stretching, far as the eye could see, in a southerly direction. To the north rose the splendid peak of Ben Klibreck, to the west were Ben Hope, Ben Hee, and the superb crags of Ben Loyal. Dick had just started, having the farthest beat on the forest, and Min was waiting for the "machine" to come round which would carry him to another beat, where stalker and gillie were awaiting him.

The day was a fine one of late September, cloudless, but with enough breeze to make stalking practicable, and with that crisp feeling in the air indicating frost and the absence of midges.

"She's ten times as good-looking as

that," said Min.

"Her face reminds me of some one. What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Middleton. Dorothy Middleton.

Her father was a doctor."
"Middleton! That conveys nothing

to me, and yet-"

She returned the photograph, which Min placed with the others in an envelope just as his trap appeared. As he was slipping the photographs into his pocket, Kitty said: "You'll spoil them if you 'crawl.' Give them to me. Good luck and blood on the knife!"

A second later the machine rattled

off.

"A nice boy," murmured Kitty.

She opened the envelope and gazed steadily at Dorothy's face.

"Middleton," she murmured. "Doro-

thy Middleton. Why-"

Her brow contracted. The name Dorothy reminded her of Doll Fairfax, who had been engaged to Dick. Then she remembered Doll's face. With a gasp, she saw that same face, not much changed, staring at her out of the piece of cardboard in her hand.

"He is her son, her son!"

An instant later the inevitable corollary presented itself: "That's why

Dick is so kind to him."

She sat frowning, trying to recall what had been said of the broken engagement and Dorothy Fairfax's mysterious disappearance. Dick had told her little; even during the first days of their engagement she could remember how curtly he had answered her questions, how plainly he had shown that the loss of Dorothy had left an open wound. Why had she told the boy that her maiden name was Middleton? There had been gossip about Dorothy Fairfax; she had dropped out of Mayfair; she was never seen in East Anglia. Why?

We have said that Kitty was clever. Perhaps she was most clever in just such problems as this, because, invariably, she suspected guile, being guileful herself. Bit by bit she pieced together a certain theory. She knew that Gasgoyne had tried to find Dorothy Fairfax after his return from Afghanistan; she knew that Dorothy had hidden herself somewhere. According to young Armine, the first years of his life had been passed in Touraine. Why? To Kitty it seemed incomprehensible that any young and attractive woman should live alone in an obscure corner of France, unless there existed an imperative reason for such exile. Again, why did this young fellow speak so fervently of his mother, and never mention his father? Who was Armine?

Suddenly the truth smote her with a violence that caused her to spring wildly to her feet. In a blinding flash she saw Min's paternity plainly stamped upon his face. He had Dick's coloring, his fine, athletic figure, and even certain tricks of manner. In character, temperament, and ability the pair were like as peas. Why had she not seen the

resemblance before?

Her hands trembled as she looked at her watch. It was just ten o'clock. The train left Lairg at noon, reaching Euston at eight the next morning. Being a creature habitually governed by impulse, Kitty determined to leave the lodge at once, before the men returned. She felt that she must obtain further evidence before she confronted her husband. Her husband! How dared he bring this bastard here? And doubtless he was seeing the other woman often; they had arranged this little comedy; they were laughing in their sleeves, immeasurably amused at her blindness and fatuity. At the same moment she was conscious of an extraordinary physical exhilaration, Lassitude and indifference gave place to a vital and vivifying excitement. She told herself that she was strong; able to carry out a campaign against shamelessness and lies; able to expose them mercilessly, to destroy them and their works.

She went into the lodge and told her

maid to pack up at once.

Traveling south she grew calmerthe presence of a lynx-eyed maid exacted calmness-for she was telling herself that if her husband had played with love, he had slaved for ambition. And within a few months his supreme ambition was likely to be gratified. He had shown great ability in Parliament, both as a debater and as an indefatigable worker on committees; and his purse had been placed unreservedly at the disposition of his party. It was an open secret that the continuance of that party in power was largely due to Gasgoyne and the newspapers controlled by him. The âme damnée of the prime minister had intimated, in confidence, of course, that such services would be rewarded with a seat in the cabinet.

"I hold him in the palm of my hand,"

she thought.

She reached Winchester late upon the following day. The maid was left in Carlton House Terrace. Excitement still sustained and fortified an otherwise tired and jaded woman. It is possible that for the first time in her life she had become oblivious of herself and of everything save the gratification of curiosity and revenge. None the less, she went to the George Inn and prepared herself for the battle as if for a garden-party, putting on a smart dress, touching up her complexion, and satisfying herself that every dyed hair upon her head was in its place. She hoped to find Dorothy unprepared, possibly in shabby clothes, and therefore at a disadvantage.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Susan Judkins opened the door after the cab had set Kitty down at the gate of the small, semi-detached villa in St. Cross Road. Susan was now on the shady side of sixty, but she told herself triumphantly that she neither looked nor felt her age. Moreover, her instincts were as keen as of yore. She said afterward that she divined trouble as soon as she saw the stranger's face; she knew it had come home when she heard the name.

"I have come from Scotland to see Mrs. Armine. Is she at home? I am Lady Gasgoyne."

"Not at home, my lady."

Susan stared impassively at the dyed fringe just above the green eyes which sparkled with excitement. Dorothy was at home, but the faithful Susan had no intention whatever of introducing an infuriated enemy, armed cap-a-pie, into the presence of a defenseless and unsuspecting mistress.

"Are you quite sure?"
"Quite sure, my lady."
"When will she be in?"

"She may be in about dinner-time. Leastways, she is not dining out."

The baffled Kitty produced a cardcase and scribbled an address upon a card.

"I am stopping the night at the George. I will come back after dinner, unless Mrs. Armine prefers to call upon me at the hotel."

"Very good, my lady."

Susan shut the door and glanced at the thin piece of pasteboard in her hand. Her expression was composed as she murmured: "We've waited eighteen years for this, and we can wait five minutes longer."

She went back to the pantry, where, securely locked up in a cupboard, stood a bottle of ginger wine used by Susan in moments of depression or when the weather turned cold. Of this cordial she took a full dose, eying the card upon the dresser as if it were a cobra. Dorothy was in her garden, a narrow strip at the back, full of flowers which she cultivated herself. Susan put back the bottle of ginger wine, and slammed the cupboard door.

"Lor'! How wicked she looked."

The faithful creature wiped the perspiration from her forehead. In a sense she realized that she was the innocent party to a crime; about to shatter, forever, perhaps, the sweet peace of that garden yonder, to turn it into a desolating wilderness. The soft, mellow tone of the Winchester buildings had suffused itself over Susan, softening

some hard angles and lines. Upon her the moss had grown imperceptibly, as she had taken firmer and deeper root in the Hampshire soil. Winchester satisfied her; it was preeminently quiet and respectable, and English. The deep tones of the cathedral bell were celestial music to this ancient handmaiden, whose life had been one long service. From her pantry window she could see the policeman on his beat. Soldiers marched up and down the St. Cross Road past the cemetery in which Susan had, in fancy, selected a snug resting-place where, in the words of the old song, she would "do nothing forever and ever" after the interminable labors of sixty years.

"Another bubble bust," said Susan,

wiping her eyes now.

She had the habit of speaking aloud, particularly when she happened to be deeply moved. Although she had predicted discovery, its fulfilment exasperated her, because, like Dorothy, she had grown to believe herself secure. Those unfortunate persons who are constrained to live in countries where terrible earthquakes have once taken place or upon the slopes of volcanoes, will sympathize with Susan Judkins.

"Well, Susan, the fish has not come,

I see.'

In silence Susan held out Lady Gasgoyne's card, which she carried hidden in her hand instead of on a salver, so that the expression of her face might prepare Dorothy for an abominable surprise.

"She came here, as that other one did, to tear your heart out, but this time I wasn't fool enough to let her

in."

"Ah!" sighed Dorothy, as the card fluttered to the ground. Then for a moment mistress and servant—or shall we say, rather, friend and friend?—gazed at each other.

"You think she knows?" faltered

Dorothy.

"I know she knows."

"If she has told—Min!"

"She hasn't yet," said Susan grimly.
"If she had, he'd have been here first, bless his heart!"

"God help us, Susan!"

"Amen, m'm."

Dorothy drew off her gardening gauntlets, and gazed steadily at the garden once used as a bare yard for hanging out washing, now fragrant with the roses she had planted. Susan followed her thought unerringly.

"We're going to be turned out o'

paradise."

And at this doleful prophecy Doro-

thy plucked up spirit.

"I shall fight for our paradise," she said. Then, as Susan mumbled Kitty's message, Dorothy's face brightened.

"Susan, how clever you have been. If you had let her in, the place would never have seemed the same again. Of course I shall go to the hotel."

Susan began to shake.

"Susan!"

"Oh, ma'am; oh, Miss Dorothy, you'll own up now?"

"Own up-what?"

"About the other. You must, you must—for your own sake. Master Min is a man; he can bear it, but you—oh!"

She burst into sobs. Dorothy tried to comfort her, stroked her rough, worn hands, led her to a bench, and sat

down beside her.

"That's why I wouldn't let her in. I wanted to speak to you first. And, oh, my poor lamb, if you'll let me, I'll speak to her. Wouldn't that be better than ginger wine! I'd bring her to her knees. Miss Dorothy, let me step up to the hotel with the certificate and the letter. I won't let 'em out of my hands. You ain't fit to deal with her, because you're generous, and pincher is written plain on her face. Well, I know more about pinching than even she does. Let me go, Miss Dorothy!"

Dorothy kissed her. "Does that mean—yes?"

"I must go," said Dorothy firmly. Then, with a gentle shake, she added: "And I expect when I come back I shall want something very nice to eat. You mustn't neglect my dinner, you dear old Susan. No, don't say anything, but believe that I am not afraid, that I can hold—my own."

"You mean Master Min."
"Yes; I mean him—my son."
She spoke the words proudly. A slightly bent and broken Susan went

back into the house.

Meantime, Lady Gasgoyne had returned to the hotel, and, feeling like her humbler sister in need of a cordial, had ordered a pint of champagne. Susan had not imposed upon her for a moment. She recognized a confidential servant, and guessed that as such Su-

san had instructions.

The champagne produced this immediate effect. It stimulated Kitty's intelligence. She told herself that a slight delay might be made profitable. In her haste she had neglected a cardinal principle of warfare. She had rushed, so to speak, upon the enemy without first acquiring all the knowledge at her disposition. As the waiter was uncorking the champagne, she asked a ques-"Did he know a Mr. Noël tion: Armine, who had played in the Winchester Eleven?" The waiter knew the young gentleman, and his mother, a sweet lady, much respected in the close and out of it. Within five minutes Kitty had squeezed this orange dry. As the man was leaving the room, she told him to show Mrs. Armine up if she happened to call. Then, for the second time, she examined herself in the glass. Her nose being slightly red, she powdered it, smiling maliciously. She bit her lips, frowning, because they looked blue.

Some twenty minutes later Dorothy entered the room.

The two women had not met for nearly nineteen years, and in each the work of time was curiously contrasted. At first glance an unobservant stranger might have pronounced Kitty the younger-looking of the two. Her hair, of the then fashionable auburn tint, surmounted a face which was really an admirable work of art; her figure was youthful and supple. But if the actual skin was free from wrinkles, if no gray hairs appeared among the auburn tresses, if the lines of the figure were those of a girl, still the general impres-

sion of youth revealed mercilessly the solid reality of age. An old, jaded woman assumed the mask of youth. Dorothy realized almost with violence that Dick's wife was worn out, a boggard of a woman, painted and be-

decked.

What Kitty saw is not so easily described. Dorothy had come straight from her garden, where she had spent so many serene and pleasant hours. About her hung the faint fragrance of her roses; upon her face and in her eyes lay the glow which even in darkest November seems to emanate from places long warmed by sun. Youthful in appearance none could call her. The hair growing thickly with a natural wave was still brown, but lines lay about the clear eyes and beautiful mouth; the figure had assumed the gracious dignity of the prime of life; and, perhaps, the dominant note of the whole personality was a certain sweet austerity of bearing which stood for, and expressed subtly, all that she had lost and gained. Kitty, regarding her with envious eyes, hating her furiously, perceived this, and, perceiving it, realized her own inferiority. As the door closed she broke into a shrill laugh. Her first words were: "How virtuous you look. Dorothy Fairfax!"

Dorothy paused, shocked by the passion which convulsed the other, trying to find a phrase adequate for such a moment. Then she became conscious that the other would find the phrases, that she would need all her fortitude to listen to them in silence. Kitty came nearer, trembling with suppressed ex-

citement.

"I know everything."

"Everything, Lady Gasgoyne?"
Her quiet voice exasperated the other beyond endurance. Carefully considered sentences faded out of her mind. She became primal, elemental; her fin-

She became primal, elemental; her fingers curled inward, she showed her teeth in a snarling smile.

"Don't pose to me!"

Dorothy's face showed at this instant an unmistakable gladness. Kitty's disordered violence indicated plainly that she did not know—everything. "What do you know, Lady Gas-

goyne?"

"That you are a fraud and a hypocrite, living here in the odor of sanctity, when you ought to be in——"

"Stop," said Dorothy, holding up her hand. "I have come here at your request; I will answer your questions, but at the first word of abuse I go."

"My husband is the father of Noël Armine. Armine, indeed! There never

was an Armine."

"How did you find this out?"

"How did I find it out? Well, I'll tell you. You may be sure that my husband and your son did not betray you."

"I am quite sure of that."

"How you dared to send that boy to my house——" She stopped, gasped for breath, and began again: "He had a photograph of you; he showed it to me yesterday morning."

"A photograph of me? Impossible."
"He had taken you himself, so he told me—as a surprise." She laughed shrilly. "I recognized it at once."

"And you told him?"

The sharp anxiety of the question betrayed Dorothy's true feelings, so carefully suppressed till now. The other was quick enough to understand.

"No; I didn't tell him. I'm rather sorry I didn't. That would have hurt you, eh? Well, there's no hurry. I will tell him—and everybody else. No, I didn't tell him. He and his precious father went stalking; I packed my things and came here to make sure first. They think I've gone to London."

"Thank God!" said Dorothy. Then impulsively she burst out: "You won't tell him—the boy, you will be merciful not to me, but to him, won't you?"

"Why should I be merciful?"

"Because—" She hesitated, with a hesitation which may have seemed to Kitty guileful. We know, of course, that the darling desire to keep her secret from a probably unscrupulous and certainly indiscreet woman obsessed. Almost desperately she played her last card.

"Lady Gasgoyne, if I take all the blame to myself, if I swear to you that I have only met your husband half a dozen times since Noël's birth, and only then to speak of things which concern the boy; if I add that your husband never knew till long after your marriage that there was a child, if I assure you solemnly that I hid the fact of Noël's birth from both of you and that mere chance revealed it, if I admit that I was weak and foolish, nothing else but weak and foolish, inasmuch as I let Noël go to Ben Aber, if I promise now to take him and myself out of your life, surely, surely you will respect his innocence—"

"Innocence!"

"Yes, innocence. He-he believes me to be the best and purest creature in

the world-ah!"

The exclamation was provoked by Kitty's shrill laugh; a laugh that sounded uncanny, almost a danger-signal. Dorothy had had too much experience in sick-rooms not to be sensible that such a laugh indicated disintegration, the loss of self-control, perhaps—insanity. At once pity took the place of indignation and entreaty.

"You are not well," she said, in a

different voice.

"Not well!" The words broke violently from the blue lips. "I am well enough to expose you."

Dorothy moved slowly forward, but the other, thinking she was about to leave the room, rushed in front of her, seizing the handle of the door.

"You do not leave me, Dorothy Fairfax, till I have told you what I think

of vou."

Dorothy, the stronger physically of the two, made no attempt to force an egress; the violence of the speaker made her outwardly quiet, almost apathetic; but within hatred of the woman who had supplanted her revived, rose malignantly vital from cinders she had deemed ashes. Her intelligence, always acute, apprehended that Kitty's unbridled tongue would scourge her from society, if she did not vindicate her purity. That she would lose her home, her friends, and—greatest thing of all—the respect of her son, who must hear the scandal. She made up her

mind to speak. Afterward, she might demand as a right that the wife of Richard Gasgoyne should keep the confidence inviolate. Thus she would save her good name and spare Min an abominable revelation. She said dully:

"Noël is your husband's son, not mine. His mother, who died in giving him birth, was an actress. I adopted him for Dick's sake."

"W-w-what?"

Dorothy repeated the statement, adding: "I have papers to prove it."

"Show them to me."

"They are in my dressing-case at home."

"Oh, you-liar! You-"

She shrieked a word to be found in Shakespeare and the Bible, but unprintable here. Dorothy quivered as if a terrific blow had struck her. Color left her face. Then, controlling herself, she raised her hand and said solemnly: "I call God to witness that I have spoken the truth, and that I am a pure woman."

Afterward, Dorothy wondered whether belief or disbelief caused the

catastrophe. She seemed to see both convictions form themselves upon the face so close to hers; each faded, leaving behind the unmistakable impress of excruciating pain. Then a scream rang out. Putting her hand to her throat, Kitty fumbled and clawed at the fastenings of her dress.

Dorothy supported her to a sofa and rang the bell. Before it was answered, Lady Gasgoyne had lost consciousness. The waiter, who rushed in suspiciously soon, was despatched for a doctor; the liousekeeper appeared with such restoratives as could be snatched up at a moment's notice, and endeavored to force a few drops of brandy between the rigid jaws.

Before the doctor came Dorothy knew that silence had been imposed upon the lips which had reviled her. The man made a swift examination, shaking his head, protruding an ominous lower lip as he bent over the body. Then he looked at Dorothy and the circle of awed faces.

"She is dead," he declared, with authority. "Nothing can be done."

TO BE CONCLUDED.



# THE CRY OF THE WEARY

TANGLED is the forest, Overgrown the way; Will ye then despise me If I go astray?

E'en the sun is setting, Tho' I pray for light; Darker grows the forest, Faster falls the night.

Heart-sore with the trying, Weary, wan, and frail; Will ye then condemn me If at last I fail? Rose Ishbel Greely,



# THE CONSTANT COMPLAINER



LONG time ago I remember seeing in Punch a picture of a pretty, discontented-looking girl holding a racket, at her elbow an older lady apparently engaged in sooth-

ing or sympathizing with her, and, in the background, several young men and maidens about to embark in boats upon a vaguely suggested river. The lines underneath were somewhat as follows:

"What is the matter, dear?" the old lady is represented as asking.

"They are all so selfish, aunt," says the girl, "and I hate selfishness."

"How are they selfish?"

"Oh, they all want to go on the river

when I want to play tennis."

That is the constant cry of the complaining spirit—the selfishness of others; and to even the most reasonable of us there come days when it seems as if all the world wished to go on the river and leave us to play tennis alone. But, then, we have the grace to be ashamed of ourselves—to admit that we were (perhaps) to be blamed—before the sun goes down upon our anger; whereas the perpetual fault-finder is never in the wrong. Sometimes meek under imposition, and sometimes wrathful, but never in the wrong.

The blind spot which we are told exists in the eyes of all of us must be permanently between the complainer and the vision of her egotism (I say "her" advisedly, for there are more

complainers among women than among men), and she is always a martyr to the selfishness, the heedlessness, even the cruelty, of her fellow creatures, when she is not—like Mrs. Gummidge—marked out as the special victim of fate.

Often the external circumstances of her life are prosperous, yet more things in the world turn out badly for her than for any one else. She may live in a palace, but if-in consequence of her advice having been disregarded—the palace is one magnificent mistake from foundation to roof, how can she be expected to find pleasure in an existence passed between its walls? Some people are so fortunate in carrying out their ideas! But she has no luck! The architect has shown himself the most obstinate, the most neglectful, the most abandoned of his kind. Nothing is as she planned it. The closet room is insufficient, the great hall chimney has manifested a disposition to smoke in easterly storms; none of the wallspaces fit the furniture she ordered, or collected, abroad. Three times has she been obliged to change the decoration of the drawing-rooms, twice of the dining-room, and once of the librarywhich isn't right yet-and "that man" has sent in the most enormous bill for extras! "As if he ought not to be only too glad of any opportunity to please me, when he owes his early prestige entirely to my family, my dear. But gratitude is a thing you must not expect in this world!"

It is, perhaps, unfair to have taken

this lamentation (which is common to all the "newly edificed"; a constructionist cry that breaks at times from the kindliest soul) as typical of the constant complainer, but it is the outer shell of her woe often enough. next to her house there is her husband. So impossible is it for that worthy man to be right (except at the wrong times), that one wonders in what callow moment of early mental bewilderment she happened to accept him and his fortune. To the casual observer he seems a large-hearted, honest, capable sort of person, worth six of her, but after one has been told a dozen times that "Willy is so fussy," and yet "won't take any trouble, and leaves everything for her to arrange," that his "temper is a little uncertain, and she may be peculiar, but she does object to being sworn at," that he "means to be generous, poor soul, but he really doesn't know how to spend money," and that she wishes he "wouldn't try to tell stories, because he always forgets the point," etc., one insensibly begins to form a poorer opinion of Willy, even while one suspects Mrs. Willy of being the half-unconscious cat she is. Half-unconscious because she has for so long allowed herself to depreciate her husband in her thoughts that she is hardly aware how often the thoughts find expression.

And here let it be said to all ladies -complainers or non-complainerswhose super-refinement writhes under the rough simplicity of their yokefellows, whose tact is outraged by their blundering, and whose acute sensitiveness suffers for their every fault before, as well as after, it has been committed-let it be said to all these that the attitude of deprecation, the attempt to prevent criticism by forestalling it is a mistake. That to ignore failings is often to conceal them, and that to keep the good qualities of a person continually before one's own eyes goes far to keep them before the eyes of the world as well. So true it is, that we all appear to our best advantage before those who admire us-intelligently, of course, but still warmly-that one is tempted to call every goose a swan for the mere pleasure of seeing it arch its neck and enjoy its new reflection in smooth wa-

Not that flattery is suggested as a steady household diet, but that a gracious leniency is recommended in the family circle. It is wiser to look bevond imperfections, and, above all, to leave off condemning people for falling short of whatever ideal we happen to have set up for them. And yet to those we love best we are apt to be, for that very reason, the most censorious. We so earnestly desire that they shall fill out the image we have created, that, like Procrustes with his awful bed, we are forever stretching the too-short and lopping off the overlong to fit it. And it won't do. No one quite fulfils any one else's idea of him. In the characters of even our nearest and dearest, there will always be places that we must pass with shut eyes-doing as we would be done by. If our eyes insist upon seeing, we had better, in nine cases out of ten, keep our tongues from comment. In the art of living with others (an art of which we have hardly mastered the first principles before death overtakes us), the golden silence has often more weight than the silver speech, and a little mental near-sightedness is very conducive to peace.

There is no restful vagueness, however, in the vision of the constant complainer. She perceives only too clearly, on all sides of her, things which ought to be corrected; and she can't forget them. Over and above her husband's character-a source of commentaries as voluminous as Cæsar's-there is his career, which, needless to say, is not the one she would have chosen for him. He should have been a diplomat, so she tells one (not from any inherent fitness on his part for such a position, but because she has all the simple democrat's unconscious longing to shine triumphantly in court circles), and he is only a stock-broker! Successful, of course (and he had need to be to satisfy the latest demands in living expenses), but still a stock-broker, whose heart is in his business. She bewails herself a good deal about owning a man who is tied to the marketplace, but she would bewail herself a good deal more if he

were tied to her apron-string.

(It is a curious fact that the career of a husband either keeps him too much at home or takes him too frequently away. The career that would leave him exactly the right proportion of hours with his family has not yet been invented.)

"Willy's career," callously indifferent to her wishes, continues along its own lines. Then, in spite of her training, her boys seem to be scientifically, instead of socially, inclined, and one of them-the obstinate one with his father's disposition-shows signs of marrying early and entirely to please himself. Her daughter, who made the mistake of growing up into a dark nymph when she wanted a blond fairy, has the most unsympathetic sterling qualities that any one ever lived in the same house with. Her servants-whom she dismisses in a body when anything goes wrong, and in batches whenever she goes away for a few months-are the most ungrateful, unreliable, idle, incapable set of creatures a housekeeper was ever cursed by. People she has befriended are always treating her with ingratitude, and people she has not been able to befriend are her bitter enemies. It is perfectly astounding the number of enemies a perfectly blameless woman may acquire! And they behave so badly to her! Nobody could conceiveunless she told them-of the open affronts she has been obliged (publicly) to notice and return; the covert injuries she has managed to unearth and repay And then there are dear in kind. friends who do dearly unfriendly things, or at least have the credit of it. Half of whom seem to spend their time in making comments which the other half repeat. Who deliberately set out-"Oh, my dear, you mayn't believe it, but it's true, all the same"-to cajole her husband, copy her clothes, and offer her cook larger wages to leave her. Even inanimate objects conspire to annov her. She wears emeralds when she infinitely prefers rubies; she -at least, Willy-has a yacht, when she detests sailing. An automobile that doesn't entirely suit her is worse than none at all. The truth is, she has a great deal too much of everything, and can afford herself as many fancies as she has leisure to indulge in. Life has grown to have only the meaning of its surroundings, and the more perfect and particular one is able to make these, the more critical one is in the making.

"Hence these tears."

And yet not entirely hence, either. for Mrs. Flannigan, of the tenementhouse, who has little leisure and no surroundings worth mentioning, displays many evidences of the same disposition. The expression "Bad cess to him!" follows her husband's name as regularly as if it were hyphened to it. Her heart is always "fairly scalded" with the children's behavior. If she has work, it's "fit to die she is with the rheumatics in her hinch-bone" (a mysterious joint which appears to give her relations quite as much uneasiness as it does herself), and if she has not work it is the fault of "spalpeens, who'd l'ave an honest, willin' woman to starve before they'd lift a finger to her." grievances against the lady across the court (who shares the same clothesline) are not to be named—at least, are not to be repeated in the language in which she names them; and what with the school-inspector, who will not let Micky junior "earn the kape of him" by all-day coal-collecting expeditions to the yard "foraninst," and the house-inspector, who won't allow the collected coals to rest in their natural home, the bath-tub, and who objects to a heterogeneous assemblage of domestic goods on the fire-escape, there are few days in Mrs. Flannigan's existence when the voice of her lamentation does not rise shrilly through the circumambient air. To bow to circumstances—even those that force unwelcome learning upon one's son, and cleanliness upon oneself' -to make the best of things as they are, and, according to the wisdom of the good "Uncle Tom," think on one's "marcies," no more occurs to that crossgrained old Irishwoman than it would to utter her objurgations in Greek. She

is hard-featured, and poor, and crabbed from ill-borne privation; Mrs. "Willy" is handsome, and rich, and critical from ill-sustained prosperity; yet the disposition that sees offense in any person or thing that in the least degree opposes their will or whims is one that they share in common. And it is a disposition that, as the saying is, does not

"make for happiness."

There is another class of complainers, a much more subtle class, who are ever-recurrent martyrs to their own sense of duty; their own desire to keep the whole universe running smoothly, while they mind the business and bear the burdens of everybody with whom they come in contact. Their spirit is only too willing, and they guide it by the good old rule of "Put yourself in his place," or "Do as you would be done by." But the flesh is weak, and sometimes it falls to bemoaning itself half-way through its work for very weariness, and sometimes dire mistakes are made in putting oneself in the place of others, and a great deal of hurt feelfollows supposed ingratitude. Kindly intentions take it very hard when they are unrecognized, and out of the full heart the mouth speaketh.

It is quite possible to think too much and do too much for people, and very easy to say too much when they do not show themselves thankful enough for unnecessary effort. The world must be overfull of aggrieved souls, for one can hardly travel any distance in any public conveyance without hearing of

their injuries.

"You'd think from the way she treated me it was my hat was bein' altered and not hers. 'Why didn't you leave it be?' she says. 'Why, mommer,' I says, 'it looked real old-fashioned.' And it did, too. 'Well, I won't never put it on my head with that parrot-pie on it,' she says. And me sittin' up till midnight to finish it! I declare I'd like to have given her a good knock, if she was my mother. It seems, sometimes, as if there wasn't no pleasin' her. Old people's that contrary! I suppose I went to a dozen stores before I found just the kind of birds I wanted

—I saw a hat on the avenue with them first—and she said she'd asked me for a black feather! As if I didn't know better what was wore. My, but folks is hard to live with when they get queer!"

And a sympathetic friend, who probably has a recalcitrant mother of her own, murmurs assent, and administers

consolation.

On the other side of the car, or omnibus, perhaps, fathers are being just as unsatisfactory, as—owing to the super-perverseness of the male natureone might be sure they would be. One lady has an invalid father, and the things that that poor old man does not do that he ought to do, and will do that he ought not to do, would fill a vol-The other is suffering from the care of a parent of too healthy and wilful a disposition. Who eats and drinks and sleeps to please himself in the most troublesome way, and whose speedy downfall is looked for at any moment. The impossibility of controlling the aged is a complaint that is heard on all sides.

The capable woman, too, has a long list of woes, which begins generally with "Just let me tell you what I had to do to-day." And then she does tell you. At what time she got up (or "arose," if she is truly elegant in her language), and with what small trial the day began. What went wrong with the children's breakfast, and how cross they were. How many notes and telephone messages she had to answer before her own. What she had to do down-town, and how she did or couldn't do it. How late she was for lunch. What a dreadful quarrel had occurred among the servants. How she had to hold a court of justice then and there. What they said and she said. What a terrible headache she had in conse-How she couldn't lie down quence. because she had promised to take a friend to drive in the park, and how the friend had insisted upon paying visits, and had paid visits until five o'clock. How she came home to find that, during her absence, the cook had left, and she had to see about getting in another directly, because she was expecting people to dinner, etc., etc. By the time she has finished, and assures you that she "often has days like that," you are quite brutal enough not to care how many times they occur, if only you may be spared the account of them.

And yet the temptation to pour out one's own troubles—the little, tiresome, irritating troubles of every-day life—is difficult for the most owlishly wise of us to resist. The comparison of our particular string of worries with the next woman's has a real fascination—only the next woman's are apt to be

overhampered by detail.

I have met one prudent person, however, who does not permit herself even a mental comment upon the disagreeable nature of anything she has to do. She holds that to admit its unpleasantness, or concede that one's attitude toward it could permissibly be one of repugnance, or to yield to self-pity in regard to it, is to weaken one's power of accomplishment. She considers it

unjustifiable to let anybody see the household wheels go round, and prefers not to be offered the small change of superficial sympathy, or, rather, I should say, of sympathy in superficial matters. When it comes to deeper things, she would ask, with the same generosity with which she would give, condolence. But for the usual efforts of every twenty-four hours, she thanks you—no!

It would be well if more of us could follow her example; if the "ready relief" of recited wrongs did not appeal to us so strongly. It is all habit—not an attractive habit, either—and should be controlled before it gains too much headway. Nobody need do it. We could learn to "think on our marcies" more than we are at present inclined. The only trouble is that when they are presented to us (by others) in a mass for consideration we find it—as the little street boy accused of cigarette-smoking found it—"Kinder hard to resist a good But!"



# AMBITION'S TREE

WE sought the stile beneath the tree;
The links were grown too warm for play.
He made his hat a fan for me,
And ask'd me what I'd like to be,
Since womankind might have her way.
(Ah, well-a-day!
If he were not a man, he'd see.)

I leaned against the rustic bar
And vaguely answer'd: "Prophetess,
Or priestess, maybe—or a star—
Something enthroned, serene and far;
A queen, perhaps a mere princess,
But nothing less."

(Oh, sir, the simpleton you are!)

He moralized: "Ambition's tree,"
He sadly said, "'neath which I dwell,
Will bear but ashen fruit for me."
He moralized in phrases free.
(If I were not a maid I'd tell—
Ah, well!
If he were not a man—he'd see.)

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.





HE baron looked at the trousers reflectively, debating between the light gray and the dark. The momentous decision having been made and indicated by the turn of the eyelid,

he glanced anew at the pile of correspondence on the dressing-table, amid a bewildering array of toilet accessories. If smiles could be subjected to chemical analysis, it would be found that the baron's had in it an element of malice, a dash of reminiscence, considerable humor, and no small amount of relief.

A gray tie, the exact shade of the trousers, having been adjusted by the valet's supple fingers, the coat held and its creases doctored deftly, a speck of dust flicked from the patent-leather pumps by a silk kerchief held at the corners and smartly twirled, the folds of the trousers' leg eyed critically, the valet gave a look of triumph as an artist at a completed canvas. This approval was duplicated by the baron as he gazed in the cheval-glass.

The survey completed, the baron stood for a moment in deep thought, then his taper fingers, whose careful manicuring also tested the valet's skill, sought his pocket, and, after a temporary eclipse therein, came forth folded inward. By a simultaneous movement of wrist and hand, the contents were made visible; they consisted of four

silver quarters, some dimes, and a few nickels.

The face of François did not change its expression. He neither advanced avidly, nor retreated in disgust.

A second moment of reflection ensued, while it was evident that the baron was busy with a mental sum; then, carefully extracting one of the quarters from the heap, he tossed it in the air.

The disk was caught with a dexterity that matched his own, and deposited in a shabby leather purse, where it rolled generously free from the erosion of companionship.

"For your breakfast, mon ami," said the baron genially; "and for your dinner."

The baron and François were good comrades, and this familiarity had long since bred a contempt for mere conventions. The careless word and look were received with an expression and manner which were the sole possessions of François, neither borrowed nor imitated from his master; in them one who ran or stood still might read respect, admiration, and even that devotion which is developed by dog or man who has companioned with a kindred soul, supped sorrow with him, added and subtracted in his company the largesse and bitterness of life.

The baron plunged his hand anew in his pocket, and the silver lining having dropped therefrom. drew it forth, gazed at it as if to see whether the filthy lucre had left a stain, and then tapped the topmost letter with a staccato touch, as one who marks time to an inaudible quickstep.

"It will soon be over now, my poor

François."

At the significant tone, the valet's eye sought an explanation. He noted for the first time the deep black border on the queerly shaped envelope, the foreign postmark, the legal document underneath.

He changed from one foot to the other, a way he had when agitated. Surprise, delight, and then regret, chased each other across the face trained to withstand the ordinary shocks of eye and mind.

The baron smiled at the betrayal, and

said slowly:

"He has proved himself human at

last."

What he did not say, but what Francois understood, was that he had come into his own at last, after five years of exile. He could have said, had it been necessary, that, instead of living an expatriate under a name the least significant of the many to which he was entitled, he was now no longer heir to, but possessor of, a vast estate in Hungary, where he could ride for days through parks and pleasure grounds, through hunting-fields and virgin forest, and never encroach on his neighbors' rights: that in a stately mansion in Vienna a retinue of servants awaited his return, to dispense, under his authority, the hospitality for which during many generations his family had been famous: that he had an unassailable position at the most exclusive court in the world: a rent-roll and a bank-account that could bring a look of respect even to the face of an American millionaire.

All this had come to him through the death of a tiresome old man, who had hated him because his youth made his old age more emphatic, because his heirship was a constant reminder of the fu-

ture.

It was on this account that the baron had been hounded to a far country and kept there on a meager allowance, which it was understood would be withdrawn if he returned or made flagrant his coming greatness at the expense of his uncle's egotism.

There was something else he might have said, had François not understood so well without the need of speech.

That there was waiting for him a charming cousin, not too near a branch of the genealogical tree to make union impossible; who had said au revoir to him when he rode away one May morning, and who he had grown to believe would one day be his, with the vast estate, the title, the appurtenances and appendages thereto, a chatelaine-to-be, brought up in the tenets of an aristocratic creed, who knew all the units of his name better than he knew them himself, and matched its length with equal sound and strength, who could recite whole paragraphs of the Almanach de Gotha, who could frown at the upstart and court the royal smile; who, in a word, knew all the manners and modes of a life in which they played so integral a part.

He remembered how she looked on that memorable morning of farewell; and at the thought he dug the ivory-tusked paper-knife in the legal document. She would look just the same when he returned; a little more sedate, perhaps, a little more statuesque; no less beautiful, no less good, with an expression no less easy to read that she was his for the asking. She had seemed so necessary a part of his life-to-be then, now she had for him the interest of a page, once read, whose allurement is not sufficient to cause its perusal again.

He took advantage of François' absence from the room to sigh—to sigh

deeply.

And then he laughed at the intolerable humor of the situation. Five years before he had cursed his ill luck, cursed the loyalty to tradition which made it impossible for him to free himself from the responsibilities of obedience and patience, cursed the new country toward which his face was set; cursed everything and everybody. He had believed that his separation from his beautiful cousin was partly the cause of this intolerable revolt. He knew better now; knew that she was but the shadow of

a ghost amid the gray mists of traditions where he had been born and bred.

That was five years ago, and one

changes much in five years.

He laughed again and again, as many a man before him, and many a man after him will laugh at the fate which gives so generously after it has stolen

the zest to enjoy.

The days for which he had once longed with all the ardor of a young, untamed nature, now stretched before him ponderously respectable, ponderously dull—a burden to which it seemed his unaccustomed shoulders could never

adjust themselves.

No longer would he and François steal away from the neighborhood of old-fashioned dignity, where he had taken up his abode, to find some cheap eating-house, where they matched coins for the bill, and ate cn camarade; no more would they study ways and means, defying creditors, and playing fox-and-hounds, with himself the wily Reynard; no more would be the adventures where hunger gives the zest, and where, in lieu of the old-fashioned rapier, there is a keen-edged wit.

No more would he be termed "baron" in jest, a title that had been given him as a compliment for his courtly manners, and as an insult to his mysterious origin. No longer would he be pointed out as an ineligible to the débutantes, and beckoned to by those whose widowhood, either real or assumed, made a fetch-and-carry indispensable. No longer was his right at drawing-rooms and dinner-tables to be questioned by the careless tones and uplifted eyelids of the men whose hospitality he had accepted, and repaid by attentions to the wives whose espionage was distracted and hurt vanity appeased by his diplomacy.

The letter of introduction which had opened for him the doors of society in America had been carefully phrased. The name of the writer was powerful enough to effect his entrée, but not powerful enough to prevent the fact being apparent that he was accepted on sufferance, and that some time he would be obliged to appease curiosity and to

stand away from the wall of another man's wish, against which he had barricaded himself.

He shook himself free from these unpleasant retrospects, and pressed his foot on the electric bell. François answered, sleek, impassive, respectful, as usual. The effect of this every-day attitude, after the stress of emotions from which he had just suffered, was as refreshing as a shower-bath.

He waved his hand toward the foils in the corner, and François fetched them, tested the buttons, and, handing

one to him, stood on guard.

They thrust and parried for a few minutes without the disarrangement of a fold of linen, then, his mind relieved by the exercise, the baron threw the handle of the foil to the valet, who caught and replaced it.

The baron fingered his silver coins

again

"Coffee, François; cigarettes, and a cab."

"A cab?" François read his mind. "You know it is a holiday, sir, and the banks are closed."

The baron sank back in his chair and laughed, and François cackled in sympathy. He had less than a dollar in his pocket, and no credit.

Title, fortune, prestige, it would seem, had arrived rather opportunely.

While he was sipping the coffee an inspiration came to him. He yielded to its allurement, while he tapped the saucer reflectively. Perhaps to follow it would be to step a little out of the path of the "unwritten code," which, even at great inconvenience, he had tried to follow, but it could do no real harm, and the day stretched before him—the last day of freedom.

To-morrow his identity would be established; with the unlimited credit given him his position would be changed. He would be written up in the papers, interviewed, photographed. His adventures would be hinted at; the need of secrecy explained; scheming mothers, sophisticated ingénues, surly hosts would become aware of his existence; that rare flavor of life which prosperity destroys would disappear.

There were but a few hours more in which he could play the rôle of the Master of Misrule, a rôle he flattered himself in which he had never given occasion for a criticism of his ability.

There were but a few hours in which he could learn his real status in the minds and hearts of three women: one with whom he had companioned in the moments when "society" and "satiety" spelled a single word to him; one with whom he had traversed the broad, white roads of sweet and inspiring thought far from the by-paths and the crowded marts where the world amuses itself; one whom he had approached perilously near the hour when eternity and the present come hand-in-hand to greet their visitors. It was the thought of this hour and this woman that caused him to rise and pace restlessly about the room, that caused him to admit, in a moment of self-betraval, that the merry jest might have something beside its superficial meaning as its cause of being; then he thrust his thought aside, and was once more the baron, debonair, ready to live in the moment, to find in the day some butterfly pleasure of its own, hiding ever his real self as he did his real name and rank.

He ordered the cab again, and this time François could not read his hidden purpose, nor did he take him into his

confidence.

The clock on the mantel struck high noon as he started, and ten minutes later he alighted before a florid-entranced apartment-house, where parallel rows of artificial palms and effusive negroes had appealed to a chorus-girl's taste.

It was the hour when Mayme took her déjeuner, and he would be just in time to share—he chuckled at the comparison—the eggs à la cocotte, and the forced fruit, which Mayme, whose taste was exotic, having been born and raised in a lumber-camp, could never breakfast without.

He tapped six times on the copper knocker, which represented two turtledoves holding a laurel-wreath in their beaks, and soon the opened door disclosed the black face and shining teeth

of Mayme's maid, who ushered him into the tiny apartment, like a bonbon box, puffy and perfumed. Chairs, table, and divan were covered with a confusion of lingerie, and the baron picked his way gingerly through the fleeciness and ruffles of lace. He would have sat on some of them, but the alert eye of Diana prevented.

"Perhaps you'd like the fun of doin' of 'em up?" she inquired satirically.

The baron shook his head with a gesture which seemed to deny any wish to trespass on forbidden ground, and then thrust his stick through the bars of the cage, where a parrot sat and made a noise like a popping cork.

This entertainment over, Mayme

came in.

She was in négligée, a pink matinée covering her dimpled shoulder, her petticoats duplicating in number and fineness the mounds of near-by ruffles; her feet were covered with cobwebby silk stockings, heavily monogramed; her red hair was caught by a single gold comb, and saucy curls escaped here and there; her cheeks were the color of grass pinks, and on them were fresh creases, like those which show on a child's face when she has slept on a crumpled sheet; her eyes were like two bits of a summer sky inset by a clean finger.

She coiled herself on a bunch of cushions in a corner of the *chaise longue*, and waved him a greeting with her chubby fingers and dancing

thumbs.

"Howdy, Barry?"

Then, changing her tone with marvelous rapidity, she shrieked:

"Hurry up with that absinthe, you

black imp!"

"Awful hang-over," she explained; and, gazing about the confusion of the room, she added coaxingly: "You don't mind picking up the truck, do you, dearie? I cawn't eat in such a place."

The baron gathered up the ruffles and laces, and, going into the inner room, deposited them on a bed which looked like a sea of rose-colored foam.

"That's better." Mayme gave a sigh of content. "You're a good sort," she continued, as she watched the dripping water and the opalescent glow in her pick-me-up. "I always say you've got an observant eye. That's like me; nothing escapes me, if I do look as innocent as-who was it you said I looked as innocent as, in one of your rare moments of flattery?-oh, yes, Mona Lisa."

The baron recognized the comparison imperturbably, and further conversation was for a moment suspended, while the déjeuner was placed between them on a dainty tray.

As she smoothed the geranium-leaf in her finger-bowl, Mayme looked at him with an aggrieved expression.

"If I saw you taking an absinthe when the day was young, I'd show more friendly interest."

"Oh, the hang-over?"

"Yes." Mayme could contain the news no longer. "Where do you suppose I got it?'

The baron shifted his monocle to a position which was equivalent to an interrogation.

"At Violet Vavasour's. She's-you'll never guess."

"No. "Married."

"Married? You don't say."

Mayme kicked her small slipper into the air, caught and measured its length against a breakfast roll with obvious satisfaction, while the baron watched her admiringly. He would miss Mayme.

"Yes, married," she continued, the exercise over. "And that ain't the worst. What do you suppose she married for?"

The baron recalled his one evening's acquaintance with pouty, pulpy Violet.

"Love?"

Mayme was disgusted at his quick reading of the riddle, but nodded assent to his acuteness.

"Ain't she the fool? And yet"leaning over the table confidentially-"more than three-quarters of 'em do it soon or late-marry for love or don't marry for love-it all comes to the same thing in the end."

"Promise me you won't?"

"Me?" She laughed satirically. "There ain't any danger. There's only one man I could lose my red head over, and he don't suspect it.'

"Unlucky dog!"

"Ain't he?" She held a big strawberry against her lips, while the baron poured out a second cup of coffee, oblivious for the moment of the pretty picture designed for his approval.

But if he did not take any special note of her, the same could not be said of Mayme, who, after a moment's scru-

tiny, ejaculated:

"It's a pity that you ain't a real baron,

dearie, with all the fixings."

The baron did not answer just at that moment, but when the breakfast had been taken away and the cigarettes lighted, he said, after putting his hand in his pocket and drawing it out with the sparse coins remaining:

"That don't look much like a real

baron and the fixings, does it?"

Mayme counted the coins in an astonished tone.

"You don't mean you're broke, Bar-

"These are the last."

Mayme prided herself on being subtle; it was an accomplishment she had acquired with her taste for florid apartment-houses and monogramed lingerie, but there were moments when she reveled in the candor of the lumber-camp

"I always knew you didn't have much. A woman can tell, no matter how much of a bluff a man puts up, but you always did your part and dressed well. I never thought it was as bad as that."

She glided from the chaise longue and went toward the inner room. When she returned she had a box in her hand. which she was unlocking-the one care she exercised in the domestic ménage.

The opened lid disclosed bank-notes

and gold pieces. She thrust it into the baron's hands.

"Take it all."

The baron tried to protest, but she stopped him.

"You'd do as much for a friend who was in a tight place." Then, half-irri-"Heavens, how tably, half-amused:

shy you are! You're not the first man that's borrowed money from a woman."

The baron extracted a bill from the pile, and laid the rest on the table.

"For the present moment," he said

lightly.

"Come-come, you can't go far on that. Please take it." She tried vainly to thrust the money in his pocket, but, his object gained, the baron was pleas-

antly obdurate.

"Why, Evey Deyworth simply established Charlie Wren," said Mayme finally, with a sigh of despair. "You don't know him? Vice-president of the trust Married the president's company. daughter. Drives his pair in the park, and don't know Evey when they meet. He's forgotten all his past; forgotten when he was down and out, and she gave him her last cent, and went on the road on one-night stands a whole sea-Then, as she caught son to recoup." the expression of her listener's face, she "You don't suppose I told shrieked: you that story because I wanted you to remember to pay me!"

The baron curled the bill in his fin-

"The man who forgets the woman who has been kind to him in trouble de-

"There's no question of a man and woman in a matter of this kind," again protested Mayme. Her voice broke a little, but the baron did not notice. "I'm sure you'd never forget me if you should become prosperous; now, would you, Barry?"

"I never would," asserted the baron, while in his mind he chose a present for Mayme magnificent enough to repay

her childlike generosity.

It was just three o'clock when the cab of the baron stopped before one of the most exclusive residences in upper Fifth Avenue. There was none of the sprightliness in his gesture, as he stepped to the sidewalk, which had marked his demeanor at Mayme's apartment-house. The dignity of the place extended beyond the facade, and seemed to overcome the casual passer-by, as one swimming in the froth of the surf is suddenly met by a cold current. Though the sun shone warmly, the baron shivered slightly, and had half a mind to turn back, but a second thought overcame his scruples, and he ascended the steps and pulled the old-fashioned bell as seriously as if he owned the establishment.

Five minutes elapsed; then—the time to the fraction that the rule of the house had ages before established-then the door was opened statelily by a butler, whose whole demeanor seemed to say that if importunate guests came there, at least the dignity of the place should be upheld in answering their summons.

"The ladies?" inquired the baron, and, as usual, the butler, after a courtly bow, led the way up-stairs to the library, and waited until the guest had seated

himself comfortably.

The deep-piled rugs, the heavy hangings, the thickness of masonry and interior woodwork shut out every sound from the outer world. Marble statuettes gleamed silverly from afar-off corners: a ray of light shone through some stained glass and fell across the lustrous cover of a book of poems. The quarter-hour struck from a distant chime, and echoed softly in the long spaces. Every glance of the eye noted some evidence of wealth, tempered by the refinement which comes from generations of ease and convention. It was the home of an American multimillionaire, one who had used the wealth bequeathed by father and grandfathers to enrich still further the name and fortune entrusted him.

It was a household which kept aloof from society, so-called; there were stately banquets given on anniversaries; there was open house when the honor of an old name made inhospitality seem churlish: but there were few social affiliations, fewer intimacies. mere adventurer should be admitted there with almost the freedom of a relative proved to the negligent an enigma, to the rest of the baron's acquaintance a proof that he was a fortune-hunter more subtle in his methods than his

American rivals.

The baron knew no more than the

rest of the world why a man whose habit of life and thought, as well as the number of his years, had taken him far from the impulses of youth, should at first acquaintance take such an apparent liking to a stranger, and follow this by such unwonted and persistent What he suspected was cordiality. that by that host his true status was known, and that the secret was guarded so well that not even the daughter of

the house suspected it.

He felt a certain pride in the fact that, without breaking even the spirit of the agreement with his far-off relative, in this most exclusive family he was received as his rank entitled; to be welcomed there at unorthodox hours, when others were given only stated moments of reception, made amends for many of the insults, neglects, and ignorances to which his incognito subjected him; added to this interest was that presented by the daughter to a mind ever alert to the impressions of unusual personalities.

In the four years of his intimacy he had never detected any change in her attitude toward him. She was the child of her only remaining parent in more than name. Like him, she had the austerity of fixed standards tempered by feminine grace. She was a creature molded in a form approved by many generations, from whom she had inherited creeds and conventions as she had facial lines and colorings, a manner of holding her head and looking with disdain upon a commonplace old world, which she did not pretend or care to understand. She had been born with an ability to eliminate the unfit from life, and with no illusions, except one, to believe her family a symbol of perfection in an imperfect frame.

In some ways she reminded the baron of his cousin, in her tall, fair beauty, in her slow motions of assured grace, the perfection of her gowning; but, whereas, having grown with his cousin from childhood, he knew every impasse of the mental and spiritual development, here he found himself ever on the outside of a wall deliberately built about the secrets of her nature. Was it an impregnable fortress that the wall concealed, or, the barrier passed, would he find a fragrant pasture-land? In spite of opportunity and time he could not tell, and the mystery

piqued him.

While she did not know the reason of his admittance to such assured intimacy, she was acute enough to apprehend some sufficient cause. The baron, a lover of women, loved by them when he chose, and often when he was indifferent, could not tell whether it was this mystery that attracted, or whether the occasional softening of her perfectly modulated voice, the some-time lowering of the fine eyes, the rare touch of the taper fingers, was due to his personal charm; he preferred to believe the latter.

She came in, after a suitable interval had elapsed, not so short as to convey the idea of an idleness which is eagerly waiting for something to happen, nor so long as to suggest an affectation of indifference. The cool, slim fingers rested on his a moment, while she excused the absence of her aunt, her accustomed chaperon.

"I knew it was the hour of her si-

esta," said the baron frankly.

She smiled indulgently; from another woman the smile might have been

construed as a compliment.

They chatted of books, pictures, social happenings. Once she led him to the music-room to hear a song she had just composed. The baron was enthusiastic. He was a connoisseur of the Provençal school; it was one of the many threads binding them.

"You should have it published," he

said enthusiastically.

A shade passed over her face. Her head, uplifted, exhibited a disdain of public standards. She belonged to a race who had had many accomplishments, but who had never marketed them. She led the way to a conservatory, and showed a new orchid, whose capture represented months of toil in a tropical jungle; then they strolled into her special sanctum, where only the elect were ever admitted.

The baron walked up and down. It

was clear that he would not be given an opportunity to bring matters to a focus. His heart rather misgave him for the trick he was playing; there, in this dignified home, it seemed so meretricious, so unworthy, but a blind, impulsive force drove him on.

If she noticed his perturbation she gave no sign. She played with the Pomeranian, took a few stitches in her Venetian lace, accorded him just the right amount of attention that was

usual.

Finally the baron stopped in front of her. His fingers were in his pocket, tightly clasped about a meager quarter—the touchstone of human feeling.

"I am thinking of going away."

She raised her eyes from her needlework slowly. Was the slowness slightly exaggerated? He could not tell.

"Soon?"
"I am afraid so."
"And for long?"

For answer, the baron flipped the coin into the air with apparent irrel-

"I could never understand the viewpoint of the American toward suicide. To us it is a gentlemanly way out of difficulties; possibly it is that we are fatigued with life before we have experienced it, and its loss does not matter, as we have none of the hope and enthusiasm which are needful to bring the younger nation to maturity."

Her eyes did not leave his face; they seemed to demand more before she expressed her thought. He went on:

"When a man wakes in the morning and finds only this between him and starvation, isn't it better to—" He did not use the ugly word again, in deference to her sensibilities.

She waited a moment longer, the color deepening on her cheeks, her eyes

a trifle larger.

"I am sure you would do nothing to
to bring disgrace upon an honored
name."

It was not a chance shot, in that it showed the tendency of her imaginings.

Behind the mask of that placid face what emotion lay hid? Was she disgusted, disappointed, bored? Was so human a sentiment as pity there? He could not tell.

"It is that—the honor of an unstained name—that has brought me to you. Sometimes a man can hold that trust inviolate only by a woman's help; sometimes he may have to depend on her to keep the secret until he is over the weak place."

He did not need to be more specific;

she understood.

Putting her book and work aside, she rose statelily. She seemed taller than ever, and their eyes were level.

"I am sure that my father would not allow a man who had been made welcome in his home to want for anything material. I will tell him as soon as he returns, and assure you of his protective silence. He will communicate with you immediately."

Her waiting attitude, the expression of calm indifference, were a dismissal, but the baron held his ground.

"When your father knows he will never permit me to appear here again—on the old standing." There was a sigh in the words, as if the perfume of the hours passed there had for a moment wafted by. He looked tenderly at the dainty room.

If she, too, inhaled for a moment the perfume of that past she gave no sign; his look about the apartment inspired

no similar regret, seemingly.

She had come to the supreme test of her cloistered life; and in after years she could not tell whether it was most a suffering or a satisfaction to recall that not even by the quiver of an eyelid did she show the earthquake of her hopes.

"I could not"—again there was the slightest pause—"keep a matter of so much importance from my father, even

facing that alternative."

The baron took the extended hand and touched it with his lips in foreign grace. There was a genuine sadness in the farewell—the sadness with which one sees a lily fade, leaves the atmosphere of a church, suffers the indignity of a broken rule.

There was something else in the fare-well beside its personal significance. While he said good-by to her with his lips, in his heart he was saying good-by to the life of the past; the past stamped with the die of ancestry before his birth. He could see how in this woman tradition had become a handcuff, fettering her to the inutile, the inept, and, if pitiable in her, how much more so in a man with his greater views, his broader opportunities?

He drew a deep breath, and threw back his shoulders with a gesture of one who has been imprisoned and is now

free.

As he left the house she looked from an upper window, whose half-opened blind disclosed without revealing. It was the first time she had ever permitted herself such laxity. He had been the disturbing element of her life for many months, and this—this was

the end.

She came of a family who never discussed the sordid details of every-day life. She felt outraged, humiliated. In similar circumstances, she could have starved, but she could not have asked help of a woman. She had been forced into a false position by one whom she had trusted; forced to think for herself, while the whole trend of her training and inclination was to accept unquestioningly the thoughts handed down for her use. She had been made to feel that the cloak of tradition in which she was so carefully enwrapped was not entirely sound of weave; through the holes, the bitter blasts of the world's storms had found her out. She felt chilly and grown old, as if youth were leaving her; even the weight of her hair, the weight of the long accustomed, which becomes so suddenly a palpable burden after years of unconscious carriage, oppressed her strangely.

As the baron stepped into the cabhe gave a third direction to the cabman. It was that of an apartmenthouse, a residence in which was in itself a mark of distinction, as it was well known that the length of the waiting-list made espionage over conduct and bank-account a necessity.

He was ushered into one of those choice dwelling-places just as its occupant and tenant, Mrs. Denton, was pouring tea spasmodically for a smart coterie, who were in the habit of foregathering there on this special afternoon, each week, when the majority of her acquaintances supposed her not "at home." As he came in she showed her agitation by spilling some of the hot liquid down the lace chevaux-de-frise that encircled her perfect arm.

One of the baron's rivals took up a Honiton lace doily and applied it dexterously, lingering, perhaps, a little longer than strict devotion to the law of necessity demanded. Mrs. Denton smiled graciously, however, hiding herannoyance at the self-betrayal by saying with perfect frankness, as the baron bent over the renovated sleeve:

"Is spilt tea or tea-roses a sign of unrequited affection? I always for-

get."

"In my country," answered the baron, never at a loss for a return thrust, "it is the sign of the approach of a humble

servant and adorer.'

The group about the tea-table stopped for a moment the clatter of cups and tongues. Clever as most worldly men and women believe themselves to be, they are never quite clever enough to deceive the concentrated attention of the wayward eyes of their associates, or to prevent the surmises of the lookers-on, whose own affairs, no matter how strenuous, leave plenty of opportunity for the surveillance of their neighbors.

The affair of Mrs. Denton did not form any exception to the rule; for two years wagers on the result had been

even.

Mrs. Denton had been widowed on her honeymoon, and possibly it may have been that even that brief experience of matrimony had taught her that a man values most that which he has not won. At any rate, the casualness of her treatment of the baron would seem to warrant that belief, even though it took no hyper-discerning eye to note that her interest in him had little of the casual in its make-up. Though, at the end of two years, they were no nearer a complete understanding of each other, yet constant meetings, brought about by mutual attraction, had cemented the elastic substance of affinity into the mold of necessity.

Each deferred, with equal fervor, the moment when finality would change the most unimportant detail of life, as a single turn of the wheel of a kaleidoscope alters the existing arrangement of the

minutest particle within,

There were times when she departed suddenly, either in company with her maid or with some hastily formed party, leaving him ignorant even of the locality where she had withdrawn. example the baron had followed more than once; in both cases, the rifting part was due to the fact that both recognized the nearness of the crater's edge, and the passions slumbering there. Both believed themselves free in these moments of flight because the world had not certificated their thraldom, and both believed that they wished to preserve this freedom.

Young, beautiful, her brief widowhood having given her a certain virginal aspect toward life without virginal asperity, displaying a freedom of conduct and opinion that never degenerated into license, she seemed to the baron the one woman whose personality could conquer time and distance, and to these attractions he added the fact that his monocle never dropped that it did not reflect the face of a rival. To what depth the plummet-line of her attraction reached in his nature he could not

In public he played his part well, that of the uncertain lover, a slave obeying the whims of a capricious woman; in private he was the self-restrained courtier, eluding opportunity; devoted, yet master of himself; in love, but never yielding to its impulses.

-would not tell.

She saw in this hesitation only the natural modesty of a lover who fears to offer a little to gain much.

The real secret of this attitude was the secret of his future. Pledged as he believed himself to the ties of the past and the future, free and vet a slave, it was not until he faced the fact of that future instead of its theory that he realized how little that shadowy pledge meant to him, how far he had wandered from the territory of his serfdom.

He had hesitated, procrastinated, disbelieved his own feelings, feared to make an irremediable mistake; and in these indecisions he had followed the trend of his dual nature, and that of every man who sees clearly two paths of conduct, and has the ability and power to weigh the pros and cons of each.

It was in this very hesitation that she found justification for her belief in him against the cavilings and carpings, diplomatically expressed, of her world. He was accounted a fortune-hunter by those who had constituted themselves self-appointed guardians; and that she looked upon him in the light of a lover with so much favor was only an added reason why innuendos should be multiplied thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

So strong was this disfavor that she was often obliged to ask herself: Were they right, after all, in their suspicions,

and she wrong in her faith?

The woman of the world loves two men; one the man she sees, the other the reflection of him evidenced in the glances of her friends; for at the bottom of the profoundest egotism is the

seal of self-distrust.

It was in such moments that she put herself through a third degree. What did she really know about him, except that he was a chance acquaintance, a delightful companion received on the word of a man of authority by her class, a reception that may have been a debt of gratitude incurred in the underworld, where men form strange acquaintances and strange burdens? The earth is a small place, but large enough to hide the trail to a woman's heart.

After the last guest had departed, they sat for a few moments smilingly regaining breath and mental poise, succeeding the onslaught of witticisms

which had marked the hour.

The maid came to turn out the lights, and was sent away.

Through the windows high above the tumult of the street, the waning day-light left impressions, as implacable as a moth's wing, on familiar objects. The baron moved uneasily in his chair while he gazed admiringly at the small head crowned with its coronet of lustrous braids, at the flashing eyes, the slender figure gowned so modishly, and gemcovered hands lying reposefully on her knee.

He had experienced no scruple at his trial of friendship in the apartment of the pretty chorus-girl; it had seemed to him a picturesque chapter at the end of a long volume of merrymaking. Even in the mansion of the multimillionaire he had felt, it is true, the natural shrinking at an unwonted act, but he knew it to be the last visible protest against the Nessuslike garment of convention that was to enfold him, a necessary question as to the force of tradition that was to hold him in bounds so soon.

Here it was no longer a jest.

He rose and came toward her; the pallor of his face, the trembling of his hands were not feigned.

"I have something to say--"

She had known that in some great moment of self-abandonment her elusive policy would be inadequate. There was a look in her eyes that reminded him of the deer making its last protest before the hunter's aim. He went on with the sportsman's instinct.

"You have asked me many times by hint, by innuendo, by coldness, by distrust, to tell you a definite fact about myself; to take you into my confidence, to—" He took the well-thumbed silver piece from his pocket and flicked it onto a silver tray.

"I woke this morning with this between me and starvation."

She had expected an avowal of love, and he could see the shame of her self-betrayal in the brilliant eyes, the flushed cheeks. It was with difficulty that she spoke, after a long interval:

"You have told me this, because?"

"Because---"

The interval was fraught with significance. In the swift glance she vouchsafed him, she saw the pleading in his face, as though he were ashamed to put his thought into words.

He saw a tiger woman unleashed at last from the coils of worldly craft. He had known she cared for him, but had never been able to gauge the depth of her feeling, to find whether it was the temporary sentiment of a capricious woman, the affinity of dual habit of thought and life, or something deeper, to be discovered even to herself by an acute test.

At once he knew the reason for his morning's inspiration; he had tried to deceive himself into thinking that he was in jest in the rôle of suppliant he had chosen to play. Now he realized that he had been leading up to this moment all along, and that he had intended not a jest—but an earnest for all time; yes, even to eternity.

Angered, humiliated, torn to the depth of her being by an emotion of many elements, her heart beating so that the lace of her corsage rose and fell perceptibly, her eyes red-rimmed, her cheeks burning, she was like a wild creature entrapped when it is off its guard. For the first time he saw in her the primal woman; knew that though distrust and suspicion lurking near the surface of wordliness must have their say, later, the real sea-change of her nature would come to pass.

Passionate syllables came through her tense lips, and he noted the throat's convulsive movement, and felt no pity.

"So they all were right and I alone was wrong. You have tricked me, liar, beggar, fortune-hunter—and I loved you."

Her voice broke, he heard the rustle of chiffons and laces, felt the sting of angry fingers on his cheek—the slam of a far-off door.

François enjoyed a ten-course dinner from the remainder of Mayme's generosity, but the baron's appetite had forsaken him. He walked about with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, as one who is governed by strenuous thought.

The members of his family who had smilingly acquiesced in his exile, he himself who had acquiesced in their acquiescence, had forseen but a natural result—that he would return a little older with the satisfaction of the prodigal son, who has the taste of husks in

his mouth.

What neither they nor he had dreamed had come to pass. His exile had not only torn the roots of habit and thought from their soil, but had transplanted them in different nourishment, and he had learned for the first time the meaning of manhood, the right of an individual, prince or pauper, to choose his own destiny, to accept circumstance, if may be, but to mold it to his own will, not to that of dead and gone ancestors. He had learned, above all, the inalienable privilege of the soul to find its mate, not to accept a wife as one accepts a creed or a coat.

The voice of the woman he loved, whom he had seen in the agony of self-betrayal, called aloud to him for protection against the last dagger-thrust of the past. The remembrance of her tears washed away the final claim of tradition—it was as nothing; a cipher whose boundaries have been erased. A mad exultation filled his veins. Indecision, uncertainty were at length over.

She would send to him, he knew, when her doubt died, believing him to be the beggar she had called him, to ask his forgiveness of her words, to cast the opinion of the world she had quoted on one side as of no value in the bal-

ance.

He seated himself in front of his desk and wrote with unaccustomed fervor for half an hour. His letter would be the answer to her message. All that she had desired to know concerning his mysterious past he told. The love she had recklessly betrayed he matched in syllables no less reckless. For the first time he signed his name in full, and adorned it with his rank.

But supposing she did not send this message? At the thought his brow furrowed, his hand involuntarily clenched. Already the chill of the future by the side of a wife he did not love, in the midst of rank and obligation which had no meaning except as shared by her, overcame him. Could fate play him such a trick? These five years of exile, would they have no meaning except to cast the deep shadow of a possible happiness on his coming days—a shadow from which he could never emerge? He had toyed with life, would life toy with him in turn?

His head sank on his clasped hands. The day which had commenced so joyously was ending in despair. Through his brain, tired already with its problems, flitted the picture of the little chorus-girl sharing with him her all; of the friend who had sacrificed him for the shell of convention, of the woman who had weighed love against the

opinion of the selfish world.

So absorbed was he in this reverie that he heard neither the sound of the cab-wheels, the whi-r-r of the bell, nor

François announcing a visitor.

But he turned quickly when, on the cheek where a few hours before he had received the blow of an angered woman, he felt the caressing touch of peace. She stood before him, a deep flush on her face, a new light in her eyes, her gown, which she had not changed, a little disheveled, as if she had walked angrily in a crowded room.

Her speech was clear and earnest, and she looked him full in the face, with

no trace of self-consciousness.

"I doubted you, and I have come to ask you to forgive that doubt. I have come to tell you that I trust you to ask that I may help you in your trouble, to——"

And, as her voice broke, he handed her the finished letter.





ISTEN to this one!"

Virginia Capron, standing by a western window, regarded the sheet of time-yellowed letter-paper through her glasses as she called across

the room. Mrs. McTavish put down her teacup; Harold Wyman lifted his head from the desk over which he was bending with the two Morgan girls; and Judge Howard turned from a sleepy contemplation of the crackling fire.

"It is you, Constance, who taught me to love the spring! Before I knew you it brought a dread to me, a fear of life, a reluctance to take my place there. Everything seemed so forceful, so active, so eager for accomplishment that my spirit hesitated, flinched. The splendid, necessary progression of nature depressed me. To-day we can laugh together at the old feeling, for, thanks to you, it is all changed, and now I lead the year! There's snow on the ground, 'tis March, but there's a look in the air that foreshadows May. There's a shudder through the gray branches that means the leaf, by and by, and in my soul there's a new purpose born that shall bring us, please God, our summer!"

"Virginia, do stop! You must have got to a period. That's the ninth old love-letter I've heard. A little of this sort of thing goes a great way"—Mrs. McTavish smiled lazily at Judge Howard—"when one is sixty and still sane!"

"Speak for yourself, Louisa"—the judge stretched his legs and shook his head whimsically—"I'm getting information, which is a laudable pursuit at any age. This man's utterances ought to have some meteorological value, I tell you. He may not be very accurate. None of us were, in the mid-

dle seventies; and the weather-bureau is, at best, inexact; but the writer certainly looked ahead some months or so!"

"If only the lady who was the recipient had had the same forethought," Mrs. McTavish sighed, "she would have burned those letters years ago."

"But we ought to be glad that she didn't," declared Bonnie Morgan over her shoulder. "Just think of all the fun we'd have missed! I like to know all sorts of secret things about people. I believe I've read the letters of everybody-of course, Virginia, I mean the published ones. I think that you get to know people so much better if you read what was never meant to be seen, than if you have just an old biography, taken out of an encyclopedia, to go by. I'm sure we live at a very lucky time-there are so many perfectly delightful confidential letters printed, written by all sorts of fascinating people. Yes, I adore letters, especially imprudent ones!"

She laughed consciously with the last words. Miss Capron was scanning another sheet of paper; she looked up, bridling at the sound.

"I'm sure I don't think you ought to talk like that, Bonnie," she began primly, as she twisted her glasses from her nose with a queer little premonitory frown. "Prudence in a woman—"

Mrs. McTavish had recognized the signal. She clapped her hands good-humoredly. "Not an aphorism of your own, please, Virginia!" she cried. "I'd much rather you'd interpret than invent! But don't do either; come and be useful instead. Just peer into this teakettle, please, and see if we don't need some more hot water. It's grow-

ing dark outside, and Margaret's very late. I wonder where she is! Did she and George Seymour both go to the station to meet this Captain Faulkner?"

Harold Wyman looked up from the desk where he and the younger Morgan girl were still fumbling among the letters. "Faulkner's an Englishman, isn't he?" he asked.

"Yes; a second son," the girl's thin little voice answered; her tone was that of a precocious child. Then she added sharply: "And Margaret's latest, too!"

Dolly Morgan had a demure and innocent face; with long-lashed, violet eves, and a small, sweet mouth that opened readily to say what most people

were content merely to think.

Her remark, heard across the room, caused a momentary silence, and then drew a chuckling protest from Judge Howard, who prided himself on an oldfashioned sense of propriety. "Come, come, my dear young lady," he counseled from the hearth-rug; "we really ' he counmustn't say such things about our absent hostess, even in fun." Then he added casually, for his prejudices were not without the leaven of a very modern curiosity: "Is this the common report?"

"Yes; and it's perfectly true," broke in Virginia Capron. "Margaret met him last summer in Germany when George was off for one of his incessant cures. Deliver me from a husband who has health on the brain! She was staying with the Hoffmans at their place in the mountains. I believe he's by way of being rather a friend of Ernest's. Rita Hoffman wrote me about it-really, a case at first sight. I was so amused when I heard he was coming here to-day. I'm glad I didn't back out of Margaret's invitation, as I meant to do. It's far too late in the year for the seashore, usually."

"Wild horses wouldn't have kept you away!" cried Bonnie Morgan. "Some one told me that he's in America for only ten days, and that he's coming all the way from Chicago just to spend Sunday here. I call it most pointed: and I'm crazy to see him myself; aren't you, Mrs. McTavish?"

The elder lady, occupied with the refilled kettle, had not spoken for some moments. Now she looked up and

shook her head.

"I'm not so easily excited over stray men as you girls seem to be; nor do I take such delight in magnifying every bit of foolish gossip that I hear. Yet I have rather more reason to be interested than any of you; Margaret's a sort of cousin of mine, and, if an ebbing memory serves me, I am quite sure that I saw several of Captain Faulkner's family in England a good many years ago, when I spent some time there with my sister, Joanna Severn."

"Miss Severn moves in an awfully good set in London, doesn't she, Mrs. McTavish?" asked Virginia. "But isn't it—well, just a little rigid? I can't think that Mr. Faulkner is that sort."

Mrs. McTavish laughed dryly as she answered: "Yes, I suppose Joanna will always be 'Caviare to the general.' You can't judge by forbears, or even contemporaries-look at me! So never make up your minds too easily about any distinguished stranger. Wait till you see him." Then she called to Wyman, who, with Dolly Morgan, had turned to the ancient letters again.

"Ring for some lights, Harold; and do for pity's sake put away those tire-

some letters, you and Dolly.

The girl fluttered a thin paper. "Oh, not quite yet, Mrs. McTavish," she cried. "Just see this! It's the funniest telegram; the very last thing in the package; all in French, and signed with a single letter, B, as nearly as I make it out. No, I shall not read it to you, Mr. Wyman; you must look at it yourself! Did vou ever? I wonder what the telegraph people thought!"

"By Jove, that is queer!" Wyman leaned over her shoulder; his brown head touched her blond one. "Now I can't imagine any fellow's doing a thing like that, you know. Not but what I think a lot of sentiment myself; in fact, it's a very strong point in my char-Here he found Miss Dolly Morgan an insufficient audience. His voice took on an academic flavor, and he turned to the room.

"But sentiment ought to be kept back, I believe; it should never be foisted in the face of every one. Why, I—of course, in talking about a thing like this you have to be more or less personal—I shouldn't want—I don't think any gentleman would—to expose myself to a lot of cheap duffers and telegraph people, you know. I simply couldn't have sent that telegram!"

"No, I don't think you could!" low voice was merry, but with a subtle touch of something that might have been scorn, had Horald Wyman been able to detect it. Back of the voice was a woman-young, beautiful, radiant. She wore no hat, and her black hair waved in gay disorder about her glowing face. She had come in through a long window, bringing the smell of the sea and a twilight wind, that flared the lamp the servant was lighting. Of the two men with her, one stopped for a moment to close the sash, and then, coughing self-consciously, excused himself, and disappeared into the next room.

Margaret Seymour's eyes followed him in an instant's annoyance; then she turned with a smile to the other man who stood beside her—a tall figure in a traveling coat.

"Some of us are here, Captain Faulkner," she said. "We shall see better with the next lamp. I'm taking you to my cousin, Mrs. McTavish. No, Loulie, please stay where you are; they like your tea best. George and I dragged Captain Faulkner from the carriage at the gate, and brought him home along the cliffs. The sea first, the sea last; and betweenwhiles we'll try to fill in the gaps."

"There are times," remarked Mrs. McTavish sententiously, as she gave a last look into the kettle, "when tea is better than salt water; and I think that five o'clock on a windy November afternoon in a house that hangs over the Atlantic Ocean and boasts no particular furnace is one of them. I'm very glad to see you—come and sit here," she added, touching the seat beside her. "Do you mind my telling you that you are very like your mother? I remem-

ber meeting her in England some years ago. No one could forget beautiful Lady Faulkner. She is no longer living, I believe?" she went on, with a kindly bluntness of her own that never hurt. "Yes, I know"—as Faulkner bent his head to her hand. "Let me give you your tea now. You like it strong? I am rather glad you are late, because it gives me countenance for, shall I say my second cup?"

"Third, dear lady, if you are prodigal enough to expose your only vice at

once."

Bonnie Morgan laughed, and perched her slender, white-clad figure on the arm of the older woman's chair. Then, as the talk grew general, she turned to the young Englishman. "We had such an interesting time this afternoon," she said, "while we were waiting for you to come. We've been reading some love-letters; a whole bundle of them that were in the most fascinating secret drawer of an old desk that Margaret-Mrs. Seymour-bought a long time ago. She never dreamed that anything was there; and 'twas only this morning, in trying to open a door that stuck, that out popped the little drawer! And there were the letters tied with a mildewed white ribbon. I was terribly excited, for I was with her at the time. This afternoon we've been reading them aloud, as I told you. We were getting into really quite a discussion about them when you came in."

"I thought so." Faulkner smiled as he half-turned to Margaret. "Our entrance was rather 'on the phrase,' as they say in the theater. I didn't catch the point, Miss Morgan, but I did think that Mrs. Seymour gave the situation

its full dramatic value."

"At my expense, Captain Faulkner." Wyman looked rueful. "You'll find that is always the state of things in this household. Everything comes back for settlement to me."

"Who breaks, pays," murmured

Judge Howard.

"Well, I agree with you, Harold, at any rate," said Virginia Capron. "The whole situation, as these letters show it, seems to me extremely forced. I lay it before you, Captain Faulkner, as an unbiased critic. Here was a man of forty, without one ray of common sense—"

"I've heard of them before," put in

Mrs. McTavish.

"Whose love, as portrayed in writing, was of so explosive a sort that it sent him headlong into every kind of extraordinary verbal extravagance. His exuberance I should call fairly *Teutonic!* I know he had to share it with everybody about him—everything, I suppose, like the lover in the Schubert song. Doesn't it read:

"'T'd carve it deep on all the trees that grow, Deep grave it on each stone where'er I go.'"

"What's German for telegraph-operator?" asked Harold Wyman irrele-

vantly.

"Oh, the definiteness of him!" laughed Margaret. She spoke for the first time. "He'll not let us wander far from the fatal telegram! Or is he thinking better of it already? But 'twas French, not German, remember; and you may do things in one language that you mustn't dare even think of in the other. No, Harold"—her hand touched his arm mischievously—"you wouldn't have sent that telegram even in the vulgate!"

She held a moment's silence, and shook her head. Her eves stole to

Faulkner, who met the look.

"Do you know, I'm sorry I showed those letters at all." Her voice softened in a changed mood. "They are rather ridiculous out of their setting, and certainly diverting, but they were once real to the man who wrote them and to the woman who read them—poor soul! I ought, at least, to have kept them to myself. I wish I had. I'm going to put them away now, at any rate." She rose and swept the letters into her lap as she spoke. "Here, Virginia, that one, too; and, judge, those four, if you please, that you are trying to tuck coyly under the table-cloth."

She tied again the stained satin ribbon in a careful bow and took the packet to the desk. There was a pause of hesitation. Then she turned and came straight to Faulkner.

She held out the letters to him. "On second thought, I think you ought to read them first," she said; "then you'd start fair. They're bound to be a subject of discussion over Sunday."

The man smiled and shook his head. He put his hands behind him in mock dismay. "I'd better keep out of it, then, Mrs. Seymour. After all, why should I read them? I have little curiosity, and not the slightest right; not even that of discovery. So I beg you to let me off."

Margaret grew wilful. "But if I make a point of it? See, Loulie, he's taking it all so seriously that I am going to insist." Her eyes danced under her straight brows. "Right or no right," she said, "I want you to read them—just because I happen to ask you!"

He bowed gravely, and took the

packet from her hand.

#### II.

It was late when Faulkner went to his room. There had been a few dull games of billiards after dinner with Seymour—who coughed and avoided drafts, talking incessantly of his health and consulting his watch constantly, fearful lest he sit up beyond the hour that his latest treatment allowed—followed by bridge in the drawing-room to the accompaniment of noisy music in the hall beyond.

At midnight, Mrs. McTavish had yawned frankly. "This is dreadful," she said. "If I had nerves I'd use them now! Dolly seems to acquire simultaneously the industry of the ant and the strength of the ox, once she finds herself on a piano-stool. It's wonderful how that girl can pervert virtues." She rose decisively as she spoke. "The rest of you may sit here, if you choose, and try to do two things at once, but I'm not up to it. I'm going to bed."

To her surprise, Margaret had fol-

lowed her.

"What, you!" the older woman protested. "Without any moon-gazing from the cliff!" She pointed to a golden rim

rising over the eastern sea.

Faulkner's eager glance sought Margaret's, as he held her hand and bade her good night; but she smiled slightly as she drew away and turned her answer to her cousin.

"No, not to-night, Loulie; I am really

very tired."

Faulkner flung himself coatless into a big chair before the waning woodfire. He was tired, too, after a stormy vovage from England, a hurried trip to Chicago, trying business there, and a quick return for just these two days. Already half of one was gone without a single word alone with the woman whom he had really come all these miles to see. It was incomprehensible, he thought, with a tinge of annoyance, yet really not unlike her! To be sure, she had not treated him so last summer in the Engadine; and he remembered when he saw her off on the boat at Bremen, her last words spoken so tenderly: "Good-by till November-two months; only two months, and then you will come to me." Her hand had lain long in his, and unshed tears had dimmed her eyes. But there was just the one moment, and then she laughed again, doubting him, or pretending to; and, though he had watched the ship out of the harbor, she had not stayed on deck. Yes, she was a wilful lady; full of moods and fancies. He smiled to himself. But where lived the woman worth a man's while, who was easy to understand? In the morning she would be different-more in tune with her latest letter, which he had read many times that day; just before dinner he had looked at it. He stretched himself comfortably. The thought of it pleased him. Yes! he had put it in the leather case on his dressing-table; and the key was on his watch-chain. He must read it once more before going to bed. He went toward the mirror, whistling softly and loosening his braces from his shoulders as he walked. He caught the reflection of his straight brown face and the fair hair that curled thick above it. There was the leather case; but what was this other package? Oh, yes, the old letters that Margaret had asked him to read. He held them carelessly in his hand. Should he look them over now? Reading other people's letters was scarcely in his creed. But Margaret had begged him; and at the recollection there awoke in him a sudden passion to obey her slightest wish. Then, too, there might be a reason. He shrugged his shoulders as he untied the bundle. Was all his sense of humor dulled like the ink on those yellow surfaces? Then he opened one of the letters at random, and read:

DEAR LADY OF OUT-OF-DOORS: It is always in the open that you are nearest and most vivid. I have been in the sunny fields all day long looking for specimens, and I found some good ones. I didn't chase a single butterfly, nor pick an unnecessary wild flower save a tiny bunch of forget-menots, that, almost as blue as your eyes, grew bravely by a little brook, and you must for-give me that. I concentrated as you would have me, and to-night I'm going home to work. I've got the book mapped out, you'll be glad to know. Some of the plates are already being made, and in six months you shall have it in your hands, a tangible proof of my best. How well I remember you as always saying, 'The measure of a man is the best that is in him,' whenever I would laugh and question and call you a danger-ous optimist, though all the time my heart was swelling with pride for your belief in me. Sometimes I think that the only thing you don't understand in me-you, the wisest and sincerest woman in the world-is the wretched way in which often I must cloak, perversely, my deepest feelings in light words. You look very stern then, adorably stern. But when you see my shame—oh, I can close my eyes and picture you as you smile ever so slightly, and your dear voice says, "You are incorrigible, Bono!"

Bono! Faulkner's memory stirred at the name. Bono! For him there was just one "Bono"! His mind, clutching at the nickname, seized on a dim recollection of his childhood. He stood by the side of a tall man who held a little hurt dog in his arms. Its leg had been broken and set; and Faulkner had looked from it to the man with curiosity.

"Will he limp like you, Bono? Did he save a life as you did, and is he a hero, and will it hurt him always?"

The man smiled down at him and

shook his head whimsically. "I don't know, Ralph, but it may be. You're much too little a boy to think it out now; but some time when you're grown, I'm sure you'll understand that the very best things that we do are those that make us suffer the most."

The boy didn't understand, of course, but he remembered; and a vague sense of comprehension swept across the man

now.

"Poor old Bono! I wonder if these can be his letters? I haven't really thought of him for years; and at one time he almost lived at 'Thornden'!" He turned over the pages as his memories grew. "There was some sort of mystery about him. He went away suddenly, and we never saw him again; though we heard of him, and the world knew him well-Walworth, the botanist; Gregory Walworth. He died on the Continent. Some one wrote an article about him in some review. Strange! I can't just remember. It must have been when I was in India. Well, dear old chap, this life history may be yours, for aught I know, but I'll read no more of it, and its secret rests safe with me. Who was the woman, I wonder! I only hope that she was worthy of such a good fellow."

. Mechanically, he tied the letters together again; but, as he turned to put them away, one that he had inadvertently left out fluttered open to the floor. He stooped to reach it. His eye caught a name at the top, and hurried down the page. It was dated from a little town in Germany, and written on thin,

checked paper. It ran:

I am very weak to-day, and something tells me that this may be my last word to you. The doctors here cannot deceive me, I know that the end is not far off. And so, after these long, silent months, I want to tell you just once again that I love you, and that I thank God for you! If I could hear you say—you brave, good woman—that I had lived up to what was best in me, even a little; made it in your dear words, the measure of my manhood—I think I could close my eyes and wait in peace, even without the touch of your hand. It's been hard, dear, to deal with such great things. They've been gaunt, stern companions when I longed for the small things that are warm and comfortable. You know I've never been a big

man—not in the way you are a big woman. You must let me say this for just the once. But I have tried, and all the poor measure of my success is yours, just as mine is the peace that your strength has given. I have no fears for you—only sorrow that I shall not be at hand when you call. God help me, Constance, I know that call will never come, and yet I've waited for it daily for ten years. Some time, my beloved, will you tell all this to the boy?—some time when you may know—no, you won't know, you'll feel, that he needs it. He'll be a man then, and he'll understand many things that may not be clear to us. Good night, my Constance; you remember we've never yet said good-by. Good night, I am sending my very soul to you across these weary miles. I am happy and content. Good night!

Constance! That was his mother's name! Were these her letters, then, and was the man whom he recalled as her friend perhaps her lover? No-a thousand times no; until he knew he would not even think the word! He seized the packet with desperate hands; the worn ribbon broke at the roughness of his touch. He spread the pages before him, under a glaring lamp, and read them one by one; eagerly, critically, exhaustively, though the words blurred before his anxious eyes; read them fearfully, between the lines, filling in the gaps with half-forgotten recollections of his boyhood. She false to her faith; she who in life and death had ever been for her son a standard, an inspiration! She who had been the bravest, the tenderest, the wisest, the purest of women to hazard her own ideal-and his-like a player of games! No; that could not be! He weighed every word, every phrase, every sentence, giving each its widest range of meaning. Dull resentment throbbed at his heart, struggling with the shame for his doubt of her that he realized all the while.

On he read, letter after letter, again and again. These were no common experiences that the man's bold handwriting spoke from page to page. Little by little the reader's mood softened, as he became gradually convinced, despite the instinct of his fear, of the high spirit of this romance. He found no vulgar situation where strength yields to weakness and demands for duty a

compensation. He found a reality that stood naked in the light; naked, yet sound and fair. Walworth had loved his mother, and she had loved him. Together they had faced each other, and the truth that stood, like a flaming sword, between them. Then the man had gone away and lived his years bravely and profitably, as she had bidden him; and the woman had stayed behind and had filled out her gallant life, her son's best heritage, as her lover had wished; to each the recognition of the other's honor had been the only recompense, but a recompense akin to a sacrament.

He sat in silence again before the The letters were in his dving fire. hand, while he thought of himself and -Margaret! Straight from the contemplation of the past had come an overpowering realization of the analogy of the present. He seemed to drape upon the living the garments of the dead. They took on a startling semblance of identity. He had touched spiritual depths unsuspected in his own nature, and found there a moral refreshment that invigorated and enlarged his mental vision so that he could look unflinchingly and broadly at the same situation, which, but a few hours ago, he had been able to view only with the narrow, half-blind gaze of a personal fervor.

He saw that between himself and Margaret existed a sympathy that held them both expectant, irresolute; a comprehension grown from attraction, opportunity, carelessness even. They two were standing just at the threshold of a door that, when opened, showed the way-whither? Only those knew who had gone through; and they did not come back. That threshold-if passed it need be-must be crossed not in laughter, but in tears. He had stood there waiting with a smile! And Margaret? He saw her as she was, changeable, tantalizing; now cold, now tender; always alluring, vibrating to her caprice. She had answered his call, and, in turn, seemed to beckon him on.

But those other two in the past who

had become the realities now, creatures of flesh and blood, standing in the foreground among his own false shadows of the present—those had turned aside, parted to their separate ways; gone back to their responsibilities and to the work in the world that God had given them to do—the work that made them strong in the doing and kept their souls clear.

"Mother, my mother," his heart cried out, as he covered his eyes: "Keep your son's soul clear as well!"

### III.

At midday, when Mrs. McTavish came back from church, whither she went with unflagging regularity, because, she was fond of declaring, she could feel the ghostly hands of all her Puritan forebears pushing her onward at the first clang of a tolling bell, she found the three girls in an eager group, talking in whispers around the library fire.

At the sound of her step a sudden silence.

Conscious of this, she smiled grimly as she untied her bonnet-strings and stood drawing off her gloves with care.

"Don't let me interrupt!" she announced bluntly. "Go on with what you were saying, else I shall think that you expected me to stay to Sunday-school, too."

She shook her head at the three flushed faces before she sat down.

"You girls look positively houselogged," she went on, "huddled over that fire this heavenly day. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Come, Virginia," she turned to Miss Capron. "There's something up! You haven't taken on the air of an arch-conspirator without cause. Out with it! After church and before luncheon comes the hour when I brook no thwarting!"

"It was really nothing at all, Cousin Louisa." Miss Capron looked guiltily at the others, and laughed a bit nerv-

"I suppose if the truth must be told," she went on, "we were rather—well—

gossiping! Shouldn't you call it that, girls?"

Dolly Morgan came to her aid. She had some small reasons of her own for

liking to combat the elder lady.

"Yes, the merest gossip; perhaps magnified," she piped, in corroborating voice; "and, Mrs. McTavish, you told us yourself, only last night, that you didn't care for that sort of thing. So let's talk of something else—something more dignified, instead; your sermon, for example!"

But it was her sister who answered; for Bonnie Morgan, whose perception scented retort, had interposed by placing herself intimately on a cushion at Mrs. McTavish's feet, and she now in-

terrupted good-humoredly.

"I see no reason on earth why we shouldn't tell you, dear lady! It wasn't gossip at all. We've really been dealing with facts. Two or three strange things have happened in this house that, in the light of what we know of situations, and personages," she smiled meaningly, "have very naturally set us to thinking and comparing notes. That's all!"

"No, that's just the beginning. You rouse my curiosity. Go on!" com-

manded Mrs. McTavish.

The others drew nearer. "The first thing did happen to me, I admit," said Bonnie, after a pause; "so I may as well begin. This is my story: I sat up very late last night talking with Virginia in her room. Indeed, it was after two o'clock when I left. I'm sleeping in the blue room, you know; on the other side of the house, and much farther down the corridor. I ran to my own door quickly, and was just opening it, when I heard a sound on the upper stairs—a sound like a footstep. I was startled, and slipped behind the door, holding it open a little way and peering through the crack. There stood the figure of a man with a candle in his hand! The light flared in his face. Mrs. McTavish, it was Captain Faulkner looking very pale and very stern! I saw that he must pass my door, and so I closed it noiselessly until he had gone by. Then I opened it as gently again. He was stepping softly down the lower flight; and what do you think? I saw that he held against his breast that packet of letters-the old love-letters-that Margaret had given him to read! I confess that I watched him. I tiptoed to the railing of the gallery when he had gone by. I saw him feeling his way through the hall and into the library beyond. Then I listened. I heard him fumbling at the desk. I know the sound perfectly well. He turned down the lid. It closed again; I caught the click of the key. Then I stepped back into the shadow as he came out; but I had time to see him once more, and plainly. His hand was empty; he had put those letters back into the desk. And his face-why, his face, in the strange, concentrated light that shone on it, was white and drawn and sad! . . . And now, Mrs. McTavish, what do you make of

The older woman's answer came at once. "That you ought to be ashamed of yourself for speaking of it at all!"

she declared stoutly.

But Dolly's small hands held her back as she tried to rise from her chair; and Dolly's small voice, with a laugh in

it, ignored her protest.

"No; you must really hear my experience, too," the girl began; "though it's a very slight one, and hardly worth the telling, except as it gives what one might call circumstantial evidence, taken in connection with what followed. It leads up to Virginia's dénouement perfectly-with the aid of just a little imagination. This is the way of it! When my coffee came this morning-a blundering sort of parlor maid brought it-I noticed that on the tray lay a letter. I wondered at it rather, but I took it up absent-mindedly, and was about to tear it open-when the woman turned suddenly at the door, and saw what I was doing. Then she cried out anxiously, as she hurried to me: 'Oh, if you please, miss, that is not for you. I should not have left it there. It is for madame, and a gentleman gave it to me in the hall!'

"Then, of course, I looked at the en-

velope closely. My dear lady, it was addressed to Margaret. I recognized the writing at once, for he kept our bridge scores last night. It was Captille 1972.

tain Faulkner's!"

This time Mrs. McTavish made no comment at all; and Virginia Capron, who stood leaning on the back of a tall chair in an attitude of excited expectancy, spoke quickly in the moment's pause.

"And my part of the narrative, Cousin Louisa, follows close on the heels

of Dolly's.

"Listen"—she lowered her voice and swept her hands dramatically before her—"to the tale of the third lady, and learn from it, if you may, of what hap-

pened in the walled garden!

"This forenoon, after the men had gone off for a walk without me, and before these two dilatory Morgans had come down, I found myself quite alone in the house, and inclined to activity. So I tied up my head in a veil, and started on a tour of inspection about the place. I went through the stables, I fed the pigeons, I played with the dogs, and then I clambered over the rocks to the beach. Ugh; but it was horrible there-all cold and empty and windblown! I turned away quickly and walked back through the woods. When I got to the garden-gate, something prompted me to go in. The garden was sheltered and sunny, though the frosts had blighted every plant, and the ground was strewn with dead leaves. Only the grapevines, growing thickly over the arbor at the end, hung bronze and yellow in the sunshine. It was all very poetic, and very triste, Cousin Louisa, and as I looked I confess that I felt as might the lady in 'The Sensitive Plant,' had she been forced to return and gaze on her garden in decay! I stood still for a moment; then, suddenly, I became conscious of the murmur of voices. I stepped back into the shadow of some evergreens. I listened. Two people were talking; a man and a woman. I could not hear words, but their tones were earnest and excited. There were questions asked and answers given, it seemed to me; for the

voices rose and fell. The moments went by. I moved cautiously to get away. There came a sudden pause, and I shrank back again into the thicket. Then the deeper voice began; a few slowly spoken words interrupted by a woman's muffled cry; and, after that, silence! I looked up to catch sight of a man's figure crashing through the hedge. It disappeared into the woods beyond, and through the archway of the arbor came Margaret! She hurried down the littered path, her clenched hands hanging at her sides as she ran; and, when she passed me so closely that I held my breath, I could see that her eyes were full of tears."

Virginia drew back from the chair;

then she added gaily:

"Now I feel as if the curtain were about to rise! There are all the elements of a play grouped together; a drama to our hand; or at least the be-

ginning of one!"

Mrs. McTavish said nothing for some time. She sat looking into the fire. On her face was an expression that it seldom wore—that complicated look of understanding that comes to the intelligent worldling who has suddenly recognized a spiritual truth. To the three girls who watched her, its seriousness brought a wondering silence.

She looked up and nodded her head;

her smile was puzzling.

"Yes;" she spoke slowly and tender-

ly; almost as if to herself.

"Yes," she repeated, "it may be the beginning, as you said; or it may be—
the end!"

Then, at the sound of steps in the hall beyond, she recovered herself. "Hush," she said, as she rose to her feet. "Not a word of this to any one! The men are coming back; or, maybe, it is Margaret herself!"

But it was only the butler who stood in the doorway to announce luncheon. He looked toward Mrs. McTavish.

"Mrs. Seymour bids me tell you, madame, that she has a headache, and begs to be excused from coming down. Captain Faulkner will not be at luncheon, madame; he has had a telegram that called him to New York."





HEN my sister Maria said to me, "Editha! either those white mice or I will go out to the barn and stay!" I realized for the many hundredth time that theory and prac-

tise are at variance in the bringing up of children, and in this little story I will show what shipwreck the best of theories may bring when applied to a wrong environment. Theoretically, Jimmy's attitude toward creation is one which we should strive to inculcate in all our children.

Indeed, it is Jimmy's unaffected kindness to animals and his real interest in them which have made the bitter, hardshelled age through which he is passing easier for me to bear. Jimmy is no sentimentalist with animals—far from it—but the unconsciously tender way in which he takes up a bird which has fallen from a nest makes it easier for me to recognize, in the present Jimmy, the baby who was the most affectionate of all my children.

I must add, in justice to Jimmy, that if any one were to accuse him of being "tender" to a bird, he would be capable of wringing its neck, that his manhood might be vindicated.

Besides having a genuine love for animals, Jimmy has the scientific spirit. It was this spirit that led to the acquisition of the white mice. I say "acquisition" designedly; Jimmy did not buy them; he exchanged them for three

steel ornaments which he cut from his sister Edith's last winter's hat, and an elaborate peach-stone basket which he found on his way home from school one

day

Timmy had to write a composition on the habits of some animal from personal observation. Instead of choosing the household dog or cat, and writing partly from memory, and mostly, after all, from the encyclopedia, as most boys would have done, he acquired the white mice that he might study them at leisure, and so when Maria delivered her ultimatum I saw trouble ahead. My sister Maria weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and, though she is normally a placid person, at times she can be as nervous as any thin, wiry woman I ever saw. Sometimes I think that when a stout woman does get nervous, she can get more nervous than any thin woman who ever lived. Perhaps it is only that a fat woman's nervousness is more impressive and more unexpected, and when Maria said either she or the white mice would go out to the barn to stay there was no doubt about it-the white mice would have to go.

Jimmy took these tidings in sullen silence, as I knew he would. He threw me a resentful glance. One of the hardest small trials of my daily life is to take the blame cheerfully for all the "kicking" of the household. I seem to myself to be perpetually on poor Jimmy's trail, delivering to him not only my own scoldings and admonitions, but those of the rest of the family, for a

mother is the clearing-house of all the family disputes.

If Saraphy, our cook, tells me she can't have Jimmy "trackin' dirt through her kitchen," or if Edith complains that Jimmy has lost something of hers, mine must be the punishing hand, and I must, if the complaint is just, seem to mean what I say, whether I agree or not. I wanted very much to tell Jimmy:

"I don't mind your mice the least bit in the world, dear, and your aunt seems unreasonable to me, but since she feels so strongly about it, the only thing to be done is to take them away—though I'm sorry for it." But of course I couldn't talk in this fashion; it would have been disloyal to Maria, besides being destructive of discipline. So Jimmy acted aggrieved all the evening, and Maria creaked her rocking-chair back and forth in the satisfied way she has when she has gained her point.

Jimmy did not take the mice out to the barn, but installed them in the back kitchen, with Saraphy's consent. Saraphy does not like mice, I know, but meither does she like Maria.

That evening Jimmy read a story concerned with guinea-pigs, over which the rest of us had laughed heartily. Jimmy read it with unbroken gravity. At the end of it he said to his father:

"I don't believe they multiply as rapidly as all that!" Then he added meditatively: "I'd like to see, though."

To Edith's derisive laugh, Jimmy retorted:

"Aw! you think you're smart, don't

At lunch next day, Edith said:

"Mother, Jimmy's taken the flyscreen from my east window to make a cage of."

"Why, Jimmy!" I exclaimed.

"It was all bust up, anyhow," Jimmy replied. "It wasn't any use." And my husband's untimely mirth put an end to that argument.

Next day Jimmy came to me with that half-apologetic and half-defiant air which always makes my heart ache a little, for it tells me how often a boy of Jimmy's age doesn't get what he wants in this world, and how accustomed he is to expect battle.

"Mother," he said, "I've got some—guinea-pigs. I'd rather study their habits than white mice. White mice are so little, and now I can't have them in my room, I've made a daisy cage—and Saraphy says she don't care." He stopped, embarrassed.

"Why, of course I don't mind, son," I said cordially. Jimmy beamed on me, and, oh, I love to see that wide, satisfied grin cover my son's freckled countenance! How I wish that the desires of small boys were not so often at variance with civilization! Jimmy beamed, then he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and back again; that he had something more on his mind was plain to see. At last it burst out of him.

"Say, ma, do you think they multiply as quick as that story said? I sh'd think they'd be pretty payin' if they do. They sell for twenty cents apiece, and I know where I can get cabbage cheap."

After this heart's confidence, which he delivered in one breath, he flushed deeply, and drifted from the room. The next few days he spent a great deal of time in the back kitchen watching the guinea-pigs, and the following Sunday he trumped up an excuse to stay home from church. During the morning he took half-hourly observations of the habits of the guinea-pig. The book in which he took them fell into my hands later, and read as follows:

9:00 A. M.—Guiney-pigs sleeping side by

9:30—Guiney-pigs sleeping. 10:00—Guiney-pigs sleeping.

10:30—Guiney-pigs running around the cage

(I poked 'cm with a stick).

II:00—They et steadily until I went into dinner. Whenever I looked they was eatin'. Observation: Guiney-pigs eat with remarkable perseverance, their lower jaws move quite unintermittent and regular, something as if they was wound up.

1:30 P. M.—Guiney-pigs sleepin'. I poked 'em up, but they soon dropped off.

It was after these dampening observations, I suppose, that Jimmy naively told me that he had made up his mind that it would be better worth while to watch them after the young

ones had arrived.

"The young ones may have more kinds of habits than these," he explained. "Or,' he added, "p'raps I'd better get some other kind of animal." I could not but admit that, prolific though the guinea-pig may be, in habits he is decidedly limited.

The white mice and the guinea-pigs were the prelude, so to speak, of the little domestic drama of which we were soon to be both actors and spectators. My sister Maria has always referred to the white mice and the pigs as the

"entering wedge."

"Had you taken as firm a stand as you should have against those vermin," she is fond of repeating to me, "think what we all might have been spared! You are too lenient with your children when it comes to an entering wedge, Editha!"

Note again how frequently theory and practise are at variance with one another. Take, for instance, Jimmy's carpentry, of which he has had a course because it is so "necessary for a boy to learn to use his hands." Jimmy learned to use his with surprising deftness. He is really very handy with his tools, though I cannot say his carpentering has been an unalloyed joy in the household, though undoubtedly excellent for Jimmy. There are a great many things excellent for the development of the individual which are fatal for the comfort of the rest of the family.

Jimmy's menagerie was a case in point. Jimmy has a book which teaches him how to build everything in the world a mother would rather not have her son have. He once built, for instance, a club-house in an elm-tree from the directions in this book. It was modified to suit the conditions, and, in fact, was nothing more than a precarious platform about four feet square, with a sort of tent over it, made from the piazza awning, for Jimmy has a way of taking what he wants when he wants it. At that time Jimmy used to squat with two other boys for long, solemn hours on this platform, and I can assure you I didn't enjoy it, and was glad enough when a storm blew it away. At the time, I made up my mind if I ever met the author, I would tell him what I thought about putting such ideas into boys' heads. It was from this source that Jimmy learned how to make

a menagerie in the back yard.

We have a sort of back yard planted off with shrubbery from the rest of the garden. The girls use it for an outof-door workroom, and sit out there a great deal, and we dry clothes there. To Jimmy it seemed an ideal place for a menagerie, and it is to be noted that it was from his father that Jimmy gained consent to begin operations. He craftily got Saraphy on his side, too, explaining to her that, as he was shortly adding a squirrel and rabbits to the family, a few cages outside would be far better than to litter up her back kitchen. Now, theoretically, building the cages developed in Jimmy ingenuity, surety of hand, and self-reliance; the animals themselves developed all the things that the love of animals is supposed to develop in the young. Undoubtedly it was good for Jimmy, but such experiments, I am convinced, are for only children, and in households where there are no servants.

Of course, the building was a nuisance to begin with; it took some time before the yard had resumed its normal orderly aspect, and Maria's rocking-chair creaked an irritated accompaniment to Jimmy's hammering. I could not blame Maria for being nervous at the steady thump-thump of the hammer, and yet had I not myself had Jimmy taught how to drive straight

nails?

No serious trouble came before the woodchuck. Saraphy didn't like his looks from the first, and we had to tie up our dog, March, who with impassioned perseverance tried to dig his way into the cage. So now the development of Jimmy's individuality along the excellent lines I have indicated had tied up the dog, made his aunt nervous, and irritated the cook.

Two days after the arrival of the

woodchuck, Saraphy came to me, say-

"There'll be no bread the day. Ye'll have to telephone for the baker to-morrow."

I asked her what the matter was, as

I knew she wanted me to.

"The woodchuck," she said, "is sittin' behind the flour-barrel in the buttery, hissin', an' has been these two hours. 'Twas March chased him in. March's ear is bit. I washed him off an' shut the buttery door, but ye didn't come home, an' Jimmy didn't come home, an' it's too late for bread now. An' all I have to say, Mrs. Preston," Saraphy went on, towering over me gaunt and grim, "is that the flour-barrel's no place for a woodchuck; no, nor a buttery! It ain't clean, Mrs. Preston, so it ain't! It ain't clean! I won't be able to make no pastry to-morrer, along o' scrubbin' that buttery thoroughly!"

Osborn came in pretty soon, and he and Jimmy caught the woodchuck with a butterfly-net and Edith's mackintosh. I confess that the laughter which greeted my account of this when I told my husband about it irritated me

a little.

"What a fuss women make about things," Henry said. "I don't mean you, dear, but I call Saraphy's lack of humor fatal. Think what comfort that boy takes with his handful of animals, and how good they are for him. That's the important thing, after all, isn't it?" And indeed Jimmy was all that was exemplary with his pets, keeping the cages very clean and feeding the animals and giving them water, as few boys would remember to do.

After the woodchuck episode, Jimmy made a roomy wire cage, part of which he buried so that the woodchuck could not dig out in any direction—that he used the new wire netting intended for the hen-yard to do it is only an incident. The woodchuck-cage was undoubtedly a triumph of ingenuity. Owing, however, to the cage door being defective, the woodchuck continued to get out from time to time. Of all his pets, it was that woodchuck which most attracted Jimmy, and yet it was the

most cross-grained, ill-tempered animal I have ever met. I am usually rather soft-hearted about wild things which are kept in captivity, but I wasn't about that woodchuck. I am sure it must have been a great relief to his wife and children to have got rid of him, for he would have been a damper to any family circle. He sat at the back of the cage glowering at the world through his bright, malevolent little eyes; whenever any one passed his cage he hissed and clattered his teeth. Yet it was on this creature Jimmy lavished his attentions. The reason for this I learned through Osborn. A great deal of my knowledge of Jimmy's character is gained from things Osborn lets drop. In this case, Osborn let drop to me:

"Jimmy's trying to tame that woodchuck. That fool book of his says he can; every time he gets discouraged he reads this." Osborn held out a book to me, open, at an especially thumbed

page, and I read:

The same care which transforms a redmouthed wolf into a faithful dog can transform other undomesticated beasts into useful creatures. . . A lad who loves his pets will bestow upon the little creatures that affection which shows itself in a sympathy which can understand their wants and necessities.

So, guided by this beacon-light, with touching patience and tact, Jimmy tried to soften the impervious heart of the woodchuck. That he couldn't do it

quite wore on him.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you didn't get him young enough. He may have been soured by a hard life before you got him." My point of view comforted Jimmy not a little, although nothing I could say or do would mollify Saraphy. She hated that woodchuck ever since it had hidden behind the flour-barrel.

"It claps its teeth at me, and hisses every time I go out in the yard," she

complained.

Not even Jimmy, who can generally get around Saraphy when the rest of us fail, could soften her in the least. She went around with a face of solid gloom, and when anything went wrong in the house she would, figuratively, throw the woodchuck at me. In fact,

the woodchuck, it appeared, was at the bottom of every mischance that hap-

pened.

I am sure that it was the woodchuck and the guinea-pigs between them which led him to adopt a new member into his menagerie, an animal which would be more impressionable to training than the woodchuck, and more inspiring than either rabbits or guineapigs. Oh! now it is all over, I can see Jimmy's point of view with crystal clearness. I knew by the hammering that a new cage was in progress, but had I not known myself, I would have learned it in different ways. Edith came to me first.

"Do you think he's building a cage for snakes," she asked me. "His book says: 'A reptile-house need not be more than three feet in height."

Maria's contribution was delivered in a voice of sarcasm. "Jimmy is preparing to receive *more* vermin."

Saraphy also had her little say. It was: "If it's another woodchuck you'll choose between us." Until, at last, in a fit of desperation I told my

"Jimmy, let this animal, whatever it

is, be the last."

"Yes'm," he replied obediently, and I had the uncomfortable feeling a woman has when she knows her children find

her unreasonable.

The next morning before I was out of my room I was acutely aware that something had gone wrong in the house. I had heard talk of a fishing expedition the day before. In the early morning I had half-awakened to hear Osborn and Jimmy creaking stealthily down-stairs, then turned over and gone to sleep again. Indeed, I overslept. As I dressed there came to me a dozen little noises, which told me that the house was out of joint. A woman in tune with her family can feel trouble in the air much as some people feel an electric storm coming. I hastened to breakfast. The dining-room was deserted, and there was no sign of Nellie, the second girl. On my plate lay the key-note to the muffled excitement that was in the house. It was a missive

from Jimmy, and was addressed with classical simplicity: "Mother."

The note read:

DEAR MOTHER: Do not mind the polecat, he is tame alright, he will come after I am gone fishing all day as expected, please feed and water him. Yours truly in haste,

IMMY.

Without waiting, I went out into the kitchen; Saraphy's iron face made quite unnecessary my faltering question:

"Saraphy, has, has-it come?"

"It has that, ma'am," Saraphy replied. "Nellie has gone home, cryin'. I'm left alone in the house. 'Tis out in the middle of the yard, smilin'. I can set down an' fold my hands, there won't be much done the day. For Mis' Preston"—and Saraphy loomed over me in gaunt defiance—"I ain't goin' to hang out no clean close along o' any—critter like that. No, ma'am, not in the same yard with him! I gottem soaked an' all, but I don't do no wash-in' until it's took away!"

At that moment Maria dashed into the kitchen. When I say "dash" I speak advisedly, for I have never in all my life seen my deliberate sister move with such celerity. She was closely fol-

lowed by Edith.

"Is it true, Editha?" Maria demanded. "Is what this child says

true?'

Maria's dramatic manner calmed me instantly. "Is what true, Maria?" I asked, with exasperating tranquillity, though, of course, I knew perfectly well what she meant.

"Is it true," she said, "about that—

that new creature Jimmy has got?"

"If you mean the——" I replied firmly, "I suppose it is. Saraphy says it's in the yard."

"It's a real live one," Edith put in. "It's black and white; I saw it from the

back window."

The first flurry of Maria's emotion had passed. She had recovered her dignity.

"Editha," she announced, with firmness, "that—animal must be removed!"

"I quite agree with you, Maria," I responded dryly. "It must."
"At once," she amended.

(I craftily

I bit my lip to keep my temper. I had not had so much as a cup of coffee that morning, and a scene such as we had passed through on an empty stomach is bad for one's self-command. It seems to me just enough that the mother of a family should be expected to right all the wrongs of her household, or try to, at any event, but I do not think it is just that she should be held accountable for all her children's deeds, and yet both Maria and Saraphy were acting as though I had brought the creature myself, and put it in the yard with my own hands especially to annoy them.

"I say," Maria continued, "that I feel you should take steps at once for the removal of that—that pest!"

My temper slipped from me. "Maria, there is no reason why you should be unreasonable, even though you are my sister," I am ashamed to confess was what I said, "and allow yourself to criticize me and my family continually! I will have It taken away as soon as I can find any one to do it."

But Maria, I am thankful to relate, can lose patience as well as I. "Unreasonable!" she gasped. "You call it unreasonable because I ask you to have a public nuisance removed from your own back yard! Unreasonable! I tell you, Editha, unreasonable or not, I shall leave on the three-thirty this afternoon if the—beast has not left first."

With which she deliberately left the kitchen and shut herself up in her own room. I heard an expressive snort from Saraphy. I'm sure I heard her mutter: "'Tis an ill wind blows nobody good!"

I did then the thing most women foolishly do in an emergency. I went to the telephone and called up my husband. I should have known better, for as long as a man sees any humor in an emergency he is of no use to one, and I might have known that at a distance it would have seemed funny to him. It didn't seem so to me. My second girl had left. Work had stopped in the house. I had quarreled with my sister, and out in the back yard, smiling, Saraphy said, sat that unmentionable animal.

No, to me there was nothing funny in the situation, but when I told my husband about it, he burst into great peals of laughter. When I asked him what I should do, he replied:

"Shoot him!" Which was, of course, absurd, as the yard would not have been habitable for days. I answered:

"Be serious, Henry. What can I do?"

"Why don't you shoot him?" he said again, and again burst out laughing, which exasperated me so I cut him off and called up the man who does trucking. Would he come around and take

refrained from saying what.)
He would; he'd come at once. He
did. When he heard what it was, he

burst out into guffaws of mirth and slapped his thighs while he roared: "Well, if that don't beat all! Got a skunk for a pet, eh? Well, well, if

that ain't Jimmy!"

something away for me?

"I'll be grateful if you'll cart it off."
"Well," he said, "don't see how we
goin' to do that, Mis' Preston. There
ain't no place I know of to cart a
skunk to. They ain't as popular with
most folks as they is with your son.
No, ma'am, I wouldn't resk it. I never
made no pretense to being a hero, an'
I won't resk it." And he went away,
laughing, to spread the glad tidings,
but before he went he made a sensible
suggestion.

"Mebbe Pete Wayley'd cart him off. I'll tell him to look around," he said. Pete is our town loafer, a disreputable negro, who has made free with our melons and hen-roost more than once.

Meantime the house wore the air of a clock which had run down; all normal activities stopped. Saraphy and I would steal to the back window from time to time and gaze out on the enemy, which played about its cage as graceful as any kitten.

The monotony was only varied by little friends of Edith's, who came in to stare with morbid curiosity, and by Maria, who at intervals popped her head out of the door to say:

"Is It gone?" And then popped back again.

I suppose every family has, every now and then, an unnatural, phantasmagorical day, a day when all the laws of nature seem turned upside down; a day when nothing can happen right, when even the inanimate world seems to turn against one. Consider, if you will, the state of my household. My indignant sister locked in her room; Saraphy the diligent sitting with ostentatiously folded hands; Edith enjoying a little brief authority because of the spectacle our back yard presented, where a kindly looking little black-and-white creature skipped harmlessly about.

And to add the last fantastic touch, we four women were waiting, each with a different species of anxiety, for the despised town loafer, Pete Wayley. Edith's anxiety was not hard to fathom. The horrid child was eager to see just what was going to happen to Pete. He arrived at the same moment with my husband, bringing with him an impu-

dent smile and a wheelbarrow.

"I cum for de polecat," he grinned. Henry viewed him with disfavor. "What do you want for taking it

away?" he asked.

"It's a orful resky job; powerful resky to mah cloes an' mah pussunorful resky. Don't see how I c'n do it under five dollars," he said, reading my anxious face.

Now, usually Henry leaves any matter like this to me. If I want to pay an absurd sum for a whistle I may and welcome, but the day had affected him

"Five dollars!" he exclaimed.

"Make it three, Mist' Preston," said

"I'll make it just fifty cents," shouted Henry.

Pete slowly picked up his wheel-"Do it for two," he murbarrow. mured.

"Maria will leave at three-thirty if

the animal isn't removed."

"Then let Maria leave!" said my enraged husband. "I don't mind the money, but I won't be swindled by that loafer. Let the person that brought that around here take it away."

Then there arose in me some obscure impulse of opposition, though what he suggested was sensible enough.

So the unheard-of happened, my husband and I quarreled, and about whether or no Pete Wayley, the town loafer, should remove a skunk from our back vard at an exorbitant price.

You see that the development of the individual child is often not possible without the family, as a whole, paying too large a price.

After Henry had gone, silence reigned in the house. The only excitement was Maria's not departing on the

three-thirty.

At last my sons returned.

Jimmy cast his eye over the little group of us.

"Betcher," was his greeting, "nobody's given any water to my skunk all day!"

Somehow this took the wind out of

my sails.

"Jimmy," I said wearily, "you'll have to get that animal taken away at once."

"What for?" Jimmy demanded. "It's a tame skunk. A man in the woods brought it up. It likes folks more'n a cat would. It's just as tame——"

I turned to my husband for support, but he and Osborn were speechless with laughter. The idea of a tame skunk seemed funny to them, I suppose.

But here Maria broke in, ponderous

and majestic:

"That-animal leaves to-night-per-

manently, or I do!"

. Maria is poor in argument, but rich in shades of expression. As a skunk is more undesirable than a white mouse. so was her tone more weighty than her first threat. There was a certain finality in her voice which impressed even Jimmy. He turned away beaten, but before he gave up gave vent to an opinion that had been ripening in his mind since the episode of the white mice, and I think it summed up what his back yard menagerie had taught him.

"Women make me tired!" was what

he said.





EDDY BORDEN had more impulses than morals. The Irish extract, which was a part of his make-up, gave him tone and point, and many sorrows. He was a dreamy, con-

templative lad of nineteen, who carried in either hand a grip of friendship or a welterweight's punch. He worked for Rodney Kemp, millionaire, and loved him—next to his own Ideal. Specifically, Reddy Borden was in charge of the collies at the Ardonapolis Kennels, a fixture and a feature of the Kemp coun-

try house on the Hudson.

Now, the men on this side of the water who know the collie dog are not so numerous as one would suppose, hearing the breed discussed from time to time. Indeed, Reddy, who was acquainted with all the Eastern showmen, counted but three who were worthy to sit in the throne-room of the classiest dog of all. One of these, by all means, was Reddy Borden; another, Bemis, a shy, dry, freckled little man, too poor to play with the art, but sometimes a judge at the shows; the third does not enter the present narrative. Moreover, Reddy had the audacity to question the complete knowledge of the English and Scotch. Many Americans believe that because a man speaks with a braw Yorkshire dialect he is a collie oracle. This is not true.

Reddy was bred in the atmosphere.

His father, after many lean years, developed two champions out of a single litter-Ardonapolis Hussar and Ardonapolis Dragoon-and died of happiness and drink in the employ of Rodney Kemp's father. The elder Borden taught his son all he knew. To this Reddy added his own experiences with countless litters and the fruits of profound meditations—which is, after all, what maketh the man big in any line. So far, it can be seen that the young man had a good life berth in his dearest capacity; but still he was haunted by the Ideal, the dream that a perfect collie would appear in this world of imperfections-a dog with the values of Hussar and Dragoon, and the inner touch which only three men in the country could see.

Reddy turned down his life competence for a pup. Raving in one of the collie-courts was a certain son of Ardonapolis Sapper, the present kennel king, and an unheralded female, registered as Fringed Gentian. This pup embodied the promise of perfection in Reddy's eyes. It was not enough for the lad to rear the collie; he must own him. Note the hot craft in the Borden brain. He sought Rodney Kemp in the latter's New York office, announcing his decision to leave. Kemp did not take him seriously at first; finally offered an increase, which did not pre-

"I've a hear-rt f'r farmin', sorr," Reddy repeated.

"Collies becoming more and more popular every day—and you going to

raise hay?"

"Hay an' th' loike, Mr. Kemp—an', sorr, I want a bit av a pup t' raise me f'r a cow-dog, sorr."

Kemp laughed. "Take the pup you want, Reddy," he ordered, "and come back to me when you turn him cham-

pion.'

"Thank'ee, sorr," Reddy mumbled, his throat choked with the wild singing of his heart. "'Tis but a bit av a son o' Sapper I'll ta-ake, t' 'mimber ye by, and," he added unctuously, "th' place

av me father.'

Kemp's case demands an instant's attention. His mind that morning was occupied with a sullen problem. His millions were not at stake, but his heart was. The lady in question was a wonderful lady, Miss Laura Gray Clement, tragedienne, and it reflects the breadth and bigness of Rodney Kemp that his hopes were not unwarranted. They had met a year before, and in the course of a growing attachment, Miss Clement was shown the Ardonapolis collies. It is important to this sequence of doggy events that Reddy Borden was absent from the kennels on the day of her visit.

That day Miss Clement sprang into a high place among the collie devotees. Modestly, she determined to own the best dog in America—one that would beat Kemp's splendid Sapper at the next winter's show in New York. Secretly she made her purchases, with the novice's unseeing but quick-believing The best result of her year's fancy was the good collie Thorndale Hopeful, which she benched in Sapper's class the following season. The judge said that there were several dogs in the show better than Hopeful, but still far from Sapper's class. Rodney Kemp had the temerity to smile. His punishment was swift and tragic.

"Rodney, dear," Miss Clement said, "a year from now—a year from now I'll beat Sapper in this ring! Besides, dear, the public wants me another year! Then, when I beat Sapper, you

and I---"

But Kemp didn't want to wait another year. He cried out against the dear-acclaiming public sharing his tragedienne for another season. He offered her Ardonapolis, country house, Sapper and his entire tribe, a choice cut of the Palisades and all—but, lo! she was swallowed up in the victory of a Western tour. From Albany she wired him to keep sweet. From Rochester she waived the offer of Ardonapolis, writing that it would be no fun to beat Sapper with one of Sapper's sons.

And so it came about that on the morning Reddy Borden called, Kemp's prayerful concern was not of his own kennels, but that Miss Clement should find a better collie than he possessed in Sapper, lest unto the year a year be added. And so it was that after Reddy had vanished, Kemp indited a fullcream, heavy-laid note-now to Buffalo -bidding the lady not to relax in her search, since his heart hungered sorely, and the waiting days were long. This romantic distraction faithfully covered, it is time to look to Reddy and his pup, Timelock Classic, familiarly known as Tim.

On a night train, Chicago bound, with Tim whimpering his loneliness in the baggage-coach, Reddy became enamored of a jeweled stranger in the smoker, and was led into the sunset land of patriotism and reminiscence, via the Pint-Flask-Limited-but-more-in-the-Valise. He awoke in the smoky sheds at the foot of Polk Street, lame-hearted and penniless as the morn he came into the world. In spite of his amazement at Western enterprise, Reddy was relieved to find that the stranger had not looted the baggage-

coach. Tim was still there.

The weather was wintry in the town Lake Michigan is on. A six-months' collie is supposed to eat four times a day, and an Irish boy of nineteen as many times as convenient, but nobody in Chicago had sent for them. Toward the middle of the afternoon, Reddy sought the rear-end of a restaurant, and related his adventure on the train the night before. He was insulted—and fed.

Tim was wearing, and the fact distressed the boy. In the heart of a crashing train for a day and a night, and with a world-wide city now roaring about his ears, the country-bred dog was charged with incessant shocks and tremors. But there was always the man-the same to whom he had looked in time of need back yonder in the New York hills. He gave up his heart

to the master.

In dogdom there is a saving that you cannot tell how fine or coarse a collie will be, until the pup has passed the age of seven months. Reddy Borden, however, did not go by sayings, nor did he chuck his career on a hundredth chance. It may be that he saw the future Classic in the astral light. What is more to the point, is that Tim at six months was a three-quarter collie in size, with a long, narrow, straight head, clean as a new knife-blade, and a sweeping, low-hung brush. The rest was a slim, rangy, balanced body, cleanlimbed. In coat, he was a tri-color, less popular among buyers than the sable and white dogs, but more apt to score in the judge's eye. His more evident glory lay in the placing of his colors. His whole head to the ruff was of a golden tan. His budding mane and blaze were white; his legs, tawny; his back, black, and the tail an epitomeblack above, tan below, and whiteplumed.

Springing, shrinking to the boy's legs, darting low, like a soldier under fire, Tim passed through the civic turmoil. It was a strain on the nerves of the young nobleman, as Reddy perceived, and no one knew better than he that collies brought to the fine point, exemplified in Timelock Classic, have not the rugged vitality of coarser-bred animals. It is the same with all roy-

alty.

That night the boy talked his way into stable-room in a south-side barn; and Tim, tired as he had never been before, and happier, for the collie heart warms into its fulness under man's adversity, gathered himself daintily in the hollow of Reddy's arm, and twitched himself through the border-

land of queer dreams and woofs into the rest of healing.

"An' he's got hearrt wit ut all," Reddy mused drowsily. "Th' lad 'mimbers, sure, how I hild him in me arms through his touch av 'stimper, an' turned down a loife job f'r th' chanct av him. Damme, he's wort' ut!"

There was a month of gloomy adventures, all played close to the cushion. Chicago was a hundred miles behind in the snows. They were out in the country for their health. wasn't fed four times a day, but many times when Reddy wasn't. The pair turned up at La Grange in time for the big annual bench-show. chased clouds of snow-birds on the way, and Reddy chopped many cords of wood for the entrance-fee. The judge was Mort Dupper, a decent, studious person, who had the audacity to believe that there is room in one man's brain to know fields, wolf-hounds, Airedales, Dalmatians, and terriers-as a side issue to collie knowledge.

And so, for the first time, Timelock Classic, in the puppy class, of course, took the bench in the bedlam of screaming, lashing thoroughbreds. He encountered no rival among the youngsters-swept the puppy class clean. Dupper held him in the ring after the

decision.

"What did you say this baby's particulars are?" he questioned.

"I ask ye, sorr, if a pup loike that wan nades any particulars?" Reddy questioned ecstatically. He had the Ardonapolis pedigree in his pocket, and private reasons for not using it, nor the kennel name. He didn't want the papers to carry to Kemp so soon the glory of his gift.

On the last day of the show, the winners of all the collie classes met in the ring under the eyes of Dupper. Of these, Timelock Classic, Collie Flower, a La Grange female, and Dodwin Perfection, a young Milwaukee dog, were good. Reddy prayed only for justice. The lady with the kitchen name was just a speck undershot, and Dupper caught the flaw and pinned "Third" in her behalf. The Classic and the Per-

fection posed alone in the ring, and Dupper scratched his head.

"Dodwin is holding his tail high," he said at last. "Anyway, the pup is unbeatable-at seven months!"

Back to the bench with ribbons, rosettes, trophies, and a bumping heart, Reddy led the winner of winners. It was not that Dupper's decision meant anything to him that he did not know, but so often the ways of men are implacable, and justice is devious.

"May I ask who is the owner of that young beauty?" inquired the softest, most quickening voice that ever fell upon the ears of man or dog. It came from the crowd that pressed about

Tim's bench.

A Sparkling Lady was bending toward the winner, and Reddy stared at a profile such as Mother Earth had never shown him before. Above that profile was a cloud of bronze-gold hair and a great curving white wing; below it a cloak of ermine that fitted like the garment of a baby seal. There was a gorgeous jewel at the lady's throat, and her green-gloved hand rested upon the Classic's head like a diadem of malachite. Then there were eyes of Killarney blue; and, lest it may be forgotten, that profile of rose and pearl and glory.

"And you are the owner!" she said to Reddy. "Oh, you lucky boy! And

you will sell him to me?'

It was like saying "No" to a goddess, bringing eternal opulence in one hand and an empty dog-collar in the other. Three hours to Chicago-of-thedazzling-cafés; three hours in a diner of silver and crystal! It was three weeks on foot through the snows. Reddy thought of the winter night. Then he thought of the winter night with no Tim at his heels. He shook his head.

"Do you mean that Timelock Classic has no price-to me?" she asked.

"There's a fortune in him, ma'am, whin time opens th' glory av him—that's f'r why I call him Timelock, which manes Tim f'r convanience. Sure, if I didn't love th' laad, I'd give him t'ye, ma'am-he'd luk so splin-

The Sparkling Lady turned to a woman behind her, a cream-and-white mortal with downcast eyes and a gray muff. "He isn't for sale, Nellie, and he's the one I want. Isn't it too dread-

ful?" she said pitifully.

Nellie ventured one look at Reddy Borden. She lifted her downcast eyes, as Ruth must have done to Boaz, after long coaching by Naomi, When the boy recovered mental movement, Tim was still there, and he was explaining to the Sparkling Lady that his name was Reddy Borden, and that a letter would find him in care of McLain, of

the La Grange Kennels.

They were gone. It was midnight, and the show was ended. Reddy faced the world again with his victory-penniless. An armful of trophies, but no bread. The pair went their way early the next morning, lest La Grange In the should learn their poverty. midst of his kind Reddy preserved his front. Where dogs foregathered, he was a man among men, asking no favors, needing no advice. The farms and the city back streets alone knew his

They grew very close together that winter-boy and dog afield. But the boy dreamed of a different life, which is a weakness of superiority. He remembered when he was master of a hundred thoroughbreds, with a house and table of his own, and many properties. He remembered the last night at La Grange, the Sparkling Lady, and the Downcast-eyed who had looked at him once. Yes, he had dreams of cities rising to serve him, and of a girl with a gray muff whispering things to him. But Tim had no dreams. These were vast, splendid days, with the snowy plains of Illinois to play upon, a new farmhouse every night, and always this god with the right word and the rough, caressing hand, and the hollow of his arm at night-this god to die for! One collie in a thousand knows the joy, and he is not always a blue-blooded beast.

There were days in the woods with the farmers, with a bunny in the thicket and a red squirrel scolding above, tireless zest in the keen, perfect wind. Tim

got his size that winter, and put on the furs of a viking. One farmer offered Reddy ten shillings for him; and one morning a farmer's daughter wept because Tim was being taken away. At another place, Reddy was ordered to put the dog in the shed for the night, and the pair burrowed into a haystack instead. Then Tim learned something of the mysterious fascination which the herds held for him. The instinct was sure and strong in the youngster, as the lure of solitude for the mystic.

In April Reddy felt the attraction of the city again, and he swung back over the miry roads toward Chicago, via La Grange. The boy was not sure of Tim's development, his eye had become so accustomed to his own that the delicacy of judgment was warped. Tim, now well past his first year, must be placed with other good dogs, in order that his master might see what the late months had done. The shepherds and collies of the farm country, though splendid working fellows, were too coarse even for foils of a winner. There was a gasp from McLain, of the La Grange Kennels, when the Classic bounded into the yard-a huge, imposing beast, with high-held head, vivid as polished ivory. He was racing now up and down before his old friends in the courts, setting them all to frenzy. It was like a battle—the hoarse rasp of the Airedales, hysteria of the terriers, trumpetings of the hounds, and the sharp, quick collie bark.

"He's a rare good one, Red," said McLain, and he called to the house for a woman to bring out Reddy Borden's letters.

"I see he is," said the boy, choking. His vision had returned.

There were three letters. The Sparkling Lady and Another danced before his eyes. She wanted to buy Timelock Classic. Had he not decided to part with the dog for a fair price—to her? Would he not call, at least? Her addresses in many cities were given—Chicago, the first two weeks in May. Why did he not reply to her former notes? Laura Gray Clement.

Reddy had a little money hard-saved.

and hard-hewn from Illinois timber. A week of May was already gone, and so he did not walk to Chicago. There, in the jam and roar, he saw the name upon the bill-boards. The Sparkling Lady was a public idol; at least the large prints said so. What was the Downcast Eves? The boy and dog were not admitted to the elevator of the designated hotel until the office was commanded from above. Then Reddy Borden, or, rather, Timelock Classic, was welcomed in great joy. With stately reserve Tim accepted the dazzling devotion of one of the fairest creatures complicating the affairs of the present planet. The Downcast Eyes entered shyly, glanced for one strange second at Reddy Borden, and seemed to experience, as she lowered her gaze, the delight and humility of a child in the presence of some rare and beneficent being.

"You have come to leave me the Classic—Reddy?" the Sparkling Lady exclaimed, lifting her face from Tim's mane. "I am overjoyed!"

"Ye tould me t' call, ma'am—even if I didn't sell," the boy said sorrowfully.

"Do you mean that I am not to have this dog? How can you? How can you?" she implored.

"I dunno," Reddy mumbled.

At this extreme juncture the Sparkling Lady was called into another apartment, and the Downcast Eyes looked up again.

"How can you?" she whispered reproachfully.

"'Tis harrd, ma'am."

"But the mistress has set her mind on him!" she said, in wonder,

The mystery was cleared. This was a maid. Reddy's heart warmed to her. "Larud hilp me, thin!" he said softly. "An' what do she nade av a champeen?"

"Ah, who am I to know? This one—she loves. Everywhere we go she looks for another like this—dog-shows, kennels, everywhere! Ah, you will wait—I beg——"

The mistress had called. The maid was gone only a moment.

"My dear Mr. Borden, you will come to-morrow morning?" she said,

"An' what's th' manner av use, deere, whin Tim has no price?" Reddy said

"But you would not deny her to see him-at this time to-morrow-yes?" She raised her eyes to Reddy, and the concentration of his life was broken.

That night Reddy had a long communion with Tim. They had indulged in a lodging-house, and their huge, shadowed heads were together upon the wall for a long time, before the smoky oil-lamp was blown out. Tim was sympathetic, but at sea. The boy tossed restlessly. Later, out of the dark was evolved a broad, rolling hill country, a green cottage in the midst of peaceful trees. Timelock Classic was ranging the fair land, and a woman stood in the cottage doorway-a woman with downcast eyes. Reddy sat up, perspiring, struck a match, and Tim strode from door to window, but there was nothing of the cottage now. They called at the hotel the next morning, and the next. The Sparkling Lady was not there the second time, but the Downcast Eyes was there.

And then on Saturday evening, during the performance, they walked together-a soft, spring night, Mother Earth breathing up through the pavements, Tim following at their heels. Reddy concluded a series of beguiling remarks with: "Ye've got th' hearrt

av me utter, Nellie, deere."

"Ah, if I only knew!" she whispered plaintively. "How am I to know that you do not say pretty things to girlseverywhere?"

"Divil a gurrl did I iver see in me loife—till you!" he declared rashly.

"Oh, I'm so timid-so afraid that you do not love me enough-that you will have forgotten me next winter when Tim makes you rich."

"Th' sowl av me I'd give to show ye,

Nellie," he said.

"Give me the dog to keep, Reddy; then I know you will come back topoor little me!"

A gruff, choky sound came from the

boy's throat. He could not speak. She dared not look at his face.

"Ah, you see-you love the dog more than me! You would not part with him-for one night! You leave me-months! Good night."

They were at the hotel entrance.

Reddy turned to Tim, then to the girl. "Nellie," he said hoarsely, at last, "take th' lad wit' ye this night! I'll-I'll talk t'ye in the marnin', deere."

"But, Reddy," she began brokenly,

"will he stay with me?"

"Whin I tell him," the boy said harshly. "Tim, go with Nellie, lad, and take care av her, sorr-go, Tim!"

The collie looked up sharply, whimpered—then wagged his tail gaily, making himself believe it was all a horrid joke. The girl watched him, staringeyed, her fingers working jerkily. It was pitiful business. Reddy was ghastly white, his jaw and fingers clenched.

"Go, Tim-wit' Nellie-now!" The collie stepped back against the woman's dress, a shrunken thing.

"Good night, Reddy!" the girl called

He answered without turning.

For squares and squares he walked rapidly, sometimes jingling the silver in his pockets; sometimes he would turn with mumbling lips, and stare into the emptiness behind him. It seemed to tear the substance out of his flesh to turn and find nothing where the masterpiece had been. Tim would stay, because he had been told. He was a lion heart, whose first law was "Obey the Man!" He would stay if it killed him. Would-it-kill-him?

Reddy veered at last into a swinging door. There were lights and a piano within, and that inimitable atmosphere which warms the lonely poor man. Gradually it was borne upon the boy-a vague, old-world idea-that he was being tried to be found worthy or not for the heart of a woman. Gradually, too, many things which were far off before became close and tangible now. There was no hitch to his plan of fame. Tim would sweep the benches in the winter, and be turned into a sensational champion.

would bring him the cottage, hills of his own, kennels, and the maid. At last there was an American-bred collie that could beat the British and Scottish champions! The drink that warmed all these things into life made the emptiness more poignant! Reddy would find himself dropping his hand to his side and softly snapping his fingers. The dainty, cold-tipped muzzle did not come. The stabs grew deeper, rougher.

Clean-shaven, hot-nerved, Reddy appeared at the hotel the next morning. Tim would come back to him. She would trust him now. He was glad she did not know what the lonely night had meant to him. At the desk, a hotel clerk snappily informed him that Miss Clement had given up her suite the night before. Of course the maid had gone with her. Certainly they had taken a dog. The clerk repeated this information to a face with wild eyes and falling lips: a face streaked suddenly with gray and yellow.

Reddy entered the elevator, and a moment later was rapping at the door of the empty suite. Louder he rapped. The elevator man followed with sarcasm. He was studying the misguided one's apparel, and saying something with a point, when his jaw met the welter's punch, and on the carpet this elevator man heard seraph voices. A serving-maid at the far end of the hall screamed. Others came. They were needed, for Reddy Borden was running amuck. But numbers, including a porter from the basement and several guests on the way to church, prevailed. The next morning, toward the end of his busy session, the police-court judge regarded the array of punished features, testifying against one small, dazed, sullen figure in the dock, and he said, "Ninety days," in a tired voice. Reddy shook his head in a mystified way as they led him below, and in the pain and darkness of things his fingers snapped for the muzzle of his pal.

New York—December—Kennel Club week. It was the last night of the bench-show, and Reddy Borden darted into the throng. He sniffed the hot,

heavy air, and jerked up his head in the tempest of barking, like an old cavalry horse in the midst of smoke and trumpets. How he got there in time; what it cost him to get there, not in money, but tortured flesh-was only known in that man-hating, woman-hating, world-hating ganglion under the shabby felt hat. Something of what he had passed through was suggested by the thin, torn shoes that soughed with snow-water when he walked; something in the hard-set squint and haggard face. In a swift, desperate way he moved among the collie benches, darting-eyed, starving-eyed. Some of the dogs were gone. It had been the same at the Duquesne show, in Pittsburg, two weeks before. The ice of defeat crept over him.

But certain of the unoccupied benches still contained the trophies of conquest, Here was a place honored by Balgreggie Mountaineer, a famous Scottish champion; farther the bench of Ardonapolis Sapper, the sire of Classic! And farther still-the black type writhed before his eyes-"Timelock Classic, entered by Laura Gray Clement," of hateful memory! The truth burst upon Reddy now. The class winners were together in the judge's ring!

"In th' name av Gawd, sorr, who's th' collie official?" he gasped to a man cracking dog-biscuit.

"Bemis," was the answer.

It was the moment of dreams, the moment of all life. Reddy squirmed through the crowd to the ring-side, his brain dizzied by the pounding of his heart. Little Bemis was there-Bemis of the magic, infallible eye! And-Ruler of Seven Eternities-there was Timelock Classic! The son of Sapper had come into his own. Reddy Borden's eyes filled with tears, but he was too true a fancier to complicate the mo-

The Classic stood in the center of the ring-bold, sad-eyed, grand. naked, tawny head, startlingly effective as a king condor's, but beautiful as the bird is horrible; small black eyes; perfectly cut and folded ears; the broad, feathery blaze, clean, rangy limbs; and

the tail, a trailing plume of jet and gold and snow. Back to the small black eyes Reddy glanced. There was something there that redeemed the dead brute glitter. In a woman, you would

call it heart-hunger.

The Classic lifted the great head. Warming currents were playing upon his heart. He did not understand, but there was something in the air inspiring as the smell of water in a desert land. Bemis leaned forward, studying the sudden majesty of the pose, a flush on his shy, freckled face.

"Was there ever such a collie—tell me, was there ever such a collie, Sir Rodney?" questioned the low voice of a very excited woman. "But I never saw him look that way—oh, that splen-

dor-that splendor!"

It was the Sparkling Lady. Reddy was too intent on the game to hate her then. His pride was greater than all. He saw the end as clearly as if he had crept into the brain of Bemis and read the forming decision there. Would—Tim—remember?

"Take the Sapper away; also that female pup-winner," Bemis ordered.

The great Ardonapolis dog was outclassed by his unknown son and two others.

"It isn't so much fun as I thought," the Sparkling Lady whispered, "but I have kept my word, Rodney."

Kemp's joy was unconfined. "God bless your imperious luck!" he muttered. "But, I say, where did you get that Greek god, girl? He stands to humble the unbeaten Mountaineer!"

Reddy was bending low behind the railing, trembling, tortured by the tense moments. There were but three winning dogs left in the ring—Tipton Partridge, a novice already famous, with a head wolf-houndish in its length and line; grand old Mountaineer, and the Classic. Never did a beast display such form, such poses as the last. He whimpered, nosed the sawdust, bounded high about the ring, thrilling, incomparable! In that hall of hundreds he caught an odor which brought back the great white ways, the new house every night, the voice that was nature's first

law, deep peace in the hollow of the man's arm—an odor which meant high heaven!

"Tipton third; the Balgreggie dog second; this," little Bemis sang out, as he lifted the tawny head, "is the winner of winners!"

"Tim-laad!"

Low, sharp was the voice of Reddy Borden. Low, sharp, the answering yelp of Tim. He reared on his hind-feet, sheep-dog fashion, to find his beloved. The hand, for an instant, was stretched toward him over the ringrail, and Timelock Classic leaped at it with a roar. Reddy broke his way out through the crowd. The collie cleared the ring and followed through the opening. His Messiah had come.

Reddy made for an alley door which was locked. He turned at bay, the collie's front paws upon his shoulder, muzzle at his cheek. The crowd

was upon them.

"Shtand back-or uts th' deat' av

ye!" Reddy yelled.

Tim knew the meaning of that voice, and turned gladly to the fight—caresses afterward. A terrible pair they were in the dazzling lights of the pavilion, side by side, locked door behind them—a haggard, white-lipped little man with clenched fists, a huge, bristling dog with bared fangs and rumbling throat—both ready and pitched to die the fighting death.

"Reddy, you young fiend-what do you mean?"

It was Kemp.

"It's got him back, I mane, an,' by Gawd, all hell can't shteal him again!"

"Steal! Reddy-be careful."

There, with Tim holding back the crowd, Reddy arraigned the Sparkling Lady for the thing her maid had done. He told of the night he had parted with Tim, of the fight in the hotel the next morning, of ninety days of brooding in stone and steel, and the search of the cities afterward. Rodney Kemp took one step into the opened disk, but a savage growl warned him back. It was not so with the Sparkling Lady. She did not seem to see the dog. Her eyes, full of tears, were directed upon the

ashen face of the boy. She stepped forward and took him in her arms. Tim suffered her, but kept back the others.

"You poor, dear boy!" the Sparkling Lady whispered in a swift, unsteady way, "did not that girl give you the money? Oh, forgive me—forgive me! I should have known! She said she could induce you to sell for a thousand dollars—because you were fond of her. I gave her the money to give you. Two days afterward she left me. Reddy, please forgive me!" She turned to Kemp, adding: "Take us away from here—to some quiet place, where Tim can go, too."

The touch of the woman broke down all the pent savagery in the boy's trampled heart. They were soon in a carriage, where emotions didn't matter. Kemp sighed serenely, and Tim muzzled the hand of hands, and spread as much as possible of his extensive bulk over the boy's feet and knees and lap.

"But how did you two come to know each other?" the Sparkling Lady questioned when the supper was over. Reddy felt Kemp's boot press violently and excitedly against his own under the table.

"In th' manner av thrainers an' fanceers at th' shows, ma'am," Reddy answered lightly.

The Sparkling Lady moved across the supper-room to a mirror to adjust her veil.

"Your fortune's made, Reddy, but I'm lost forever," Kemp whispered swiftly, "if she finds out that she beat me with one of Sapper's sons."

"What are you two conspiring about?"

"I was just offering Reddy the charge of Ardonapolis, and telling him how you vowed to beat me at this show—and kept your word," Kemp replied.

"Tim won for me," the lady said softly, "but he never let me pass the outer court of his affections."

"Ye niver can find th' hearrt av a dog, ma'am, whin his partic'lars are tinknown," Reddy declared, feeding Tim a wing of chicken on an olivefork. "Ut's shtrange—shtrange how th' breed runs."

## 36

## UNFORGOTTEN

"What I possess I see, far distant lying, And what I lost grows real and undying."

NOT lost—that garden-spot of all the earth,
Whose every path led straight to faëryland
Of wood enchanted, or where silver sand
Gleamed 'neath the willows. And when Spring gave birth
To violets white as Dian's virgin breast,
Whose fragrance rose in blend of incense rare
Commingled with the song, whose vague unrest
With sweet insistence clove the limpid air;
Then the full heart of childhood, brimming o'er,
Seemed but too small to hold the joy it bore.

Not lost—though alien feet may tread to-day
Those acres—woodland, field, and crescent shore,
Where I shall tread no more.
Breath of the Past,
Fraught with the perfume of eternal May!
No power can ever wrest your gifts away—

Mine-mine to the last!

ROSALIE ARTHUR.

# THE CONQUERING OF SOCORRO





JRKEY BILL. That's what they called him, because he looked like that graceful bird. Had the same innocence of eye, same craning of skin-bedecked neck, and same

general air of curiosity. When Socorro was young there were but four inhabitants to witness the incoming of the Overland; Bill, being a visitor, went along, and that's why he happened to

see her first.

When a man gets in the habit of fixing his gaze on nothing more than sand, and plenty of it, the sight of a "Sweet Young Thing" is apt to stun him for a moment. When she alighted, Turkey was stunned into a stolidity in comparison with which a canned sardine would have seemed highly active. That kind of an immobility wherein the lower jaw droops and exposes the back filling of teeth, if there are any. He watched the "Sweet Young Thing," and she having small heed for his inspection or threatened paralysis, watched the train pull out.

"Here, you," she said. "Where's the hotel?" That awoke him. He removed his hat, inspected the sweat-band, made four distinct attempts at speech, then fell to scratching his bald scalp in lieu of hair, that ornamental but useless covering having disappeared in partnership with the fleeting years. He was divided between an insane desire to expectorate and a wish to straighten the knotted handkerchief around his neck, and then bolted into words.

"Ain't no hotel nowhere here," he re-

plied. "Ain't nothin' much, nohow. P'raps you might git put up over at Hank Williams' cabin. He's got a woman that sometimes hands out a snack for the boys."

Acting as a guide, he carried her baggage to the Williams abode. And in these incidents were the momentous be-

ginnings of Socorro.

Her name was Mary Brown. A very uncommon name, too, and one that did credit to the direct simplicity of Arizona. Why she came no one knew, what she was there for no one knew. But that wasn't a secret very long. She was taking orders for a hair-restorer that was guaranteed to grow fuzz on anything, from Turkey Bill to a Mexican dog. All that was necessary was to buy and apply enough.

To one on the inside, business wouldn't have looked very flattering when Mary came. As a matter of historical fact, Turkey Bill was the only bald-headed man within a hundred miles, and he didn't belong to Socorro. He was a cattleman from thirty miles away, and hitherto had never particularly bemoaned the loss of nor hankered for more hair. Baldness had been a blessing, because it saved combing.

Mary was a retiring sort of girl, but she didn't have to work overtime to impress Turkey, because he was at the old tin-can age where his affections were easily dented. He was touched by the gentle confidence with which she told him that she was an orphan and the only support of a large family of brothers and sisters away back East. Of course, as she admitted, she wasn't a very good business woman, but she

had been told that all around Socorro were men who were crying for hairrestorer.

Turkey ordered a couple of cases, and when he rode back to the valley that night wept unrestrained tears over the big family of orphans that must starve unless all the range bought freely of the

"If she'd been an agent for tick dip," he said to himself, "she might make good; or even dope for sheep. But hairrestorer? Humph!"

In rather a halting way he explained the situation to his men when he arrived home, and if his reputation for keeping his word and being a gentleman of surprisingly good aim had not prevailed, it is probable the Star Ranch outfit would have had funerals to attend the next day. As it was, the grins were all of the furtive sort. Then curiosity got the better of the men, and from that time on the trail to Socorro began to show signs of wear.

As a heart-breaker, Mary Brown, sweet, retiring, and coy, would have made Cleopatra seem a mere blacksmith. Her fame spread for many a day's ride, and it was astonishing how many men there were on the range who were in direful apprehension of losing their sunburnt locks, although most of them could have sported signs: "Hair to Let."

They came in cavalcades, and bought hair-oil by the gross. After the first shipment the whole range became odoriferous, and there wasn't a Piute in the country who hadn't drank quarts of it, donated by overstocked cowmen. Had it contained alcohol it could have been no more popular, even in a country where cologne was regarded as a fair beverage.

Mary liked the country, so she built a cabin of great dimensions, not a barbaric thing of adobe, but with lumber shipped in from the West. It cost eleven hundred dollars, Turkey said, and he ought to know, because he loaned her the money. It was a oneeyed cabin, because the man who shipped it forgot to fill the order for glass, and it looked bow-legged, because the section-hands weren't well up on carpentering.

In addition to her hair-oil business. Mary opened up a manicure shop, and at night she rented it for dances and such. But the manicure enterprise was the most successful thing ever opened in Socorro, because apparently all cowpunchers on the range had been in great distress for manicuring before she came.

Some of them were overly distressed. Skink Billings, when he first visited Socorro, had his nails attended to five times in one afternoon. Then he had a fight with Kentucky Smith on the sand in front of the place, because the latter alleged an unfair deal, and Skink reckoned "a feller could git his hands pruned just as soon and as often as he could dig up the price."

Mary Brown separated them, took them inside, and an hour later sent them forth arm in arm, the best of friends, and each with pockets bulging with hair-restorer at one dollar per. That was only a mild example.

Things got so bad that there weren't a dozen punchers in the district who could tie a hog-knot on a steer. Their fingers were too sore from excessive manicuring; but they were a game lot. A man's hands might get too tender for work, but it was never a painful operation to have them held by Mary, although she never clutched palms except professionally. She was a real artist, all right, and believed in art for money's sake. But there came a time when the quick of the range began to be exposed, and to this calamity, also, Mary was equal. She opened a hair-dressing shop, and invented "Marcelling."

Long before it had ever been heard of in the East there wasn't a cowman in that part of Arizona who felt himself equipped for a day's work with mere ordinary straight hair. A weary rider would turn in from his hard twelve hours' round, saddle a fresh mustang, and lope forty miles by the light of the moon, explaining his departure to the foreman by a curt "Got ter go ter Socorro ter git my ha'r and hooks fixed,"

and that settled it.

It isn't commerce and manufacturing that makes a city. That was proven by Socorro. It's manicuring and Marcelling. Before Mary Brown came there were just three shacks in Socorro. Before she had been there six months there were thirty. Most every cattleman had his town cabin, and once a sheepman tried to break in. But he died.

Within six months there were five saloons, two general merchandise stores, and an undertaking establishment, in combination with a drug-store and doctor's shop. The railway put in stock-runs, because there arose a unanimous petition that this be made a ship-

ping-station.

Before Mary came, Mrs. Hank Williams, wife of the section-boss, had been the natural social leader of the camp, but she lost her hammerlock on men's hearts and adulations when Mary came. Marcelling necessitates a half-Nelson on the subject, much better than a mere handhold, and there wasn't a man in the country whose heart had not palpitated beneath Mary's gentle touch, while he was getting his hair waved. It was advantageous, too, because, as Tex said: "It beats the devil how much hair will stand."

Mrs. Hank was of a jealous disposition. She didn't know much about the manicuring game, having been a farmhand before she joined fates with Williams. But she was a mighty lucky woman. Once she drew a prize card in a can of baking-powder, and got a three-by-four camera. And from that she waxed prosperous, but no fatter. She always was fat, anyhow, so that didn't matter. She opened what she called a "High Art Gallery and Studio." The boys laughed at it, because it wasn't so high, after all, being on the ground floor.

Mary acted kind of mean about that. She never had her picture taken, and when Turkey tried to act as a missionary in the cause she bucked outright; said she'd "be hanged if she would." A bunch of people that want anything bad enough get it. So the people in

this case bribed Mrs. Hank.

She snap-shotted Mary, and then surreptitiously bartered the photographs gained thereby, and added doby dollars to her sack. Nobody objected to the price, because five is always cheap for a "right strikin' likeness" of a loved one, and these sure were "strikin'."

Mary didn't know about this, but she did know that the gallery was doing business, because nearly every customer presented her with his own picture. Most of them were mounted on brown paper, with an arrow-pierced heart, cut out of red tissue, pasted in the lower left-hand corner. Some of the boys played the game strong, and had two hearts pasted on the mounting. Mary didn't care. She always thanked them. But the price of hair-restorer, Marcelling, or manicuring never dropped.

But to do her justice one must admit she was real sympathetic. She felt bad when she got a note from Tex Grigsby, who had been lynched for lifting cattle that didn't belong to him. Cashiers of banks have been in the same plight, so it wasn't such a disgrace. Where it hurt Mary was that in his dying moments, as he faced the inevitable end, Tex confessed that his manicuring bills had driven him to theft. Manicuring always has been and always will be one of the greatest dangers to male humanity.

Mary showed philanthropy by buying a tombstone for Tex. It was a plain marble shaft, which, on one side, read:

Tex Grigsby. Who met death suddenly October 19, 1887.

On the other side it said:

Erected by his sorrowing friend, Mary Brown, who does manicuring and Marcelling in the latest fashion. Have you used Smith's Hair-restorer?

There was one modest thing particularly noticeable about Mary Brown. She never bragged of all the cities back East she must have seen, nor interpolated into a conversation "When I was in Wichita, Kansas," or said "You ought to see the swell stores in Omaha. They're just grand." There was nothing boastful about her in this regard.

But, although she never even mentioned where she came from, men felt

this superiority.

Turkey Bill resolved to travel and get a liberal education thereby. He got a chance, after much effort, to go through to Kansas City with a stocktrain. He was a pretty wise sort, and knew that the widely traveled man always has an edge on the fellow who has never been out of his own territory.

But Bill didn't have a very good time. He wasn't quite sure what kind of a game would be braced on him in his absence. He saw all the big buildings in Kansas City, and rode on street-cars for a half-day, then bought a phonograph and a pair of gilt opera-glasses for Mary, and got ready to go home. Traveling wasn't what it was cracked

up to be.

Turkey would have liked to stay longer, because there was a wax-works show he had missed, but he was lonesome, and wasn't used to these down-Easterners. He wanted to talk to some one, but they were all too busy. He finally found the freight-office, where he was to get a return stock pass, and by this time was so nervous that when the man who apparently bossed the railroad barked at him through a grating he was glad it was there. Bill was afraid the man would bite. When he tried to find his contract, he fumbled so much that he dropped all the papers and cigars and other things from his pocket on the floor.

That was the place where Turkey met the real kind man. He showed his kindness by helping Bill pick up the scattered documents, and, among other things, the Mrs. Hank photograph of

Mary Brown.

"Likely-looking girl," quoth the real kind man, as he handed the picture back. That warmed the cockles of Turkey Bill's heart, if it had any. Nobody seems to know what "cockles" are, but, anyway, Bill had them, if anybody did.

The man seemed to be pretty well posted about the town. He took Turkey to a place on Union Avenue where they sold things to drink, and then they got to be real good friends. The stranger's name was Jones, but he wasn't a very formal man, and said he would allow Turkey to call him "Jonesy." He had a real bad cough, which came on at intervals when Bill talked; not that Turkey ordinarily had a whole lot to say, but in his great loneliness and longing he told just how sweet a girl Mary Brown was. Jones didn't seem much interested; anyhow, not enough to cry in sympathy with Turkey, but agreed she must be a "hummer."

Jones said he had consumption, but didn't have money enough to get to a warmer climate, although some of his best friends had recommended him to go there. He wanted Bill's advice as to what a man in such a delicate state of health and pocketbook ought to do. Jones had a good deal of money once, but had lost it doing good for other folks. Anyway, that's what he said.

The more things they found to buy in this Union Avenue place, the more sympathetic and sorry Turkey Bill became. He didn't have much money left, having paid cash for the phonograph, and being compelled to bid pretty high in the auction-store for the operaglasses, because the other fellow knew they were such a bargain; but he was entitled to take another man back on his stock pass, and, having formed a real love for Jones, offered to take him Turkey reckoned if Jones along. wanted a warm climate, there wasn't but one hotter than Arizona; but he hoped Jonesy wouldn't have to go to that extreme.

They had a nice trip West, and Jones' cough kept getting better; but that hasu't anything to do with the story. Most of the boys were glad to see Turkey back, or pretended they were. They took Jones in because he seemed a pretty good sort of fellow, and, in spite of his being such a destitute sort of chap, he certainly was a liberal spender.

Jones wanted to go with Turkey to visit Mary Brown, but Turkey was a little selfish in that respect. He went alone, and took his presents with him.

His new friend didn't seem to mind. though. He was becoming real popular for a tenderfoot, and before midnight every one called him "Jonesy." He sang some, and the boys, to show good feeling, tried their best to help. Their voices weren't so very sweet, because most of the singing they had done was to sleeping steers, but they were

real strong.

Looking back over those early days, it seems odd how every man, as soon as he landed in town, wanted something done to his hands or hair. Jonesy was no exception. He went around to Mary Brown's early the next morning, but early as he was, Turkey and nine others were ahead of him, so he went away fully decided to come back later. Having nothing else to do, he went to the next best place, and visited the art gallery of Mrs. Hank Williams.

The conversation drifted around very naturally to the town pride. Mrs. Hank could say some mighty mean things in the same way a flea jumpsfeel it's there but can't quite put your finger on it. And when she had such a good listener, she preferred to discuss Mary to high art. Her memory for dates was something awful-something that would have made her an orioide nuisance in more staid communities, where people don't want all other folks to know on what day and hour

they were born, or married.

She remembered the very day and train and time that Mary arrived, how she was dressed, what kind of luggage she carried, and what was in the luggage. This latter because Mrs. Hank got confidential with Jonesy and admitted having opened Mary's gripsack and scanned its contents. Jonesy listened attentively to all these details. He was like every other man that came near Socorro-got the Mary Brown bug as soon as he hit the camp. He bought one of Mary's photographs, and put it carefully in his inside pocket, thus confirming his initiation into the secret order of Mary Browns.

Mrs. Hank sighed and smiled as he departed, believing that she had added another steady customer, and began calculating how long it would be before he would appear to have his own picture taken, with a red heart at two bits ex-Then she fell to wondering how a bust photograph would look. All the others she had taken had been fulllength, with either a cigarette or gun in hand. The only novelty she had was one of "Tennyson George"-so-called by the boys because he was a "poetical sort of cuss." Tennyson had his taken with a little bow and arrow he rigged up for the occasion, a cute little grin, and a pair of turkey-wings. The boys said he was trying to look like some kind of an angel, but maybe that was because they were jealous.

But coming back to Jones-when he emerged from the art gallery he couldn't help but notice how everybody was headed for the station. Of course, he knew by that that the train was due. He hesitated between a desire to see the great daily event or Mary Brown. Finally he decided this was just his chance, as probably there wouldn't be any one at Mary's. He was pretty cun-

Just as the last of a lot of empty beerkegs were being put into the expresscar, the spectators of the passing of the train were fairly petrified by the greatest sight ever seen in Socorro. It was Jones, calm and uncoughing, gently but firmly walking with Mary Brown toward the rear platform of the train. And, worst of all, Mary didn't look as happy as a June bride. Indeed, she seemed rather melancholy, and in tears.

The cowmen looked at each other, at Mary and at Jones. Etiquette forbade any interference, if the couple wanted to elope, but somehow it was all so

sudden.

Turkey Bill recovered first, just as Jones and Mary started up the rear

steps of the long, dusty Pullman.
"See here, Jonesy!" Bill called, in a
half-pleading way. "In course, it ain't half-pleading way. "In course, it ain't nobody's business if you and Mary is just runnin' away."

"Yes, it is," came a voice from the "We ain't a-goin' to allow no dam, short-horned, sheep-herdin' tenderfoot from away back East in Kansas · City to come rollickin' onto this range and run off with our Mary. She's got ter give her consent. We don't know but what you're kidnapin' of her to

hold us up fer a ransom."

Loud cries of "That's right! It don't go—it don't go!" came from the throng. Mary seemed pleased, and showed signs of regret and hesitancy at taking this rash step under the beguilements of a man who wore a boiled shirt. She seemed on the point of addressing her admirers, but a low word from Jonesy induced her to remain silent.

It is doubtful if an explanation had ever been given had it not been for the presence of mind of Skink Billings. The conductor had repeatedly shouted "ah-h-o-o-ad," and was in the act of giving an exasperated signal to the engineer when Skink seized him. The conductor was a husky gent, having twisted brakes by way of education before they knew anything about hot air in railway matters. He gave battle vigorously, and with prospects of success, until Skink turned the tide by dragging out a big gun hitherto used on refractory steers.

Then the conductor arbitrated, and decided it was more healthy to wait a few minutes. He wanted to accommodate both the train-despatcher and Skink, but the latter was closer. The conductor accompanied Skink back to the rear platform, and Skink was so companionable that he held tightly to the conductor's coat-collar as the latter

advanced in front of him.

Seeing this turn of events, Jones shoved himself forward and made a

speech.

"You fellows are a set of suckers," he said. "What do you care where

Mary Brown goes?"

Turkey Bill's chest expanded as he broke in with an answer. "Care? Care? You un-Marcelled Piute! I may as well tell you this here Miss Brown"—with the emphasis on the Miss—"is ingaged ter marry me. I'm the bully boy that cares some."

Every man on the platform turned a fiery gaze on Turkey. Some instinc-

tively dropped hands on their holsters. Some were amazed. It looked tricky, and like an under-table deal.

The voice of Jones, in loud, fulllunged, derisive laughter, broke the si-

lence.

"Engaged to marry you, eh? Well, that's good! That's one reason why she's going back East with me. She's under arrest. She ran a matrimonial bureau before she came here, has one husband living, and is engaged to fourteen other gents back there, from all of whom she's got money. And all the backwoods counties aren't heard from yet; but I'm closing the polls right now. I'm an officer, and reckon I'm due to get about three thousand dollars reward for this trip, and, by the way, I'm much obliged to you for the pass. It helped some!"

Jones opened the Pullman door and pushed Mary inside, politely bowing and lifting his hat to the Socorroans as he disappeared. The conductor, being forgotten, waved his hand high in the air, with two fingers closed in true conductorian Delsartism, and the wheels revolved while Socorro stood stunned and speechless in utter bewilderment.

They stood and watched the last vestige of smoke and dust as the train pulled out of sight. Then Skink Billings planted himself in front of Turkey Bill and said very gently: "Pard, was ye lyin' about that bein' ingaged?"

"Not by a hellufasight!" came the sturdy response. "An', what's more, although we was keepin' it a clost secret, bein' under promise, I give her two hundred dollars to buy a ingage-

ment ring with."

More blank amazement, and then loud voices in speech. A close tally disclosed the fact that of twenty-seven men present, nineteen had furnished various sums for the same purpose; nineteen had promised absolute secrecy, and the eight others outside the engagement guild had loaned sweet Mary Brown money with which to bring out her little brothers and sisters from the East.

Turkey Bill silently stepped to the edge of the platform, drew from a

pocket in his shirt a three-by-four photograph of Mary Brown, which he tore to tatters and scattered to the winds. Twenty-six other men lined themselves up and followed his ex-

ample.

Twenty - seven men filed — Indian fashion—to the "Cowman's Rest," and prepared for the night which was to be the most memorable in Socorro's history, while a wise spider began weaving cobwebs over the window-panes through which Mary Brown had been wont to smile. And in the dawn, as he started for the ranch, Tennyson George, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon her door:

Mary was a little lam,
And great upon the borrow;
She gathered all the fleece we had,
And dam near broke Socorro.

There have been but two other exciting events in the history of Socorro. The first was when a man was hanged to a telegraph-pole for attempting to sell a new and wonderful hair-restorer; the second was when a newly arrived tenderfoot accidentally displayed a month-old paper containing the following:

Virginia Whalen, alias Katherine St. Clair, alias Mary Brown, can be thankful that matrimonial-bureau sufferers are of such forgiving natures that, when properly settled with, they decline to prosecute. Yesterday she was discharged from bond, and at the same time learned of the death of her husband, James Whalen. To-day she was joined in the bonds of real matrimony to one William Christian, formerly a resident of Socorro, where he was best known as Turkey Bill. The happy couple will make their future home in Alaska—far from the maddened crowd.



### THE WOOD OF ARDEN

DOST seek the Wood of Arden? Once in an April garden

We saw a path that wound away 'neath apple-blossoms' sheen, And through the amber gloaming

My Love and I went roaming,

Till far we found a forest glade of deep and shadowy green.

In that sweet Wood of Arden, With Youth the rosy warden,

The careless hours danced their way the lilied aisles along; With lilting, light-heart laughter,

And tender glances after,

All the gay wood-folk beckoned us to join their happy throng.

And in the Wood of Arden No pleading prayer for pardon,

No trembling sigh, no tear-fall marred the peace serene and sweet; We danced and sang together

Through summer's halcyon weather,

And each new joy but bound our hearts in fellowship complete.

Oh, long-lost Wood of Arden! Thou'rt not for hearts that harden.

For hands that toil, nor frowning brows, nor brains that plot and scheme! Too soon the world's lure found us,

Its iron fetters bound us,

And thy green paths we'll walk no more, save through the dusk of dream.

Lula Clark Markham.

# THE MYSTERY OF THE UNSEEN SINGERS





HE was waiting for me when I got down to the office that morning. I remember it was a Monday late in May, and my stenographer had not arrived. In her place beside the

door I did not see her immediately, and only her trembling efforts to rise attracted my attention. A whiter or more ghostly effect than that of her snowy hair, pallid face, and deep-sunken eyes all in relief from a severe black dress, it would be difficult to imagine, and I confess that I started the merest trifle as she came forward out of the shadowy anteroom corner, her thin hands extended toward me.

"I hope this is Mr. Lawrence Rand?" she said, in a low, eager voice.

"No, madam, these are Mr. Rand's offices and I am Mr. Duncan, one of his

partners.'

"I am Mrs. Dwight Stokes Coleman, and it is concerning a most important and peculiar matter, which has to do with my husband. Doctor Coleman, the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Disciples Church, that I have come to see Mr. Rand. I must have help at once or I shall go mad myself. My family physician, Doctor Bowles, in Seventy-second Street, came to us at our request yesterday afternoon and recommended me to Mr. Rand. He says that it is a matter outside the bounds of any profession except Mr. Rand's, which seems to be the rendering commonplace of things apparently most extraordinary."

"Perhaps if you state the case, I may

be able to assist you, and I can at least restate it to Mr. Rand on his return from Boston to-morrow."

"He will not be here till to-morrow?"

The note of disappointment in her voice was so intense that I was touched, for the tears were constantly welling to her eyes, and she could scarcely steady her voice as she went on to relate her trouble, after being made comfortable

in my private office,

Relieved of her indirection of statement and put in the proper proportion, her story was as follows: A most mysterious circumstance was weighing so heavily on her husband's mind that she feared he was about to lose his reason, if it was not already impaired. He had obtained a metropolitan parish only that year, was overcoming some bitter opposition among his church members, and was completing the last volume of an important historical work. Altogether, he was at the critical point of his career. and, with two sons and two daughters not yet out of college, everything was at stake.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, a few minutes after he had begun his morning sermon, he heard distinctly a choir singing an anthem. He thought it a trifle unusual, there being no church in the neighborhood from which the music could come with such clearness. The music was very good, and, after the service, he mentioned it to the organist, who sat in the organ-loft immediately behind the pulpit. The organist was certain that he had heard no music, saying there had not been a sound to interrupt the sermon. As a

pocket in his shirt a three-by-four photograph of Mary Brown, which he tore to tatters and scattered to the winds. Twenty-six other men lined themselves up and followed his ex-

ample.

Twenty - seven men filed — Indian fashion—to the "Cowman's Rest," and prepared for the night which was to be the most memorable in Socorro's history, while a wise spider began weaving cobwebs over the window-panes through which Mary Brown had been wont to smile. And in the dawn, as he started for the ranch, Tennyson George, with a piece of charcoal, wrote upon her door:

Mary was a little lam,
And great upon the borrow;
She gathered all the fleece we had,
And dam near broke Socorro.

There have been but two other exciting events in the history of Socorro. The first was when a man was hanged to a telegraph-pole for attempting to sell a new and wonderful hair-restorer; the second was when a newly arrived tenderfoot accidentally displayed a month-old paper containing the following:

Virginia Whalen, alias Katherine St Clair, alias Mary Brown, can be thankful that matrimonial-bureau sufferers are of such forgiving natures that, when properly settled with, they decline to prosecute. Yesterday she was discharged from bond, and at the same time learned of the death of her husband, James Whalen. To-day she was joined in the bonds of real matrimony to one William Christian, formerly a resident of Socorro, where he was best known as Turkey Bill. The happy couple will make their future home in Alaska—far from the maddened crowd.



### THE WOOD OF ARDEN

DOST seek the Wood of Arden? Once in an April garden

We saw a path that wound away 'neath apple-blossoms' sheen, And through the amber gloaming

My Love and I went roaming,
Till far we found a forest glade of deep and shadowy green.

In that sweet Wood of Arden, With Youth the rosy warden,

The careless hours danced their way the lilied aisles along; With lilting, light-heart laughter,

And tender glances after,

All the gay wood-folk beckoned us to join their happy throng.

And in the Wood of Arden No pleading prayer for pardon,

No trembling sigh, no tear-fall marred the peace serene and sweet; We danced and sang together

Through summer's halcyon weather,

And each new joy but bound our hearts in fellowship complete.

Oh, long-lost Wood of Arden! Thou'rt not for hearts that harden.

For hands that toil, nor frowning brows, nor brains that plot and scheme! Too soon the world's lure found us,

Its iron fetters bound us.

And thy green paths we'll walk no more, save through the dusk of dream.

Lula Clark Markham,

# THE MYSTERY OF THE UNSEEN SINGERS





HE was waiting for me when I got down to the office that morning. I remember it was a Monday late in May, and my stenographer had not arrived. In her place beside the

door I did not see her immediately, and only her trembling efforts to rise attracted my attention. A whiter or more ghostly effect than that of her snowy hair, pallid face, and deep-sunken eyes all in relief from a severe black dress, it would be difficult to imagine, and I confess that I started the merest trifle as she came forward out of the shadowy anteroom corner, her thin hands extended toward me.

"I hope this is Mr. Lawrence Rand?" she said, in a low, eager voice.

"No, madam, these are Mr. Rand's offices and I am Mr. Duncan, one of his partners."

"I am Mrs. Dwight Stokes Coleman, and it is concerning a most important and peculiar matter, which has to do with my husband, Doctor Coleman, the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Disciples Church, that I have come to see Mr. Rand. I must have help at once or I shall go mad myself. My family physician, Doctor Bowles, in Seventy-second Street, came to us at our request yesterday afternoon and recommended me to Mr. Rand. He says that it is a matter outside the bounds of any profession except Mr. Rand's, which seems to be the rendering commonplace of things apparently most extraordinary."

"Perhaps if you state the case, I may

be able to assist you, and I can at least restate it to Mr. Rand on his return from Boston to-morrow."

"He will not be here till to-morrow?"

The note of disappointment in her voice was so intense that I was touched, for the tears were constantly welling to her eyes, and she could scarcely steady her voice as she went on to relate her trouble, after being made comfortable in my private office.

Relieved of her indirection of statement and put in the proper proportion, her story was as follows: A most mysterious circumstance was weighing so heavily on her husband's mind that she feared he was about to lose his reason. if it was not already impaired. He had obtained a metropolitan parish only that year, was overcoming some bitter opposition among his church members, and was completing the last volume of an important historical work. Altogether, he was at the critical point of his career, and, with two sons and two daughters not vet out of college, everything was at stake.

On Sunday, the fourteenth of April, a few minutes after he had begun his morning sermon, he heard distinctly a choir singing an anthem. He thought it a trifle unusual, there being no church in the neighborhood from which the music could come with such clearness. The music was very good, and, after the service, he mentioned it to the organist, who sat in the organ-loft immediately behind the pulpit. The organist was certain that he had heard no music, saying there had not been a sound to interrupt the sermon. As a

matter of curiosity, the organist and Doctor Coleman together laughingly questioned the members of the choir. All were positive they had heard no singing. A horrible fear struck a chill to the old clergyman's heart. Was his mind giving away? Were the anthem and the unseen choir the first hallucination, the harbinger of coming mental confusion, and the first sign of the horrible night of the mind?

The next thought, as was of course quite natural, was of concealment, so that beyond what he had said to the organist and the choir, all of which queries had been taken lightly, on their part at least, he let no one into his con-

fidence, not even his wife.

During the week following, his brain was clear, his health normal, and he had almost forgotten the matter, until the morning of Sunday, April twenty-first. When he was in the midst of his morning address there came again, not loud, but with every note clear and distinct, the music of the unseen singers.

The whole anthem was completed as he listened, and it was only with a superhuman effort that he mastered his mind and voice, after a breakdown of a few seconds only, and went on with his sermon. He was completely unnerved, however, and his peace of mind received no support from an incident at the close of the service. The organist leaned over the rail and said as a pleasantry:

"Doctor Coleman, we were listening for any signs of competition to-day, but our neighbors must have retired from

the field."

"So it seems," the clergyman contrived to respond. "However, if they begin again, be sure to let me know

what you think of them.'

Another week of normal mental conditions followed, but again, on the morning of the twenty-eighth of April, he heard the unaccountable music. His signs of shock were so noticeable that two or three persons in the front pews rose, as if to hasten to his assistance.

On going home, after the evening service, Doctor Coleman took his wife into his confidence, and during the week they considered the matter in many long talks. Together they visited the entire neighborhood for two blocks in all directions, and found no church or other place from which the sacred music could emanate at that hour and be heard in the Disciples Mrs. Coleman advised that Church. another clergyman be invited to share the pulpit with her husband on the morning of the fifth of May, merely to make sure that there was not some trick or chance in Doctor Coleman's position in the pulpit. He wrote to a protégé in the theological seminary, and the young man came on for the next Sunday. Without explaining fully to the visitor, the doctor said to him before they entered the pulpit:

"I am often interrupted by the anthem of a neighboring choir. Their music is very good. If you hear them this morning give me a frank statement as to how you think they compare with

our own choir."

Quite as usual, in the middle of his sermon, Doctor Coleman heard the singers.

After the service the young theolog

remarked:

"I suppose your own music must have been in progress at the same time as that of your neighbor's, for I did not catch even a note to afford me grounds

for a comparison."

At all times during the services Doctor Coleman and the visitor had been so close to each other that they could have extended their arms and touched hands. The choir also had evidently not heard a sound, and a friend with good ears within a few feet had heard nothing.

The week following was a severe one for the old clergyman, and on Friday he went to bed, literally on the verge of prostration. The bishop himself filled the pulpit on Sunday, the twelfth of May. By adroit questioning, Mrs. Coleman satisfied herself that the bishop, standing precisely where her husband always stood at exactly the same hour, heard not a note of music!

On the next Sunday, the nineteenth of May, the day before Mrs. Coleman

came to my office, Doctor Coleman had heard the unseen singers once more, with perfect certainty. As a result, he had stood speechless in the pulpit for a moment, his voice arrested in the midst of a sentence, his hand halted half-way in a gesture. After a brief moment he had toppled backward and dropped down in his chair in a state of complete collapse.

The family physician had been called to the Coleman home, had tried out the clergyman by all the accepted tests of medical science, and then had pronounced him to be in a normal physical state, and also quite regular in his mental processes. This opinion the physician had followed by the advice to retain Rand.

I assured Mrs, Coleman we would take up the matter immediately, wired Rand to insure his return, and made a detailed written account of the whole affair; this paper he found on his desk when he came in Tuesday night after I had left the place.

I was just sitting down to a carefully ordered dinner at the club, when I was called to the phone by Rand.

"Say, Dunk, how many churches are there within two blocks of the Disciples?"

"Why, really, old man, I don't know."

"What!" There was bitter scorn in his tone. "Do you mean to say you have not gone over the ground?"

"No; the case is already fully laid out in my report, it seems to me."

His exclamation of disgust cannot be reproduced.

"Well, I will see you at the club in half an hour," he concluded, and hung up the phone. I went back to my ruined dinner, but at dessert, before I had touched spoon to my coveted bar le duc, Rand walked in and insisted on our going together and at once to the Disciples Church.

It was a moist, wretched spring night, and yet for three hours we paced the streets, back and forth, in that vicinity. Round and round every block Rand led me, looking for phonograph establishments, musical conservatories, teachers of vocal lessons, Christian Science reading-rooms, gathering-places of spiritualists, etc.-in fact, any sort of place from which such music as Mrs. Coleman had described could proceed. Rand had secured, on his way up-town, a number of the Herald of Saturday's issue from the news-dealer, who had not made his returns, and had satisfied himself, by the religious notices, that of the eight churches within two blocks, in four directions, of the Disciples Church, there was not one but began its services at eleven o'clock. He had also ascertained the fact that there was no music in progress in any of them in the midst of Doctor Coleman's half-hour sermon.

The club was almost deserted when we went back. Drawing two chairs before the open fire, Rand laid out a complete plot of the section under examination, with bits of string on the rug, and studied it an hour in silence. Then he said:

"This is well worth our while, old We have a problem that is a problem. In the first place, there are but three explanations: hallucination, a manifestation of the occult, and an actual physical phenomenon. Now, we must instantly eliminate the hallucination, for hallucinations don't recur with such regularity. Also, an excellent doctor has diagnosed Doctor Coleman as sane and normal. That leaves us to decide between a miracle and an accident! It must be that Doctor Coleman has heard, literally, these unseen singers. Also, at a regular time, for six weeks, he has heard them singing sacred music, always a choir of four voices, at the hour between eleven and twelve on Sunday mornings. If it is earthly music, it must proceed from a religious gathering. No other source can be found or imagined. We have visited every building within the radius to-night, and know that the only places of religious service are the churches. We have corroborated the church notices printed in the newspaper with the sign-boards by the church doors, and we are morally certain that the hours of service are all at the same time. There is no church within an actual four hundred yards of the Disciples Church, yet Doctor Coleman hears church music very plainly, with ears that are doubtless not as good as the ears of at least five other persons seated about him, who hear nothing whatsoever. With these premises, Dunk, we must eliminate the accident. There is no real music to hear. That leaves us the miracle. He hears sacred music, when there is no real sacred music. There is nothing to disprove the supernatural manifestation, and, on the other hand, there are two things to show that it is a miracle which pertains only to the holy and pure-souled old clergyman. It seems that he only, although with these others about him, has heard the unseen singers. When he was absent, no one, not even the bishop, heard a note. Thus the miracle becomes, logically, our theory. We already have proof of it. However, the miracle I absolutely refuse to credit. That leaves us nothing at all."

He paused for a full minute before

he went on:

"This case is worth our while, Dunk:

well worth our while."

To proceed farther that night was impossible, but bright and early on Wednesday morning we were at Doctor Coleman's house. In going over the case again, however, we found nothing to be in any way different from the facts already in hand, except that although the voices were always the same, the music was different each time. With a note from the pastor to the sexton, we went to the church at eleven o'clock, and, posing as an interior decorator's estimate clerks, we slowly inspected every inch of the interior.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we left, and all that we had found can be told in a few words. The church, more than thirty years old, was deadly commonplace in its details. It had plain old pews, wide and heavy, an old-fashioned organ and loft, in front of which extended a semicircular rostrum with steps at the right side,

a reading-desk at the front edge of the rostrum, and, behind it, the usual shellshaped sounding-board. The fittings around the pulpit were all very plain and simple, although rich in their massiveness. The only really new things were these: the furnace heating appliance had been changed to steam heat, and the gas-fixtures to electric wiring and lights. On both sides of the rear of the church, the high blank walls of business buildings shut it in. Had there been a church no more than half-way up the block, the music there could not have been heard inside the Disciples Church. Rand inspected the organ for sound refraction in sympathy, taking the name of the makers, to telephone them for similar cases, if there were any. This was but one of the extremely ordinary details, all of which went down in his note-book.

I was tired, disgusted, and quite ready to believe the old clergyman mentally unbalanced. Rand was bitterly de-

termined to go on. Said he:

"Duncan, I am going to fly in the face of facts in this matter. I purpose to hunt for the impossible. Kindly arrange to have the Callahan Agency send me fifty men at the studio to-morrow morning to gather data on all the other churches. Then you devote your attention to satisfying yourself that Doctor Coleman is sane."

I did not see Rand that evening. In fact, I did not catch a glimpse of him till Saturday evening. Then he was white, worn, tired, and plainly unsuccessful as he came into the club diningroom, where I was awaiting him, and sat down opposite me with a faint, brief

smile.

I told him that I had gone to Doctor Coleman and had asked him if he had any objections to Niebus, the great brain specialist, knowing the case and making a series of examinations. Doctor Coleman said he had not. I communicated with Niebus, who became greatly interested in the case, and, learning that Coleman was a poor man, waived his fee on condition that Doctor Coleman would come to Niebus' laboratory during the mornings and after-

noons on Thursday and Friday. I was present on each occasion, and saw the alienist performing tests that completely puzzled me, such as setting three watches ticking at different rates, laying them side by side, and requesting Doctor Coleman, from a distance of three feet, to tell which was ticking fastest and which slowest. Also he had the clergyman stand, placed a hot towel over his eyes, clamped his nostrils shut, made him hold a bitter drug on his protruded tongue, and clasp a chestnut-burr between his extended palms. so that the prickles hurt both hands. Among other things, Niebus put him in a chair, turned on an electric machine, shot a current through him at high speed, and, going over every inch of his body, drew sparks to a knob. He made him demonstrate a geometrical proposition, recite poetry, pick out tunes on a music-box, and even vocalize himself. Finally Niebus measured and microscopically examined the clergyman's entire head. As we left Friday afternoon, he asked to go with us to Doctor Coleman's house, walking behind us all the way. When we arrived. he requested copies of some old sermons to read.

"This morning I received this note from him," I said, and passed across the table to Rand the following missive:

My Dear Mr. Duncan: In this report on the condition of Doctor Coleman, I must bear in mind that I am not writing to a neuro-physiologist. I shall take my observations step by step, and preface them by saying that if a man is insane he is unwell in the neurones, or brain-cells. I have never given a patient a more thorough examination. I found him under a great strain, because of dread of a hallucination, but that does not show cause for the insanity to produce the hallucination. Therefore, I sought the source of the hallucination.

In the hereditary qualities of his mind, first considered, there was nothing abnormal. Second, the education of his neurones has been of the old school, one producing uniformly good results, I have found. As a third step, I sought effects from accident, or other exterior causes, and found none but the strain of hard work. This I proved insufficient. Fourth, the relative function of the neurones I traced in the minutest detail, and all were in perfect order, and the

balance between the subjective and objective minds was nearly perfect. Fifth, I found every organ of his body in a normal state. There was no seat for induced neurasthenia in his entire physique. I have always found that hallucinations of sound proceed from diseased neurones whose derangement is reflected sympathetically in the entire nervous system about the ear, yet a microscopic examination of the loops in the lobe of the ear with a radially-lit circle behind it showed them to be neither corrugated, split, nor in any way deranged. I therefore do not hesitate to pronounce Doctor Coleman entirely sane. Yours very sincerely,

ALBRECHT NIEBUS.

"Of course he is sane," said Rand, after he had read the letter. "There is music there to hear, and it comes from heaven or earth. I thought I saw a way to prove its earthly origin when I saw that that sounding-board had been installed by the old Teleautic Company, which attempted to use sounding-boards to gather sermons to be conveyed by telephone to deaf parishioners' pews, or to sick or lazy parishioners' houses. An uncut telephone connection might have made the sounding-board reproduce the music of another church, the boards being very nicely adjusted; but I telephoned the company and found that they had abandoned the entire scheme years ago, and that the three or four expensively built sounding-boards, with which they had been experimenting, had been sold at nominal prices as plain soundinghoards. One of them had chanced to be placed in the Disciples Church. The manager gave me the locations of the others, and was positive that none of them had a foot of wire. I suppose you noticed that the one on the pulpit at the Disciples is movable, not being even screwed down.

"Yes," said I. "And the carpet had no holes for connection, either. By the way, did the Callahan men report promptly?"

"Yes."

"Well, where are we now?"

Rand toyed with the table silver a moment before he answered; then he said curtly:

"I decided on Thursday that since our deductions from the facts in hand resulted in an absurdity, we must take a wider scope for more facts. I have done more in the way of research in this case than I have ever done on any New York case, yet I regret to say we are just where we were. We now catch at a final straw. Will you go with me to the Disciples Church tomorrow morning? I ask this because I have written Doctor Coleman a note, saying that it will be necessary for me to go into the pulpit with him, and I want you to sit in the first pew."

I burst into a hearty laugh at the idea of Rand's posing as a clergyman, but neither the ethical nor humorous phases of the situation seemed to strike him. He was intent on the chase. So I have always found him—his nose close to the scent, from which nothing but what derives importance from the

case can divert him.

After dinner Rand went carefully over all the facts again, and explained the plan for our attending the service. Said he: "If you can see one ray of light, I cannot. We have rounded up all the correlative facts, except what we may get by going through the experience with Doctor Coleman. From the minute details which we already have, however, there is very scant chance of our adding to them anything of any real value by merely doing what the theological student has already done. If we fail—"

"We will abandon the case," I in-

terrupted.

"Not while we have a hook to hang

on," he answered grimly.

The next morning in church, as I thought of Rand in the Washington drawing-room of the Countess Bela-Moulkna, brilliantly playing the rôle of a society fakir and jester, I could scarcely realize that it was the same man who was now before me in clerical garb, with side whiskers (well laid on), hair almost white (with gummed rice powder), nose doubled in size (by rubber-covered quills thrust in the nostrils), reading eloquently in a clear, ringing, sympathetic voice the splendid passages of the twenty-second Psalm of David. The stricken clergyman, his

white head bowed on his hand as he leaned on the arm of his chair, never looked up, after presenting Rand as the Reverend Doctor Carleton Smith, of Chicago, "who would read the morning lesson." During the offertory that followed Rand's reading, Doctor Coleman sat in precisely the same position. With the dying away of the organ, amid a profound hush that followed, he rose and came forward, turning on, in a fumbling way, the movable electric light on his reading-desk, the wiring of which ran back over the sounding-board to the choir-loft. He opened the great Bible on his desk, between whose pages the notes of his sermon were

laid, and began to speak.

From my seat in the first pew, perhaps twenty feet from the exact spot where the speaker was standing, I could observe every movement that both he and Rand might make. Rand was sitting, his hand to his ear, and I knew that it concealed the microphone which always carried for magnifying sounds. On his face was a tense look, and his eyes shone like bits of polished steel. Never for one instant did they leave Doctor Coleman's figure. The highly dramatic situation presented by this large, hushed congregation engaged in Christian devotion, all unconscious of the tragic mystery with which we three grappled, grew so upon me that every one of my senses was on the extreme qui vive.

It was fully fifteen minutes before

anything unusual occurred.

Suddenly the old clergyman's voice took on a momentarily rasping note—an inarticulate cry of agony and desperation! He went on speaking mechanically, with his eyes closed. Rand sat motionless, but with the manner of a tiger about to spring. He was listening, and I could tell from his face that he also was hearing what was beating in Doctor Coleman's ears—the rolling anthem of the unseen singers.

As for me, I could not catch the faintest sound beyond a low, confused murmur. Rand removed the microphone once or twice after a few seconds, then quietly drew some sheets,

apparently a small set of notes from his pocket, found something, folded the pages, and instantly was lost in the most profound thought. Doctor Coleman was staggering, struggling through his address. I stood ready to rush to catch him should he reel and fall forward from the pulpit. There were evident signs of deep concern for him in the congregation. Perhaps it was only two minutes, but it seemed an hour that this situation held.

Then Rand, rising unobtrusively, reached forward and turned off the desk-light. A moment later a look of relief came over the old clergyman's face. He opened his eyes, paused a moment, as if to steady himself, then went on again. Rand waited perhaps sixty seconds. I knew from the hand to his ear that he was still listening. Then he turned on the light once more, and again listened. He next said something in a low voice to Doctor Coleman, and, settling back comfortably, folded his arms and listened to the sermon at his ease. He had solved the mystery.

How I endured the half-hour till Rand and I were walking down the avenue, arm in arm, with the happy old clergyman, I do not know. Doctor Coleman and he had already had some explanatory words together, for the first thing that I heard was:

"But, my dear Mr. Rand, how did you make so wonderful a discovery? I can hardly realize it is a mystery no longer."

"It was really very simple, after all, Doctor Coleman," replied Rand. "Through the Callahan men, I collected in advance, among other things, the musical programs from every church on Manhattan Island. By my microphone I discerned that it was Pfeisters' 'Ave Maria' that was being sung somewhere this morning, its echoes apparently audible to your ears From my indexed notes I alone. found that the only church where this number was being sung was the Church of the Revelation, on the West Side, a mile away, a distance far too great, of course, for the natural conveyance of sound. Instantly, however, it flashed over me that this was one of the churches in which I had learned the old sounding-boards of the Teleautic Company had been placed. Here were the same music and the same soundingboards-but no wiring had ever been put in. I looked at the base of the sounding-board beside me. No wiring was there now! Yet there must be a connection. There must be wireswireless reproduction being eminently absurd. As I sat absorbed in thought, I raised my eyes and chanced to see that the electric wires to the desk-light ran over the top of the sounding-board. One chance in a million of a chance connection by the electric lighting company! Rising, I turned off the light, as you may remember, and the music ceased to be audible. I turned the light on, and the 'Ave Maria' could be heard to a close. You were alone in hearing the faint sound-waves so clearly, because your ears were in the exact focus of the radii of the soundingboard. I noticed yesterday that the other church's services began at elevenfifteen, and I will guarantee, without visiting the auditorium of the Church of the Revelation, that the other board is so placed that the choir sings di rectly into it. If you were in the habit of keeping your desk-light burning all through the service, and if you stood just where you stand when you preach, you would hear the other sermon and all the rest of the music.'

But there was one point still to be explained. Why had the bishop, standing in precisely the same place and exactly at the same hour, heard not a note of the music? By questioning Mrs. Coleman, Rand cleared up this mystery; for she stated that the bishop had preached extemporaneously, and therefore had not turned on the electric light of the reading-desk.

We visited the other church after lunch, and found all the details fitted Rand's theory to a nicety. The moving of a plug in the Edison district plant one-thirty-second of an inch forever hushed the voices of the unseen sing-





ND so the bishop had never married. I hope the sentence fulfils its mission—that it suggests the has been and the might have been that it stimulates curiosity, and saves that

dull part of story-telling that we scribblers call retrospect. I even hope it will give you courage to walk into the episcopal bedroom this early September morning and take a good look at the bishop asleep in his ancestral fourposter.

A liberty? Not a bit of it! He doesn't care—he has no toilet secrets of an adjunctive nature—he is a hale, sane, good-looking man of forty-three, with plenty of nose, dark, closely cropped hair, a beautiful mouth, a trifle large, and a brown skin shading into reds. He has a clerical taste for the razor, and wears neither beard nor mustache, but his cheeks and upper lip are slightly blue from an overnight's growth, and the hands flung out in relaxed comfort on the cool sheet are vigorous and handsome.

We might as well go now, for his servant is coming into the room, an Englishman of middle age, who had once drifted into bad company, and had been rescued and employed by the bishop, and as a return tyrannizes over his master with the zealous fidelity of a bulldog.

Hawkins snapped up three windowshades, and, laying the morning mail on a little table by the bedside, remarked: "A fine day, sir."

The bishop opened a pair of honest hazel eyes, buttoned the top button of his blue-and-white pajamas, and said:

"Nonsense, Hawkins, you needn't tell me it is time to get up, when only a moment ago I heard the clock strike six."

Hawkins admired the boyish element in his master, and chuckled over his skepticism as to the flight of time as he busied himself with his various duties; and, while he was drawing the bath, the bishop stretched out one of the hands we admired, and took up the bundle of letters. The top one was in a little gray envelope directed in a hand vertical, small, feminine, full of character and-alas!-of reminiscence; for the bishop's complexion took on a fresh tint of red, and he blessed the city water-works of Coaltown for serving second-story taps in dribbles, so that, Hawkins being detained in the bathroom, he could read his letter in solitude. The direction was:

To the Right Reverend Frederick Brabazon, S. T. D., Coaltown, Ilvania.

It seemed almost an act of vandalism to tear open the small, perfect square, but the bishop was not one to dally with fate, and here was something momentous—he felt it to his finger-tips. He had need of his courage, for the letter belonged to the *might have been*, and to a pain that wouldn't die for all his struggle.

OVERLOOK, NEW JERSEY, Sept. 1.

My Dear Fred: You may think me abrupt—in view of the past—to announce in the self-same letter my engagement and the day of my marriage—a month hence, Oct. I—but at thirty-two a woman (presumably) knows her own mind and has no time to waste. My future husband is Everard Brachet—known to you and all the world as a force in finance. Oh, pshaw! why am I so stilted? I mean he is rich and important, and I am proud to have won him. What you and the world cannot know are his warm-heartedness and intimate charm.

I should never have been a good wife for a clergyman—not even for a bishop, though that might have held allurements seven years ago—and so give thanks that a snare is forever taken from your path.

Will you marry us, dear Fred? I wish it most earnestly, not only on account of the old kindness that must never, never change, but also because of the peculiarly beneficent quality that lurks in the episcopal blessing.

Most affectionately, your cousin,

FRANCES STRAIN.

It was not meant to be a cruel let-

ter, but it hit hard.

Hawkins turned off the water and came into the room—he examined the number on the tag of the shirt lying on the floor, and, finding it 10, he selected 11 from the drawer of the wardrobe, and proceeded to put in the studs.

At this point the bishop offered conversation. There was no sleepiness in his eyes now, and his mouth was set sternly. He, like many another sufferer, was feeling the fierce excitement of bearing pain.

"Do you recall any special engagement for the first of October?" he

asked.

Hawkins' memory was an animated compendium of the book of engagements—diocesan and social—that stood on the library table, and its accuracy was unimpeachable.

"Sailing for Europe, sir, at two-

thirty on the first.'

"Bless my soul!" said the bishop. "So I am. But that doesn't interfere

with the morning hours."

Hawkins stared and said nothing. He knew the bishop's way of driving and hurrying, and taking chances of so risky a nature that an hour's delay might knock a carefully arranged program into episcopal smithereens—but

he also knew that words were useless; so he laid out fresh underclothes, stropped the razor, and remarking: "Your bath is ready, sir," withdrew from the room.

I am not sure but what a cold bath is a heart-tonic in more ways than one. Outward sensations have a way of distracting the attention from inward pain like innocuous mustard plasters, and the ordinary routine of civilized habits performs the part of Paraclete to the bruised spirit without our recognizing its healing grace.

Thirty repetitions of getting up and going to bed—of eating and drinking—of professional work that need not be recorded in this unspiritual story—and then September died with its sensuous fulness of color and sweetness, its delicate hoar frosts, its momentary pause, where days and nights are equal—and the vigil of his trial had come.

The bishop felt that he accomplished the large and small duties of this month with creditable accuracy, but in reality he should have recited the Non Nobis with an inclination of his head toward Hawkins, for it was that admirable person who schemed and planned, who jogged his master's memory, who whispered in the ecclesiastical ear: "You have forgotten to eat your soup, sir," and who-when the thirtieth camepacked the luggage, took sleepingberths on the night train to New York, and, having caught his master at almost the last moment, shut him into a cab with an injunction to the cabby to "drive like 'ell." He himself followed in a second cab so heaped with trunks and bags and valises, with sea-rugs and umbrellas, that even the policeman coming round the corner recognized the touring nature of the equipment, and remarked that he "guessed our bishop was going across the pond."

The train chug-chugged all night, and the bishop slept with a semiconsciousness that provoked endless dreams. One was very persistent, in which Brachet always wore his robes and married him to Frances, and finally he waked with a happy sigh which memory turned into unhappiness, and

found the train so near New York that he felt constrained to get up and begin the whited-sepulcher performance of dressing in a sleeping-car. No wonder he had dreamed about his robes, for there they lay, beautifully folded, on the top of his valise in layers of thick satin and diaphanous lawn, with a protruding flash of scarlet from the academic hood, that lent a splendor to the dress. Underneath, Hawkins had packed the toilet articles that make for cleanliness in the mere man that under-

lies the prelate.

Stimulated by the sight of clean linen, the bishop drove straight to his club upon reaching New York, secured the refreshment of a bath and some breakfast, and by ten o'clock he was crossing the ferry to Hoboken to catch his train to Overlook. From that selfsame town of Hoboken would sail a few hours later the great steamship that was to carry him and his troubles to lands beyond the sea. The ferryboat passed close to the steamer's pier, and he could see the activity of preparation, and the thin line of smoke coming from the huge funnels. He had no reason to sigh for the wings of a dove to bear him away, the monster ship would do that for him as soon as a short misery was overpast.

Wedding-guests were flitting about the cabins of the ferry-boat-men in frock coats and silk hats, women in gauzy dresses and fluttering veils-but the bishop felt unsocial-grouchy he called it, in sudden recollection of schoolboy slang-and so he hid himself behind the morning paper, and made Hawkins stand in front of him, using the valise as a further barricade. Hawkins' spirits were grave with the weight of resolution taken and half-repented-he had been obliged to choose whether he should go all the way to Overlook with his master, or whether (having put the bishop and his valise on board the train) his time might not be better employed by returning to New York and personally transporting the luggage to the steamer. Like all great souls, he had decided in favor of the absolutely helpless. The luggage won, but the bishop looked strangely absentminded. Anxiety pricked Hawkins like

"You'll not forget, sir, that the vessel sails at two-thirty," he bleated, as they passed with the crowd through the railway-station.

The bishop nodded.

"And your return-train leaves Overlook at 'alf after twelve, sir," he added, pulling a time-table out of his pocket and presenting it to the bishop.

They were nearing the private car set apart for wedding-guests, as Hawkins offered printed proof of the train's itineracy, and the bishop, seeing a refuge at hand from the well-meant nagging, braced his patience and answered

amiably:

"You want to remind me not to wait to return with the other guests in the private car, but to catch the twelvethirty from Overlook, if I don't want to see the steamer kicking her heels at me half-way down the Narrows! Is that it, Hawkins?"

The man grinned, set down the valise carefully (it was a new one, and nicely lettered), and took his respectful leave, but before the train was fairly in motion he scampered back for a last

word of warning.

"Who hever 'elps you dress, sir, don't let 'em disturb none of your toilet harticles hunderneath the robes; and bid them mind the button as fastens your 'ood." And he was gone.

"I begin to understand the leprosy of Gehazi," soliloquized the bishop. "Elisha had to get even with him!"

People came and talked to him in the car, and he answered with his lips, but his heart was far from them. In an hour they reached Overlook, a lovely, unsettled part of the New Jersey hill 'country, with a little booth of a railway-station, 'a few shops and cottages, and here and there a gentleman's place crowning a wooded knoll.

As there was no church within easy distance, the wedding was to take place in the Strains' drawing-room, and carriages were waiting to transfer the

guests to the house.

The bishop was received by Mrs.

Strain, an elderly widow, and a servant carried his valise to the upper room where he was to dress. The service was due in twenty minutes, and the bishop was exactly ten in putting on his robes. As he came out of his rooma striking figure in his picturesque costume—the door opposite also opened, and Frances Strain stood framed in the square of the doorway. Behind her the sunlight came streaming through the flaming maple-tree against the window, touching her veil and dress with flickering splendor, and tipping the points of her diamond tiara with splashes like She was pale-composed-infifire. nitely sweet.

The bishop caught his breath at the loveliness of the vision. He had known her beautiful, but something had been added in fineness-in charm of expression.

She came rapidly forward and took

both his hands in hers.

"Dear Fred," she cried, "this is kind of you. I knew I could count upon your friendship at the cost of any amount of inconvenience." Here she paused and raised her eyes pleadingly. "If I should confess all that is in my heart of contrition and affection I might cry, and that wouldn't do for a bride-would it?"

Was it only his fancy, or was there a sudden moisture in the eyes he loved?

"If you are happy, my dear, that is all the confession I want," he answered, pressing Brachet's rings into her fingers with ruthless fervor.

She stood away from him and nodded her head gravely, and Brachet's coronet caught new lights, and flashed its diamonds triumphantly.
"Yes—I'm happy," she declared.

There was a vibration in her voice that puzzled him, and yet her smile confirmed her words.

His hand rustled under the satin and lawn of his robes, and he brought, from some hidden pocket, a tiny box. It held a flexible chain of small diamonds for her arm, and he clasped it on with fingers far steadier than his heart, while he said:

"It is not a link with the past,

Frances; it belongs only to your fu-

"Diamonds?" she commented, with a whimsical raising of her eyebrows, but it brought no response.

He turned and picked up the prayerbook he had laid down while fastening the bracelet, and she, realizing that the interview was at an end, said impulsively:

"But I haven't thanked you yet," And with that she put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him. "Say good-by, Frances Strain!" she murmured.

In such supreme moments there is but one refuge-the commonplaceand Frederick Brabazon fled to it with his conscience fainting and his manhood in tatters.

"Of course I'll say good-by to her, and wish her joy here and now, for I shall have little time after the ceremony. You know I am sailing at twothirty, and I must catch that early train back to Hoboken."

"Saved!" cried the brave heart of him. "Saved by a way-train to Hoboken!"

But the bride had become common-

place as well—a mere mortal, exclaiming with horrible anxiety: "There isn't any early train! A new

time-table goes into effect to-day. You will lose your steamer!"

In five minutes she was to be married—the sacrifice her caprice had entailed on her old friend was assuming awful proportions.

At that moment her maid came out of the room and handed her her gloves.

"Ask Mr. Brachet to come here," she commanded. "You will find him in the library."

Almost at once he joined them-a small man, with a look of habitual concentration on his old-young face, and an expression pleasant, though a trifle shrewd.

She put out her hand as if welcoming him to a conference.

"Everard," she said, "my cousin, Bishop Brabazon, is going to miss his steamer through a change in the timetable of this wretched little road. Do you think-"

She paused, and turned her gentle eyes on Brachet, just as she had turned them five minutes before on her old

over

"By all means," he said heartily, answering her thoughts. "Bishop Brabazon must come with us in the automobile as far as Hoboken. We needn't leave here till a little after one," he added, addressing the bishop, "and that will give Frances all the time she wants to see her friends and get something to eat. The post-road is more direct than the railroad. We shall do it with fifteen minutes to the good. Give me two minutes to speak to my chauffeur now."

It is all very well to exchange farewells with the love of your life, and to resolve to tear her from your heart forever, but it doesn't make the process any easier to start with her on her

honeymoon.

Brachet chose to guide the great machine himself—he always mastered everything he owned, and knew the temper of the monster to its inmost valve. Where so much depended on making the promised time, he wished to be in control. The bride and the bishop sat behind; three valieses and a dressing-bag were thrust in; Brachet glanced over his shoulder, nodded, and

they were off.

Even the quick response of the motor couldn't quite protect its occupants from the shower of rice and slippers that belongs to such occasions, and, during the run, every time Brachet slowed down, the bishop helped the bride to shake the telltale grains from her hair, from the little embroidered collar round her neck, and from the tucks and frills of her blouse. A faint odor of violets, that seemed part of herself, made his heart beat fast with old memories (a curse on sweet smells for reminiscence!) and then he noticed that she wore a bunch of violets-Brachet's violets-at her belt, and he winced.

There was one delay of ten minutes at a drawbridge, and Brachet's mouth looked set, but the bishop, whose breeding was admirable, talked lightly of other things, and betrayed no nervousness.

They approached Hoboken from the north, and went racing down a steep, suburban hill, and there they encountered a one-horse truck with a load of cabbages zigzagging up, and caught its hind wheel and strewed the road with incipient sauerkraut, but the chauffeur tossed out a card he had in readiness with his master's name and address, and promise to make good, and on they flew. At a railway-crossing a freight-train as long as a week was approaching at a snail's pace, and the chance of reaching the track ahead of it seemed hopeless, but Brachet put on speed, and flew under the descending gates with so close a shave that the bishop's hat escaped by half an inch.

"Shall we do it?" asked the bride breathlessly, and the chauffeur answered yes, but Brachet never turned his head. Past the Elysian Fields (or what is left of them!), down the broad thoroughfare of the town, eastward to the river, and there was the steamship pier, with trucks and carriages hurrying out, and one figure in the gateway dancing with mad impatience and ges-

ticulating wildly.

"Two minutes to spare—good-by, bishop," said Brachet, pulling off his goggles and shaking his guest's hand, while Hawkins seized him and went tearing toward the gangway like a maniac.

Before they reached it, however, the chauffeur overtook them with the bish-

op's valise.

"We came near forgetting, sir," he said, handing it to the distracted Hawkins, and the bishop and his servant were the last passengers to reach the deck.

There was a wan, exhausted look on Hawkins' face that told of fatigue and biting anxiety, and as soon as they were under way the bishop sent him to get some dinner, and added kindly:

"Don't come back to me this afternoon; I shall not want you for any-

thing.'

It was a relief to be alone after the excitement of their mad drive in the

motor, and the bishop stood looking at the receding Jersey shore with a sort of quiet pain that he hardly recognized as pain, after the sharp suffering of the day. Suddenly a beautiful yacht came steaming down the harbor directly in their wake, and, passing almost under their stern, made for the East River. A man and a woman were leaning on the taffrail, and the woman lifted her veil and waved her handkerchief. It was Frances Brachet. Would this agony never be over?

The bishop felt dull and middleaged; he thought he was physically tired, and sat down near two young girls, who were talking loudly of their own affairs. As he took his seat, a few grains of rice that had lodged somewhere in his clothes fell to the deck, and the girls giggled audibly, and whispered in French (as poor as their manners) that he must be nouveau marié,

but where was the bride?

The bishop started to his feet in a frenzy of exasperation, and went to his cabin to brush the rice from his coat. There, at least, he would be safe from annoyance, save from his own thoughts. His steamer-trunk was unpacked, and its contents neatly arranged for his convenience, but the valise that held his brushes lay unopened on the sofa.

He drew the key from his pocket, and, smiling to think how Hawkins would disapprove of such an assertion of independence, he began fumbling with the lock. But truly his capacity for self-help had been sapped, for try as he would the lock would not yield, till, with one mighty effort, he gave a simultaneous jerk and twist, and the hasp burst free with a click, and disclosed Frances Brachet's dressing-case packed for use on the yacht. Across the top, in their leather fittings, were brushes and combs, and all sorts of

toilet articles—mirrors and gold-topped bottles, and folded within were delicate garments trimmed with lace and pink ribbons, while lying cozily side by side, a pair of high-heeled pink slippers displayed an embroidered silver rose on either toe.

It was only an ordinary collection of feminine necessities, but Frederick Brabazon staggered back from it as if he had been struck between the eyes. A perfume of violets intoxicated his senses, his heart beat with hard, stifling throbs, a vision born of the lace and pink ribbons laid warm lips against his cheek, his arms went out in passionate yearning—for one brief moment the four walls of his cabin shut in him and his love.

At the end of several hours Hawkins knocked at the door, and, receiving no answer, entered to find his master sitting on the sofa with his head on his hands.

"Will you change for dinner, sir?"

asked Hawkins.

The bishop roused himself with a

start

"By all means," he said cheerfully, "but you will have to see what the barber can do for me in the way of razors and brushes. That chauffeur gave me somebody else's valise—an awkward mistake all round."

Hawkins bustled off on his mission, but half-way to the barber-shop an idea caught him that really doubled him up

with mirth.

"F. B.!" he exclaimed. "The bride's hinitials as well as 'is. My heye, but that's rough on the lidy. Look 'ere, 'Awkins, you thunderin' h'ass," he continued, addressing himself, "perhaps the next time you'll 'ave sense enough to stick to your dooty, and let the bloomin' luggage go by express."

# INFLUENCE

EVEN as the odors of a garden flower
Are borne in devious ways on still night air—
So, in each life bides an unconscious power
To waft its influence we dream not where.
EUGENE C. DOLSON.





GREAT deal has been written about me and about my work, and in what I have read I find that much stress has been laid upon the so-called "romance" of my life.

I myself cannot believe any young girl's life to be less romantic than mine has been. I do not mean to argue or to disagree with those who have written about me, but it puzzles me to understand why my life has been so pictured to those who do not know me. I look back over my life, and I find the days when I was a little child all blur and run together in a confused haze of memory, just as your childhood days must do; dim-remembered events there are, which waver through the haze like distant street-lamps in the fog. And there I find no romance, only the life of an English girl, who has been wonderfully blessed in her friends, and so has been enabled by them to study and to cultivate the gift which God gave her—the gift of music.

People are pleased by the music, and wish to hear it, and so I play to those who wish me to. When I was a little girl I played my violin in the streets to help my father earn money with which to live, then friends gave me the chance to study, and soon I played better, and more people wanted to hear me play. That is all. I suppose that people think my life romantic because, as a little child, I played in the streets, and since then have played to the

queen and to other great people, but that does not seem strange or unusual to me, because I have had the opportunity to study under the greatest teachers in all the world; and I have studied with all my time and strength, and so have learned more than most people have had the opportunity to learn. And if I know so much more than most people know about music (because I have had the opportunity to study more), why should not even queens wish to hear what I know?

It seems most natural and simple to me, and as for being romantic!—I believe that there are many other people to-day who, if they had had my opportunities and were able to study with such teachers as I have had, would play better than I do, if they have in their hearts as much love for music as have I. That is it—if they love it as I love it, then they must play as I play; those who love music more than I do will surely play better.

People have asked me if, when I play, I am conscious of my audience, especially when I am playing to such a great personage as the queen.

Such questions surprise me, for how can I be conscious of anything less than the soul of music? I could not play unless my soul were in the music, and then there is room for nothing else, and nothing external can intrude itself upon me. I feel surrounded by the presence of the great composers, the souls of those men whose music I am making live again, and I feel that they are watching me; listening to me and to

the work they love so well. If you write anything, even a letter, and then hear some person read it aloud, you who listen will note every inflection of tone, every shade of understanding and appreciation of what you have written. That is the way it seems to me with music; they are watching you in poised suspense, wondering if their thoughts will be understood—will be appreciated merely from the notes of music, which are all they could leave behind.

When I was a little girl I used to wander from print-shop to print-shop, and gaze reverently at the portraits of the great masters, until their faces became as familiar as the faces of my father and mother; and now, as I play, I see these faces sharply outlined in the midst of the great wavering blur of the faces of my earthly audience, whom I do not see. And from these dreamfaces the eyes watch me and I watch them—can I make the stern faces soften? Are they pleased? Can I do justice to their genius?

Who would not be inspired when feeling such an influence, such a pres-

ence?

And Paganini! I hold in my hands his very own violin—the gift to me from a great nation—he loved it—he watches it jealously; with all my soul I must play, in order that he may know that I, too, understand and love.

Then sometimes I wonder what I should have done if I had never had the chance to go on with my studies-I should always have played. I know this, because as a little, little child music had such a compelling effect on me. I scarcely remember when I myself did not play; and my mother has told me how music affected me when I was a baby; how it would waken me from the soundest sleep, no matter how softly the music was played, and how I was affected insensibly by the various tones I heard—now stirred and restless, now made dreamy and content, just as my father made his harp resound with some stirring ballad, or as he caressed from it some of the plaintive, lulling airs of which he was so fond. The neighbors, so my mother says, used to stand about me and watch with wonderment the effect the music had on me, and they saw from the very first that I loved music, and would some day be able in some way to produce it.

I myself remember how, when I was four or five, I used to creep out of bed at the first notes of music, which floated up to me from the kitchen, where my father and some of his friends played for their mutual pleasure in the evenings, and I would steal out of my room, quite forgetting the cold, and I would go sit in my little night-dress upon the dark stairs.

We lived then at Newcastle-on-the-Tyne-where I was born-in a very old, rambling house, the back of which hung over the river. There was always the rushing of the water and its lapping murmur against the piles; when the wind blew, the old house creaked and groaned, and loose shingles flapped and rattled savagely. And then there rats - how they scampered were through the walls, and how the wind moaned in the chimney! Nothing I could have been given would have made me courageous enough to stir out of my bed without the music. Sometimes, when my mother was unable to sit with me till I fell asleep, I would cry in my terror of the dark, and of the strange, wild sounds of the water and the wind, and the scampering, squeaking rats. And then, from below, would come the first quavering notes of the harp, and the violins, and a flute, perhaps, and instantly the fear would leave me, and I would tiptoe across the cold, creaking floor, and huddle breathless with ecstasy-insensible to everything but the music-upon the stairs, until I became so cold I would have to get back into bed.

I have so often heard my mother tell of the night when I held a violin for the first time, that my memory is quite clear on that picture, though I was so very young—only five.

That night my father had gathered about him a larger number of his friends than usual, and the music was wonderfully sweet; it drew me out of bed at the first note, and then step by step\*down the stairs, until I stood entranced at the very door. And some one, opening the door before I could scurry away, caught me and carried me into the fire, where I nestled in my mother's arms.

"She will soon fall asleep," my father said, and he would not let my

mother put me to bed again.

The music was resumed; there were

four violinists, I remember, and all my attention was centered on them.

When my father saw how keenly delighted I was by the music, he made my mother dress me again-lest I take cold-and then I went from one musician to another, and stood at their knees, looking into their faces with a childish gravity which made them laugh with pleasure. My father wished me to come stand by him, where he stood thrumming the great gold harp, but I would not leave the violinist, at which there was a great laugh, at my father's expense. "Old Jerry"-I do not know him by any other name, and he has been dead so many years that even my father remembers him only as "Old Jerry"—was playing first violin, and suddenly, as I stood at his knee, he stopped his playing right in the middle of the selection, and caught me up on his lap; the rest went on for a few more uncertain bars, then came to a lame stop. "Lord bless the dear child," said old Jerry. "She shall have a fiddle of her own, and"-turning to the others and to my father, who were all staring at him-"Edward Hall, she'll be a greater fiddler than any of us."

He put his own cumbrous violin into my hands, and with his trembling old fingers he taught my baby ones to hold the violin and the bow until my arms ached with the delightful task. And next night, sure enough, he brought to the house a tiny little violin, which would have been little Jerry's if he had lived. And so on that very night my violin instruction began with my father and old Jerry as teachers.

They taught me all they knew. I was nine when I made my first concert performance in the Newcastle Town Hall, and some wealthy gentlemen were

so pleased with my performance that they wished to send me away to be educated at their expense. But my father would not part with me, and we went away to the little hill-town of Malvern, where my father and I played together at the street corners.

But we had not been there long until Herr Max Mossel, who was principal professor of the violin at the Midland Institute at Birmingham, became interested in my playing, and gave me a year of private instructions, and then obtained for me a two years' scholarship

in the school.

in his care.

I wish I might write of every one who has been kind to me—no girl ever had such friends as I have; could I make you know them as I know them, then you would have your hearts gladdened by the knowledge that such men and women live. I want to say that it has been only by their kindness that I have been able to study and to develop the music which otherwise would have lain dormant in my soul.

To friends in Birmingham I owe the trip to London with my father, in order that I might play for Wilhelmj. I shall never forget his face when I finished playing a Greig "Sonata"; he sat perfectly still for a long while staring into the fire, then he leaped to his feet, and, rushing at my father, flung his arms about his shoulders and demanded—demanded, begged, pleaded, all in one breath, that I be left at his house and

The months which followed lifted me to heights of understanding which I did not know before ever existed. I was fifteen when I won the Wessely scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, and it was then that I received the bitterest disappointment of my life; my father was not only too poor to provide my expenses in London during the time of the scholarship, but also he needed my help at home to provide for my mother and my two young brothers and little baby sister, who were in great poverty. My people had moved to Bristol by then, and so I joined them there.

We, my father and I, played together

in the Bristol streets, he with his battered old harp, I with my violin. Those were dark days for us; times were very hard, and it used to make my heart ache to see the faces in the little crowds about us as we played. Hungry, sad faces there were in those Bristol crowds, especially when we played along the docks and the water-fronts—down among the great idle ships and upon the empty quays in the chill, dreary fog. Only the remembrance of my mother and the children at home induced us to take the few coins these people could so ill afford to give.

I used to dream, as I played, of coming back to these people some day when I had become a great violinist, and showering sovereigns upon them for every h'a'penny they gave to us, and I used to pray that I might soon be given the chance to go on with my studies, in order that I might the sooner be able to help these people who were now

helping us.

I believe only this fierce ambition and desire to help these people kept me up during this time. And the music, too, helped them; I really believe it did. They used to gather closer and closer about us as we played, and for a time they would forget their own misery. I remember they used to like "Ben Bolt" best of all we played, and sometimes I wonder, as I play some grand, soul-stirring composition in a crowded concert-hall, if the people to whom I play are one-half so moved as were those Bristol sailor-folk by our simple, homely airs.

The simpler forms of music still make the strongest appeal to me, for I feel that those compositions requiring great technical facility must bring despair to the hearts of young violinists who are unable to give the years of study necessary to acquiring such tech-

nical proficiency.

When one must be conscious of technique, then the soul leaves the music. How much better, then, is such music as Chopin's "Nocturne"—as simple and pure and sweet as the words of a little child talking with its mother; there is in that air all the sweetness, all

the absence of self-consciousness and striving for effect that there is in the prattle and laughter of the child.

Can you not hear her speak in the music, telling the tale of the day, telling it as she stands at her mother's knee, there in the firelight? The tale of the daisy-fields, and the games the children played, of how cool the water felt as they plashed in the brook, and how the summer sun glowed on the fields just outside the cool shadow of the great oak-tree. Then a peal of laughter at some remembered jest, as clear and tinkling as the water rippling over moss-grown stones. A plaintive note creeps into the story-how tired she became as the shadows lengthened and the games flagged. Oh, she was so very tired-but she laughs again as she tells how the others made a chair with their hands and carried her home, and how they sang as they trudged home in the twilight. And now she is tired again, and wants to go to bed, and the soft little voice becomes softer-drowsier, and then trails away, fainter, fainter-more sleepily as the mother arms bear her up the stairs and into the dimlit nursery. Into such music one can put one's soul.

But at last there came out of the crowd a friend, one who was to prove himself a truly great friend, Canon Fellowes, for, through his aid, I was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Roeckel, of London, and they at once took steps to help us. Through them my father obtained a position which enabled him to care well for his family, and left me free to accept the three-year scheme of study planned for me. For a long time my father hesitated to sign the agreement which gave me into the control of others for three years, but he at last came to see, as I had seen long ago, that I had been blessed beyond most girls in my love for, and appreciation of, music, and that with such opportunity to study it would be quite wrong not to go on. And so he signed the agreement, and I went away to London under Professor Johann Kruse, and there also I studied German and

French.

Then came the opportunity to study under the most famous teacher of the violin in all the world—Professor Sevcik; and so, in the autumn of 1901, I went to Prague, and studied there for a year and a half. It was with Sevcik at the same time that that wonderful boy genius, Jan Kubelik, was studying, and my acquaintance with him I count as one of my greatest privileges.

And now came my début, my coming-out concert in Prague, at which I played the Tschaikowsky "Concerto in D," and "Adagio" by Vieuxtemps, and Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo," and after which I was recalled thirty times.

I have had my share of unusual experiences, which, I suppose, fall to the lot of all who are in the public eye. Some of them are amusing, some an-There is noving, and some pathetic. one episode of my former American tour which it is gratifying for me to recall. At the conclusion of one of my concerts I received a hasty note from a woman, unknown to me, begging for an interview in the most striking language. I was so much impressed by the request that I felt too much curiosity to refuse it, and arranged a meeting, to find in my strange visitor an elderly woman, obviously in profound distress. Eyes red with recent tears, and a voice breaking with deep feeling betrayed her emotion, and I felt more than ever anxious to learn the cause of her sorrow.

She at last informed me that she had been connected some years before with a series of frauds for which an entirely innocent person had been brought to book. Although she had often felt before the twinges of conscience, she had never, she said, had the enormity of her offense brought before her with such full force as she had that day during my performance, which had so touched her heart that she was determined to give herself up to justice, and make what reparation she still could for the wrong she had done, by rescuing the innocent sufferer from punishment. She came to thank me for the change I had effected in her feelings.

Needless to say, I reckon this tribute to the power of music as one of my

greatest triumphs.

I cannot close this article without some mention of my dear instrument. I really feel for my beloved "Strad." quite the affection that a mother has for her child, and I would unhesitatingly say that I owe more than half my success to its excellent qualities. It is worth about \$8,000, but I would not part with it for anything, for it is really a splendid instrument, and I should be very doubtful whether I could improve on it by a change.

## 26

## AT TWENTY

N growing old, as all grow old,
T've found for life the wisest rule:
Tis in old age to play the sage;
In youth it is to play the fool.

Oh, keen blows life when young is life, And I have breathed its freshness in With deep-drawn breath; the scorn of death, The pang of love, the sweet of sin.

Must I turn gray, as all turn gray,
I'll not have lived in vain, forsooth;
Though not in age I play the sage
At least I play the fool in youth.
CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.



Old-time plays and old-time methods. "The Tattooed Man" another profitable medium for Frank Daniels. A donkey the chief feature of "The White Hen." "The Reckoning" grim, tragic, forceful and intense. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" dull, and no longer a sensation. "On Parole" pretty and agreeable, but the subject is out-of-date. "Peer Gynt" a snare and a delusion, but Mr. Mansfield in the title-role to be commended



HATEVER glory history derives from its much-vaunted propensity to repetition the drama may safely arrogate to itself. As if exhausted by its splendid flights into the

realms of a new theatrical renaissance, the drama of the month has fallen back into the lowlands trod by its forefathers.

To cap the climax, along came Ben Greet with an exhibition of the plays of Shakespeare to suit the queen's taste—that is to say, Queen Elizabeth's taste. He, at least, was honest. He did not attempt to palm off Methuselah for Peter Pan. His sign read: "These goods were shop-worn three hundred years ago; this way for your antiques."

George Broadhurst, Louis Evan Shipman, Harry B. Smith, and other gentlemen of letters were not so frank. They pillaged museums of their dramatic curios, and advertised their loot as the latest spring novelties.

And yet—to be as honest as Ben Greet—of all the month's products, "The Tattooed Man," a comic opera that was old when Lillian Russell wore pinafores, will linger the longest on Broadway. The explanation? There is none. Theatricals are a paradox which no man has solved. They have to deal with that will-o'-the-wisp, that vague, transitory, fickle uncertainty, the public taste.

The man whose capital made "The Tattooed Man" at the Criterion Theater possible was fearful of the outcome. Under its original title of "Omar," as written by A. N. C. Fowler, a tyro, it possessed a novel theme, a sort of parody of "The Rubaiyat," but the experienced producer grew apprehensive and discarded it. He summoned to council Harry B. Smith, a prolific librettist who once said that he cared not who wrote the plays of his country if only he drew the royalties. Mr. Smith has never been caught napping. He keeps a supply of renovated plots and ready rhymes for emergency purposes. In his experienced hands "Omar" became "The Tattooed Man," and the latter became another profitable medium for Frank Daniels.

The opera is in two acts and a curtain-speech. This speech always has been a good one. It is as much a part and parcel of Frank Daniels' performances as the fluffy-haired chorus girl or the tenor's moonlight serenade. He

has rewritten it this season by adding an extra gesture to the peroration. The order of merit demands that it be men-

tioned first.

Nearly every oldest inhabitant of comic-opera land participates in the plot. There is *Omar*, acting as regent of Persia in the *Shah's* absence; there is *Patima*, the ugly character lady; there is *Abdallah*, an Arab chief who delivers submarine solos, and there are the "imported American bridesmaids," the "four wards," the "dancing slaves," and the complete list of names one expects to find in a comic-opera census.

Here is the toothsome plot: Omar, the acting regent, is about to execute Abdallah because that bellowing son of the desert has dared to love Leila. Just as the ax is raised Omar discovers tattooed on Abdallah's neck a scarabæus, the duplicate of one near his own collar-button. The significance of this is—what a multitude of ideas does operatic license save—that all men thus tagged are doomed by the gods to die on the same day. Thereafter Abdallah is dressed in the finest silks, given pie six times a day, and otherwise showered with Persian luxuries.

When the Shah returns he conceives the brilliant idea of beheading Omar. The regent escapes by prophesying an eclipse, which arrives on schedule time. That scene has always been funny. It was funny when Mark Twain wrote it in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," it was funny when Harry B. Smith first borrowed it for "The Wizard of the Nile," and evidently the public still likes it, for large audiences continue to gather at the Criterion Thea-

ter.
Comedians are largely a matter of taste, but the majority of playgoers are agreed that Frank Daniels, with his pudgy personality and his educated eyebrows, is grotesquely and somewhat roughly amusing. In "The Tattooed Man" he makes his entrance in a palanquin equipped with hot and cold drinks, and announces that he has just arrived from "the land of the midnight souse." Then he delivers himself of this opinion: "Early to bed and early

to rise, and you'll meet no prominent people." His eyebrows do the rest.

Of the score one may not write so lightly, although it is in Victor Herbert's lightest vein. Falling short of the beauties of "The Fortune Teller" and "The Serenade," the melodies are the most tuneful this distinguished composer has recently given us. The success of the piece is partly explained by the fact that in the second act there are less than fifty lines of spoken dialogue. Since the opening performance a wise management, following department-store methods, has marked down that fifty to forty-eight and a half, or thereabouts.

In spring metropolitan man's fancy lightly turns to love—and musical comedy. It is quite the fashion for Broadway managers at this time of the year to drive from their doors the sober, serious plays of winter, and joyously welcome the lyric nothingness that is set to music and reenforced by a carefully trained chorus. As usual, the Casino is now having its regular spring musical-comedy sale.

This particular vernal season the compote is "The White Hen." Its only amusing feature is a donkey that serves as a confederate to Louise Gunning while she sings "That's Why the Danube is Blue." What Frank Daniels' eyebrows are to "The Tattooed Man" this donkey's ears are to "The White Hen." They are the plot, the humor, the leading comedian, and—well, Louis

In five minutes this donkey creates more laughter than does Mr. Mann in two tedious acts of the stupid reiterations which hold him in the center of the stage until all the comedy of his scenes has lapsed under the statute of limitations.

Mann is the star.

There is a plot in "The White Hen," and one of these days some intrepid explorer will discover it. For the present, Casino patrons content themselves with the knowledge that the title refers to a hotel in the Austrian Tyrol, By the exercise of courage and patience the patron may also learn that Louise Gunning sings charmingly, that R. C. Herz

as a musical comedy Lawyer Marks is whimsical, and that after hearing Lotta Faust try her voice thoroughly there is reason to urge her to continue her dancing lessons. Miss Faust is like the little girl who had the little curl. When she dances, she is very, very good; but when she sings, she is awful.

Over at the hapless Berkeley Lyceum Theater, the house of a thousand scandals—theatrical, not social—there has been running a play which is worth the effort it has cost. The little piece is of the exact caliber to fit snugly into the pygmy playhouse. "The Reckoning" is its title, and it is grim, tragic,

forceful, and intense. Its appeal lies in its intimacy, its natural commonplaces. In the original German, by Arthur Schnitzler, the title was "Liebelei," a term which does not admit of an exact translation. Only recently have American dramatists attempted to place the little things of life, the humdrum, every-day happenings on the stage, although they have formed the bone and sinew of German, French, and Yiddish drama these many years. Rachel Crothers, in "The Three of Us." and Channing Pollock in "The Little Gray Lady," have been the first American dramatists to appreciate their value.

"The Reckoning" is merely a page from life—very humble life. The story is simple, and is told simply, yet it is real drama with laughter, and heartaches, and a "big" moment. Long ago the same story was told in the two lines;

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'Tis woman's whole existence.

In the first act two young men are giving a little supper in a bachelor-apartment to two young women. The young women are pretty and poor. They chat naturally. They help each other to wine and cake naturally. They pass the olives naturally. You know that with the men all this is sheer folly, a passing caprice, and that with the young women it is love. It is made apparent that one of the young women, *Christine*, is experiencing with *Frits* her first love-affair. All of this is demonstrated without one of the stage's

many subterfuges. The supper-party might take place in any bachelor-apartment—with the janitor's permission.

The gaiety is interrupted by a ring at the door-bell, and a stranger enters. He brings the first dramatic thrill. He is the husband of a woman with whom Fritz has committed an earlier folly. So tightly is this wonderful little play packed that in two minutes the husband has told his story and challenged Fritz to a duel. The two young women are not present at this conversation, and leave the apartment ignorant of what has taken place.

In the second act Fritz calls on Christine to bid her good-by. He tells her that he is going into the country for a few days. Again one is impressed with the all-consuming love of Christine.

In the third act she is waiting—waiting for *Fritz*. She cannot understand his prolonged absence. Then *Theodore*, his companion of the supper-table, enters. His very appearance tells the story to all but *Christine*, who will not believe. He is dressed in black. *Fritz* is dead.

"But why did you not tell me this before?" demands *Christine*.

"You have no idea how much I had to do," replied *Theodore*, and you recoil with *Christine*.

"I shall attend his funeral," she says.
"It is too late," mumbles *Theodore*; "he was buried this morning."

"But why was I not notified?" asks Christine.

"Well, you see," he replies, "it took all my time to get word to the relatives and near friends."

Under the bitterness of the words "near friends" she almost collapses, but she nerves herself to inquire the cause of Fritz's death. Then comes the horror of the knowledge that he died in a duel over another woman, which is followed by the only outburst of the play. While this situation is a little too obvious to have the full effect of a tremendous dramatic surprise, the dénouement is intensely tragic. It grips and convinces and bangs away relentlessly at one's heart.

After her agonized outburst Christine

dashes from the house to seek Fritz's grave.

"Stop!" cries *Theodore*. "Don't go. You will find another praying there."

"I shall go," sobs Christine, "but not to pray."

"She will never return," cries her old father, and you know instinctively that

he is speaking the truth.

Remarkably well played, too, is this little dramatic episode, for it is scarcely more than that. Albert Bruning in two brief minutes as the avenging husband gives a rare exhibition of the power of insinuation and suggestion behind the footlights. His lines are few, he appears only once. Nevertheless, his acting makes a deep impression. Katherine Grey as Christine is inclined to be too vociferous, too noisy; but otherwise she distinguishes herself. Phyllis Rankinand her name always brings back meniories of "The Belle of New York"-as the second young woman, a milliner, is positively delighting.

Of course, the question at once suggests itself: But why do we watch tragedies? To which the reply is that, as a rule, we don't. We might extend them a heartier welcome if there were more of the Arthur Schnitzler brand.

To George Bernard Shaw's infinite dismay, no doubt, New York is now able to witness performances of his plays without sustaining a severe moral wrench. Imagine "Mrs. Warren's Profession" being offered in our midst to apathetic audiences, and without arousing the wrath of Anthony Comstock or shrieks from the penny dreadfuls.

Everybody remembers Maurice Barrymore's retort to the man whose resentment at being called a thief took the form of the remark: "If we were in Texas I'd blow your head off."

"Well," replied Barrymore, "if your honor is a mere matter of geography,

we'll say no more."

New York's morals seem to be a matter of chronology. Madame Pilar Morin, the pantonimist, once enraged the authorities here by going to bed on the stage in "Orange Blossoms," though prima donnas have been doing it all season in "Fra Diavolo," and it is considered quite the proper operatic caper. One woman, partially disrobing in "The Turtle," was stigmatized as indecent in 1898; a dozen women, frankly negligée, scarcely draw comment to "A Parisian Model" in 1907. A year ago the announcement of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" called for police interference at the Garrick Theater; now the play is produced with the same scenery and the same awful Mrs. Warren at the Manhattan Theater, just around the corner from the West Thirtieth Street policestation.

And, after all, what a tempest in a tea-pot was all this fuss over Shaw's weak attempt to create a dramatic sensation! The intervention of the police is not required for a play such as this. A year ago at the Garrick Theater, after Anthony Comstock's threatened raid and warnings from the commissioner of police, ticket-speculators received as much as thirty and forty dollars for a single seat. During the first week of the play's recent revival those same speculators, misled by their harvest reaped under different conditions, vainly cried their wares on the sidewalk at greatly reduced prices.

It is not the purpose here to discuss Shaw, the propagandist, but Shaw, the playwright. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," as a play, is dull, listless, and not altogether clear. Mrs. Warren's arguments against child-slavery and for the improvement of womankind's condition are a shallow and unsatisfying proxy for the drama of action. The average New Yorker will not be injured by listening to them. On the other hand, he may gain a much needed two hours' sleep, for after the first act the dialogue is quite likely to lull him to gentle, unresponsive slumber.

In any case, there lies "Mrs. Warren's Profession," the book, between its two covers. Whatever good it may accomplish upon behalf of the factoryhand and the shop-girl will come from its perusal, not from its performance.

There was a time when to be a successful candidate for the Presidency of the United States one must have a Civil War record covered o'er with blood and metals. Also, there was a time when we expected and demanded a stirring war-play at least once a week. Those times have passed. That fact alone precludes Louis Evan Shipman's "On Parole," produced at the Majestic Theater, from going down into history as one of the gorgeous successes of

1907.

The play is there, the characters are there, the craftsmanship is there; but the subject is as old as the tale of *Barbara Frictchic*. It is impossible to be offended by "On Parole." An average leaning toward the truth impels one to call it pretty and agreeable. Twenty years ago it would have been great, as "Shenandoah" was great then.

No one, even to-day, will feel buncoed for having invested in it. In fact, he probably will determine on the spot to watch for the next play by Mr. Shipman, and to pray that on that occasion he selects a topic more in accord with the contemporary peace and serenity of

this nation.

Constance Pinckney is an adorable heroine, and Major Francis Dale is a stalwart hero. They represent opposite sides of the bloody chasm. The story does not warrant repetition in detail. Francis is quartered in Constance's Virginia home, and he loves her. A duty, such as the lover in "The Pirates of Penzance" sings a tedious tenor solo about conflicts with his love. Their paths separate until after General Lee's surrender, when he restores to her the young brother she has missed and mourned.

Of the cast, it is enough to say that Charlotte Walker is *Constance* and Vincent Serrano is *Francis*. Of the production, the guarantee lies in Henry

Miller's name.

Giant spasms of criticism have followed Richard Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt," at the New Amsterdam Theater. The proper thing, of course, was to let loose torrents of hysterical ecstasy over the play, the star, and the scenic wonders. A few of the reviewers, however, broke training on this occasion and refused to submit to discipline. One of the foremost unhesi-

tatingly called the "phantasmagoria" inane. Another, playing upon the title, declared that Mansfield's "Peer Gynt" was not peerless. Others had spent the night in hunting for symbols, and the

day in applying them.

"Peer Gynt" has come and gone, and beyond the peradventure of doubt, never to return. A public that is honest in the cold, bleak world outside, whatever it may be when prejudiced by the inspiring applause of a high-browed claque within, has rendered a verdict from which there is no appeal. To the lay mind "Peer Gynt" is a pretty poor substitute for "Rip Van Winkle," "Peter Pan," or "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." That is, strictly speaking. In other words, "Peer Gynt," within the four walls of a theater and after a football contest in front of the box-office window, is a snare and a delusion.

"Peer Gynt" is a wonderful poem, worth any man's reading and study. Or, accept it as a fairy-tale and it is charming. To give it a significance of which Ibsen himself never dreamed is only

ludicrous.

Ibsen wrote of the critics and his poem: "They have discovered much more in it than was intended by me."

This frank confession, however, does not necessarily disturb the reviewer bent upon lauding Ibsen and Mansfield wherever and however he finds them.

Yes, "Peer Gynt" is just a great poem, but because of the same merit no one thinks of attempting to dramatize the "Iliad" or "Paradise Lost." all possible credit is due to Richard Mansfield for the enterprise and ambition which have induced him to produce it. It is difficult to think of another actor who would have taken the risk, or, having taken it, would have come so near to success. As Peer, the youth in the hills of Norway, as Peer, the middle-aged man abandoned by his sycophantic companions on the coast of Morocco, and as Peer, aged and weary on his return to the patient Solveig, he settled at least one point. He may not be the best actor in America, but most emphatically is he not the worst.



What constitutes a successful story. "Her Son" a notable example. The June number of Ainslee's to be of more than ordinary distinction. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's "The Bird of Time" a brilliant achievement. "The Corner House" by Fred M. White, immensely diverting, in spite of faults. "The Rome Express" by Arthur Griffiiths, another good detective story. Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's "Bettina" simple, but told with peculiar charm. Hysteria everywhere pervades Thomas W. Lawson's "Friday he Thirteenth." "Sampson Rock" by Edwin Lefevre, a good Wall Street story. "No Friend Like a Sister," a representative example of Rosa Nouchette Carey's work



R. VACHELL'S story, which has been appearing serially in Ans-LEE'S MAGAZINE since the February number, will be concluded next month. It has progressed so far that it is

possible now to make, with some degree of accuracy, an estimate of the effects it has produced. Since the manuscript was first submitted and read there has never been any doubt here as to the merits of the story not only as a story, but as a literary achievement as well; we do not feel called upon to qualify anything we said about it in our aunouncements.

But it is not an invariable rule that a good story will make a successful serial. Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, for example, writes stories that have great popularity as books, but as serials they are practically failures. As a matter of fact, there is no possibility of accurate prediction as to the results of the publication in instalments of any story. In view of this uncertainty, AINSLEE's has reason to congratulate itself upon the outcome of the latest experiment it has made in this direction. "Her Son" has turned out to be an extraordinary

success, for it has done more to stimulate talk about it than any story that we can at present recall; talk, that is, among the reading public—which is, after all, the real test.

It is no easy task to find a story suitable for serial use, for in spite of the large element of chance involved in the question of its success, there are certain requirements that must be met, some general and some specific. Therefore, it must be considered that AINS-LEE's has been favored to an unusual degree, for none of its serials has been a failure: indeed, most of them have been eminent successes. In proof of this we recall the stories of David Graham Phillips, Marie Van Vorst, Edith Wharton, and May Sinclair, a series brought to a climax by that of Mr. Vachell, who, though not so well known in America as the others, has demonstrated his fitness for that distinguished company.

"Her Son" will be concluded in June. But in the meantime we have not been idle. Our efforts to secure a worthy successor for it have been diligent and persistent, and in the June number we shall make an announcement that we believe will stir the interest of our readers profoundly. For the present we

content ourselves with saying that a new story has been obtained, the rights to which cost the sum of five thousand dollars, and we believe they are worth

every penny of it.

Besides the conclusion of "Her Son," the June number will contain a list of stories that will give it much more than exciting ordinary distinction. An vachting story is furnished in the novelette; it is the work of Francis Metcalfe, the author of "The Stormy Petrel Intervenes," which appeared in the April number. There will also be the first of a series of interesting short stories of the detective type by Robert E. MacAlarney, and an intensely dramatic tale by H. F. Prevost Battersby, who recently published a most extraordinary novel called "The Avenging Hour." Stories of the West, of humor, and of child interest will also find a place.

Considering the amount of diversion afforded by Fred M. White in his book "The Corner House," published by R. F. Fenno & Co., it would be ungracious to criticize it because of literary defects.

It is a book of which it may be said that "the story is the thing," and so long as it holds and absorbs the attention, other matters may be disregarded. Most readers will be candidly enthusiastic about it; the fastidious will be apologetic; but all will read it.

It is a straightforward, old-fashioned detective-story; sensational and melodramatic, it, you please; frankly and openly regardless of everything but the story. In this the author shows his wisdom, for more than half of the attraction of this type of tale lies in the conscious recklessness with which it is told

The story begins with a murder and ends with a suicide. The reader is not long kept in the dark as to the real character of the Countess Lolage. She is plainly an adventuress, but for some time it is uncertain whether she is of the sort to take the chances that the logic of her situation presents. The dif-

ficulties that prompt the murder accumulate as the story proceeds and the countess finds herself obliged to shift the burden to other shoulders in an attempt to divert suspicion from herself. Gordon Bonce is made available for this purpose, not only by circumstances, but by the resentment felt by the countess at his rejection of her affection.

A novelist, Gilbert Lawrence, does the detective work in the case, and the description of his methods is something decidedly new, especially as to the way in which his interest is first enlisted.

The book is to be recommended for what it stands for—an absorbing mystery tale.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's "The Bird of Time" is fitly described by the publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co., as the author's "brilliant first book," and it must not be inferred that the adjective is to be qualified in any way by the fact that it is a first book; it is absolutely a brilliant achievement.

It is one of those rare books, the adjustment of the parts of which is so delicately exact, the organic entity of which is so complete that any attempt at an analytical review would be an injustice to the reader as well as the author, and it is full of atmosphere.

Its sub-title, "Conversations with Egeria," will convey an idea of its method. In substance it is a discussion of topics of vital interest to women by a coterie of delightful people drawn together in the intimacy of friendship by the attraction of Egeria. They are Castilia, the Judge, the Bishop, the Poet, the Commonplace Man, and the Editor of a Woman's Magazine. Some of the subjects considered are "What Women Like to Read," "The Quality of Charm," "The Art of Giving," and "Is Love Enough." They are not in any sense a series of disconnected talks, but are molded into a harmonious whole by the charming love-story.

The character of Egeria predominates. She is a woman of broad culture and refinement, deep sympathies, with an insight into the facts of life mellowed by experience and controlled by intel- 'constructed about a familiar theme. It Her judgments are always uncompromising and comprehensive, but never dogmatic, always balanced by perfect good taste, expressed in the choicest English and aptly illustrated by anecdote or quotations. The other characters, all well done, are skilfully used to develop and emphasize that of Egeria.

While the book will make its chief appeal to women, it cannot fail to be of great interest to all classes of readers. and not least to those who appreciate

literary excellence.



"The Rome Express," by Arthur Griffiths, L. C. Page & Co., is another detective-story, one of a little different

caliber, but also extremely good work. This differs from "The Corner House" in respect to the tribute it makes to the efficiency of the police authorities who are not obliged to rely on amateur aid. But as the authorities are Parisian, and therefore proverbially keen, too much credit must not be claimed by those of other places-New

York, for example. A murder is committed on a sleeping-car attached to a train running from Rome to Paris. Of course all the passengers are detained, and in the examinations which follow-most of the action of the book being embraced in them -the previous connections of the persons ultimately found to be concerned in the crime, directly or indirectly, are brought out.

The author has allowed it to be inferred, in his conclusion, that the murder might have been justifiable, or, at

least, unpremeditated.

The style is easy and flowing, of just the sort to make the reading of the book rapid, while the story itself rivets the attention. It can be read in one sitting, and in most cases will be.



Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd's new book, "Bettina," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a rather slight love-story is not a thriller in any sense of the word; there are no tense situations nor emotional climaxes. The story is very simple and straightforward, obvious

from the first chapter.

Nevertheless, it is a tale in which most readers will find ample compensation for the money and time which it costs them to read it. Its chief attraction consists of Mrs. Brainerd's manner of telling it, the indefinable essence, commonly called "atmosphere"-which is, after all, but another term for the influence of the author's personalitywhich pervades it and gives it its peculiar charm. This is characteristic of all of Mrs. Brainerd's previous work.

The characters in the story all share the advantages of the author's method. Willoughby Peyton and Bettina Morton are the principals in the love-episode, and, of course, are the subjects of specially tender consideration. are depicted as people of the sort that one would be glad to know intimately, and it is with the greatest reluctance that leave is taken of them at the con-

clusion.

Out of the misunderstanding which brought about their first meeting they are led to a happy dénouement, avoiding many, but not all, of the obstacles usually found in the path of true love.



The case of Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, has so far developed as to add zest to the speculations of pathologists, for the novel, so-called, entitled "Friday the Thirteenth," which he has just published through Doubleday, Page & Co., is a symptom of the progress of the "delusion of grandeur."

Serious consideration of this book is a matter that must be left to the scientific psychologist. Literary criticism is not concerned with it, beyond the momentary diversion that it affords as a curious product of hypertrophied imagination struggling with an unfamiliar task, as well as an obvious attempt, undertaken with self-complacent assurance, to break into the "literary game."

In default of anything upon which to base a valuation, the critic, perhaps overzealous but yielding to a desire to be helpful, may, nevertheless, venture to direct the attention of his scientific friends to one or two aberrations the significance of which he leaves them to determine. Readers of Mr. Lawson's more recent output may have been interested to observe the appearance and rapid growth of the hyphenating idiosyncrasy. At first it seemed merely a harmless pleasure, but it has advanced with cumulative effect until it has now reached the state of obsession, and suggests the necessity of clinical examination. This book is full of it, its most aggravated manifestation appearing on page 161, where the unneighborliness of New York people is described as "Keep - your - distance - we - keep our - distance - until - we - know youness."

The bald anticlimax on pages 148 and 159 may be symptomatic of an interrupted continuity sufficiently grave to make a favorable prognosis doubtful: it is not for a layman to decide, and, therefore, is left, with the hyphenating trouble, to the consideration of experts.

Hysteria, which pervades the book throughout, is not of itself serious, but taken in conjunction with other symptoms, prolegomenary and otherwise, it may have significance.

It is due to the publishing and reading admirers of Mr. Lawson who believe in him, to express the wish that time may not overtake them "yesterdaying in hope's graveyards."



"Sampson Rock" is a Wall Street story of a very different sort from that of Mr. Lawson. Like all of Edwin Lefevre's work, it is well worth while, and extremely interesting. There is in it some suggestion of frenzied finance, but not enough to make it extravagant or unconvincing. It is no such solemn phantasmagoria as "Friday the Thirteenth."

The theme is, of course, not new, the plot follows lines more or less conven-

tional, but the sequence of episodes is such as to stimulate and sustain the reader's interest throughout, especially in the perturbations caused by the operations of the junior Sampson Rock in Virginia.

The motive of the tale is to be found in the introduction of Sampson Rock, Jr., to Wall Street and Wall Street's methods in which his father is a skilled and experienced, and hence more or less unscrupulous, manipulator, Rock comes into the Street with most of his youthful illusions about honor, and undertakes to further his senior's plans without sacrificing any of his own ideals. The elder man, unaccustomed to quixotism in the Street, is filled with consternation when he discovers what his son has been about in Virginia, but after several vain attempts to head him off, comes to realize his helplessness, and becomes a spectator in the triumphant result. One cannot help feeling, a little cynically, perhaps, that circumstances arrange themselves more or less fortuitously for the young man, and that his final success is due as much to that as to his own good management. A love theme runs through it, as usual.

It is a good story, told with a thorough knowledge of inner workings, and developed reasonably and with a sufficient degree of self-restraint. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.



The "Young Person" is to be congratulated again upon the appearance of a new book by Rosa Nouchette Carey. It has very truly been said that "Miss Carey's books are most desirable" because they give wholesome and pure views of life so entertainingly. "No Friend Like a Sister," published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, is a good representative of the type which its author has made so popular. Not only are the views of life therein expressed wholesome and pure, but the aims and ambitions of all its characters are conventional and harmless.

It is true that one of them is forced, by the exigencies of novel-writing, into

a rôle something like that of a villain, but the Reverend Gale Warburton is, after all, hardly more than a clerical stage property, and his villainy involves nothing worse than over-blown self-importance which resents the aspiration of his sister to marry "a fine specimen of the English yeoman."

The sisters, Frances and Elinor Gresham, are fine women. Frances is the intellectual, capable, managing type of woman, the ideal head of St. Monica's Nursing Home, always ready to arrange for others the details of their lives, to point out the straight path and divert from the crooked, ever confident in her own clarity of vision. Elinor, the high-minded but fascinating sister, finds her duties in life in worldly activities leading ultimately to happy marriage and domestic peace.

The chief concern of the sisters is centered in Bride Gresham, the wife of their brother, an attractive but somewhat frivolous little woman laboring under a sense of her guilt in shrinking from joining her husband in his three years' sojourn as a missionary to South African savages. Bride is more or less oblivious of her sin, but its magnitude is finally brought home to her by "an arrow at a venture" in a sermon by the celebrated missionary, Reverend Forbes Rutherford, when he says "No cross for me on earth: no crown for that weak soul in heaven."

The conclusion is all that it should Bride is reconciled to her conjugal duty, Elinor marries the man of her choice, and Frances prospers in her good work at St. Monica's Lodge.



### Important New Books.

"New Chronicles of Rebecca," Kate Douglas Wiggin, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. "Running Water," A. E. W. Mason, Cen-

'Congressman Pumphrey," John T. Mc-Cutcheon, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"Before Adam," Jack London, Macmillan

"Felicity," Clara E. Laughlin, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Isle of Dreams," Myra Kelly, D. Appleton & Co.

'Poppea of the Post Office," Mabel Osgood Wright, Macmillan Co.

"Where the Trail Divides," Will Lillibridge, Dodd, Mead & Co. "Fanshawe of the Fifth," Ashton Hilliers,

McClure, Phillips & Co. The Thinking Machine," Jacques Futrelle, Dodd, Mead & Co.

"The Traitor," Thomas Dixon, Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Long Road," John Oxenham, Macmillan Co.

"Mr. Barnes, American," Archibald C. Gunter, Dodd, Mead & Co. "Norroy, Diplomatic Agent," George Bron-son-Howard, Saalfield Publishing Co.

"Haunters of the Silences," Charles G. D.

Roberts, L. C. Page & Co.

BETH SLATER WHITSON.



## FRIENDS AND FOES

WERE seeming friends but friends indeed. Or plain outspoken foes: Of sympathy we'd have less need, To mitigate our woes.



### **Every New Day**

Should bring to you the simple joy of living—the opportunity to do—to achieve.

The birthright of every man, woman and child is success—the power to think—to act; the capacity for continued, concentrated, successful work.

It is a well established fact that the quality of brain and muscle depends upon the food you eat.

Don't keep a rickety, unproductive thinker.

Change food!

## **Grape-Nuts**

is scientifically prepared—contains the certain necessary elements that will build back mental and physical <a href="health">health</a>, and the new feeling from a ten days' trial will prove the fact to you.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

# PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

## Has Your Family the Saving Rope

of Life Insurance Protection? As Mountain Climbers tie themselves together for protection, so Life Insurance Strengthens Family Ties and lifts the Burden from the family when the Father is gone. Let us tell you the best plan by which you can give your family full protection. Write To-day, Dept. 90

## The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. H:

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

Write for Booklet, by Alfred Henry Lewis-Sent Free.

The only way you can hear the great singers when you want to.

Victor IV

Other styles \$10 to \$100

Write to us for complete catalogue

London has its opera in the summer.

New York in the winter.

The Victor season never closes— Melba, Caruso.

Schumann-Heink, Scotti and the other

great artists always in your music-room.

Ask your dealer to play Grand Opera or any other music you like, on a Victor.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.

Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berlines Gramophone Co. of Montreal, Camadian Distributor

A thousand new Victor records every year—issued monthly. Simultaneous Opening Day throughout America on the 28th of the preceding month.

## The Ham of Quality

Armour's "Star" Hams and Bacon are taken from Cornfed Hogs, because these produce the finest and the firmest meat.

They are taken from Barrow Hogs, because they have the fullest flavor.



They are taken from Young, but fully matured Barrow Hogs, because these combine tenderness with firmness, thin skin with delicacy of flavor.

Each "Star"
Ham weighs
not less than eight
pounds, nor more
than twenty
pounds.



## Note this Label

It means exactly what it says—"simon pure" leaf lard, in the pail, without an ounce of other fat in it. Moreover, it is the lard of selected leaf, refined by the best process yet invented—an absolutely pure, "dry," perfect product—the very cream of lard. And the government seal—that strip of tin across the top, bearing the "U. S. Inspected and passed" stamp. There's Uncle Sam's guaranty that this lard is pure leaf. And you know pure leaf lard is the best of all shortening. But—"to be sure use 'Simon Pure.'"

## American Girl Postal Cards

consisting of reproductions

from the popular Armour Calendar Girls - the Christy Girl, the Hutt Girl, the Gilbert Girl, the Peirce Girl, the Anderson Girl, and the Fisher Girl — the complete set of six will be sent in exchange for 25 cents or metal cap (accompanied by 2 cents return postage), from jar of

## rmours **TRACT** *y* **BEEF**

The best extract of the best beef.

Rich, meaty, wholesome, and palate-tempting soups - soups that nourish and delight, without overheating - are best made with Armour's Extract of Beef. It imparts a tempting aroma and flavor—gives zest and snap to every soup creation.

"CULINARY WRINKLES," our little cook book written by Mrs. Ida M. Palmer, tells of scores of appetizing ways in which Armour's Extract may be used. It will be mailed free on request. Address, ARMOUR & COMPANY, Chicago.



## Bacon at its Best

Armour's "Star" Bacon, in glass jars and tins, is both a food and a relish. Try it once. Bring it to the breakfast table piping hot. Golden brown, crisp and savory, it rouses every



gustatory sense! And it nourishes. It's especially good for children, the doctors sayso easily digested and very strengthening. And they will take to it as they would to candy! That's because of the delicate flavor and tenderness - the inimitable quality of Armour's "Star" Bacon.

## Wash-Day Troubles Ended by a "Self-Working" Washer Use It a Month FREE

Send No Money. We Pay the Freight



NYTHING familiar about this picture? Pleasant sight—isn't it?
Cook going on "short notice"—housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash-lady." getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in

the tub and the rest on the floor. Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?

Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?

Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?

Do you depend on laundries?

If so, glance at the picture down on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.
The "1900 Self-Working Washer" does

all the drudgery.

Water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the

All that is necessary to start the work is to turn a water faucet or an electriclight Then you do nothing more.

And assoon as a tubful of clothes is washed a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.

You don't have to tend this washer. It doesn't need anything but mere watching. It works itself.

No rubbing-no drudgery-no work for you. Only a twist of your fingers to start or to stop

the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.
All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity, and the "Self-Working Washer"
And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost

over, and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered faundry bills, and lessened wear and tear on all your washables,

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to loco-

motion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before. For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces, and get them spotlessly clean, without breaking a thread. There is nothing about this washer that can wear

out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges; pull off buttons nor break them. And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets, rugs, and get them as clean as clean can be.

To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer"

one full month FREE.

We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.

You can use this washer for four weeks' washings, and then, if you don't find it all we claim-if you don't see how it will save its own cost—save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes-save time and trouble and servant



We make this offer because we know the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will do all we say-and save all we say.

And if you keep the washer, you can, if you And it you keep the washer, you can, if you wish, pay for it out of what it saves for you. Pay us by the week or by the month (suit yourself) until the washer is paid for. Write for our catalog today. Your request will bring you our illustrated Washer Book, by return mail.

[Let a "1900 Self-Working Washer" solve your Wash Day Troubles Jeken washers and the solve of the solve of

Wash-Day Troubles-keep your servants contented
-save your laundry bills-and save your clothes.

1900 Washer Company, 3067 Henry Street, Binghamton, New York Or if you live in Canada, write my Canadian Branch, 355 Youge St., Toronto. Ontario.



among your last year's Wash Fabrics —there are

Some to save Some to give away Some to use again Before you decide, Wash all with

## Pearline

-you'll be surprised at the change. Those you give away will please better, but the number will grow small, for PEAR-LINE will make most Wash Fabrics so like NEW that you'll get another season's wear out of them.



MORE MILLIONS

## Pearline

THAN EVER BEFORE Because more Women are telling friend and neighbor that PEARLINE is the greatest known washer and cleanser. That it works without rubbing—hence does away with the worst of the Work and Wear and Tear to which Women and Fabrics are subjected by following oldfashioned bar soap methods.

## MENNEN'S BORATED TOILET POWDER

#### Maytime Flowers

are not more welcome, after Winter's cold and snows, than is Menner's Borated Talcum Powder to the tender raw skin, roughened by the wind of early Spring, of the woman who values a **food** complexion, and to the man who shaves. In the nursery Mennen's **comes first**—the purest and safest of healing and soothing toilet powders.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents.

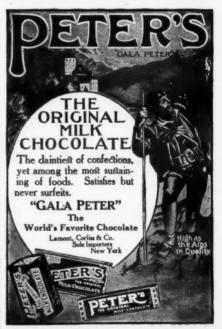
Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Sample Free Gerhard Mennen Co. Newark, N. J.



Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

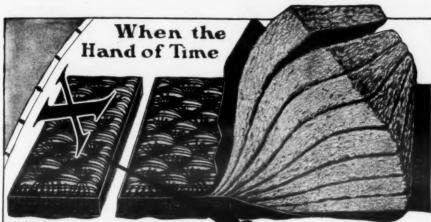




#### DON'T BE FLIM-FLAMMED

The dealer who offers you a substitute for an article you have called by name and asked for, is in the same category as the flim-flammer and short change artist. All three are thieves, but the substitutor is the more dangerous, because he takes advantage of the confidence you have in him as your dealer.

Insist upon getting what you ask for—don't be flim-flammed.



# Stermsor

you will get the perfect sleep that restores tired nerves and dispels your household or business cares; that gives the vigor of health and prepares you for the active morrow. You know the

difference between that absolute refreshment and the restless half-sleep on an inferior stuffed hair lose in and never and never

that absolute

restless

in
is "built—not

stuffed"—will never
lose its shape, never sag,
and never lose its "spring."

An occasional sun bath will
keep it sweet and fresh.

sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not thoroughly satisfied, have your money back without question. We have a beautifully illustrated volume of 142 pages, treating of zleep, how insomnia can be cured, Ostermoor styles and sizes, Ostermoor boat cushions, etc.

## Write for Our Free Book, "The Test of Time"

We Sell By Mail or Through 2,500 Ostermoor Dealers

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies everywhere—that is our aim; the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you a mattrees with the "Ostermoor" name and trade mark seem on the end. Mattrees shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received, if you order of us by mail.

2 \*\*The comparison of the co

OSTERMOOR & CO.,

174 Elizabeth Street,
NEW YORK

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal Regular Sizes and Prices 2 feet 6 inches wide, \$8,35 2 feet wide, 30 lbs., 10,00 35 lbs. 11.70 35 lbs. 11.70 4 feet wide, 40 lbs., 13.35 4 feet 6 inches wide, 15,00 4 feet wide, 25 lbs. All 6 feet 3 inches long. Express Charges Prepaid. In two parts, 50 cents extra, 5pccial sizes, special prices.



## I Can Make You a Better Man—Physically

No doubt you believe yourself a well man now. No doubt you think that the fatigue which follows a hard day's work is natural; that the indigestion, constipation and headaches which you and most other business men suffer from are inevitable; that the nervousness and occasional insomnia is something to be expected; that there is no relief from the added flesh that comes with advancing years.

BUT YOU'RE WRONG! Every one of these things is unnatural and unnecessary. I have proved this to hundreds of men by teaching them how to improve their physical condition to such a degree that the hardest day's work brings no fatigue, indigestion, constipation, and headaches are alike unknown, sleep comes as regularly as the night, and excess flesh gives place to healthy tissue. Any one of these men will gladly confirm my statements.

My Physiological Method of Exercise is absolutely unique—as different from ordinary exercise or "physical culture" as light is different from darkness. My mail instruction is entirely individual. I study each case, outline each course, and dictate every letter personally. Give me ten minutes a day and I will give you health that will make work a pleasure and add years to your life. I will do all I promise or refund every cent of my fee.

Write me something of your present condition and I will send you without charge, a letter telling exactly what I can do for you. I will also send you my booklet, "How to Keep a Good Grip on Your Health," which tells all about my method. You incur no obligation, and I promise you immunity from annoying solicitation.

J. EDMUND THOMPSON,

CENTRAL EXCHANGE BUILDING, WORCESTER, MASS.



should betherule rather than the exception. for a good complexion is the most natural. Unnatural conditions and neglect are usually responsible for a poor complexion. Both may be overcome by a little care. Simply give your face its share of attention. You devote nearly one hour each day to the care of your hair. yet a few minutes' washing is all the consideration your face receives.

An occasional massage with

## Pompeian Massage Cream

requires little time, but works wonders in restoring the natural health and beauty of the skin.

It clears away muddiness and sallowness, smooths out wrinkles and reduces flabbiness and the double chin.

It softens skin and muscles, increases the facial blood circulation, and brings roses to the cheeks.

Pompeian Massage Cream is not a cosmetic or artificial "beautifier," but a natural aid to natural beauty. It contains no grease and nothing to promote growth of hair, nor harm the most delicate skin. No imitation has the properties of the genuine, and many of the imitations are actually harmful. Remember the exact name.

#### Test it With Sample and Booklet — SENT FREE

Simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you a liberal sample, together with our illustrated book on Facial massage, an invaluable guide for the proper care of the skin.

We prefer you to buy of your dealer whenever possible, but do not accept a substitute for Pompeian under any circumstances. If your dealer does not keep it, we will send a 50-cent or \$1.00 jar of the cream, postpaid on receipt of price.

#### POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 34 Prospect St., CLEVELAND, OHIO

Pompeian Massage Soap is a fine toilet Soap with the same medicinal properties as Pompeian Massage Cream. Soid wherever the cream is sold. 25c. a cake; 6oc. a box of 3 cakes.



## Let Me Prove That 10 Acres this Irrigated Land

Will \$250.00 Month For You

E. W. SHUTT, President Bio Grande Land, Water & Power Co.

## I Will Sell It To You For \$2.50 a Week

Irrigated, under cultivation, ready to earn at least Bernalillo \$250 a month.

> SANDOVAL Alame Martinez

Not in all the world have I were heard of so good an opportunity for men of small means.

In this small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to asfeguard your mones in the world you want to the small space I cannot tell you all the steps that have been taken to asfeguard your This is in ireatment— net speculation.

And all the white you are secured against to be by the finest farm land in the world to hose by the finest farm land in the void to be titleing oil about this proposition.

There is no question like finding gold or stilling oil about this proposition.

There are no insects that destroy crops in this ouniry.

You don't have to dig in the ground deeper than to plant seed.

than to plant seed.
There are no insects that destroy crops in this country.
There is no chance for drought.
There is no chance known to man for a single grade in the second of the sec

lands.

If you want to see the country for yourself, you can go with the next party I take to look at the property. Or you and your friends can band together and send a representative.

Or I will send you names of prominent men who have gone or the country of t

or will

Dut this is the merest outline of what I will show you had but this is the merest outline of what I will show you had been an another that make it safe and profitable which I haven't space to touch upon.

I am only aver the law ever you can have an assured three to the outline of the law ever you can have an assured three to the outline of the law ever you can have an assured three to the outline of the law ever you can have an assured three to the outline of the law every contribution of the law every contribu

Now, not to hurry your decision in the least, but to protect the price, write me personally at once.

For after the first lot of ten-acre tracts is contracted for we will ask more. But I make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least sen acres on these terms unless, or course, all make this promise. Every man or woman who answers this advertisement at once can have at least sen acres on these terms unless, or course, all now, write at once. I can say nothing more in this advertisement except that, if I could, I would not tell you all you can condiently expect from this investment. For you would not believe it without the proof which I cannot put In an advertisement. Address me personally, and believe me sincerely, E. W. SHUTT. President Rio Grande Land, Water and Power Co. 676 Houser Building. ST. LOUIS. MO. 676 Houser Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

OU know, or san easily fearn from United States
Government keports, that irrigated lands in the
to \$1,000 a year per acre over and above the entire
cost of cultivating them.
Anyone who knows the country will tell you that
aboutsely increase the country will tell you that
aboutsely neemaker the country will tell you that
But always before it has requireden to least
tell and in the Great Stoute at least
the investor to live on the land and develop it.
Now, my company makes it possible for you to
get ten acres of the finest irrigated land in the world
if you can save \$8.00 a week.
Alandous tell you to get
Alandous tell you the country
and the great tell you the country in the country
and the great tell you the country will be the country
and the great tell you the country will be the country
and the great tell you the country will be the country
and the great tell you the country will be the country
and the great tell you the country will be the country will be the country
and the great tell and the world
and the great tell you the country will be the country wil

year without fail.

Or you can rewhat you earn.

Or you can rewhat you earn.

For my company will cultivate your property for a small share of the crops.

You don't have to know a thing in the world about farming.

Now, I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

My prove to me that ten acres of your land will ref from 83.000 to \$10,000 a year above all cost of cultivating it."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

I will deliver to you at once a Secured Land Contract for ten acres of irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

You must pay my company \$8.50 a week for as much more as you like.

Instead of your having to pay interest on deferred pay ments, I agree, for my company, to pay yes \$5 per annum on Lasso bind my company to fully irrigate your land and turn it over to you under full cultivation whenever you desire to mature your contract.

\$8.50 a week will mature your contract.

\$8.50 a week will mature your contract.

Sabinal Contract of the payment of the pa

make all future payments and mature """
your contract, the land will be fully irrigated and
completely under cultivation, so your first year's
crop should met you enough over and above the cost
of calitvating it to fully pay your loan
You would then over your land outrigated that has been as more contracted by the cost of the co

Can you hope in any other way as safe and sure as to have so large an income in a few years!



## Pabst Britiaet



#### For the Anaemic

Pale-faced individuals, listless and with no apparent ambition, have often enlisted your deepest sympathy. You may have been brought even closer to face with such a condition in your own family, or perhaps right now you are reading the symptoms of your own case, the cause of which you have been trying in vain to discover. Chances are it is anaemia, often brought on by worry or overwork. The blood has become impoverished and is not furnishing sufficient strength to the system. This happens frequently with young people, caused by too rapid growthor overstudy At this critical stage the the best reconstructive agent is

## Pabst Extract

combining the rich, tissue building elements of barley malt with the tonic properties of choicest hops. retaining all the food value of the barley grain in predigested form, and carrying in it muscle, tissue and blood making constituents. The nourishment thus offered is readily assimilated by the system, being rapidly transformed into rich, red blood and absorbed by the tissues and nerves, making the recovery of health rapid, quickly restoring the boy or girl to youthful activity, and giving men and women strength and energy to light daily battles.

## Pabst Extract

vitalizes the nerves, makes rich, red blood, rebuilds wasted tissues, restores the tired brain. It builds up the convalescent, refreshes the overworked, and is a boon to nursing mothers.

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law. U. S. Serial No. 1921.

Booklet and picture entitled "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT DEPT. "I" Milwaukee, Wis.



and run down, with the most gratifying results. I can, therefore, and do recommend it where the circumstances permit me to do so. Leonard G. Stanley, M. D.

## TE OF \$1000 SECURED BY SMALL MONTHLY PAYMEN

#### The Less Money you have, the Greater is the Need to place it where it will Work Hard and Fast for You.

If you can save five to twenty-five dollars per month for a few months, here is the fairest and best safeguarded and most practical plan ever offered you to make these savings produce an assured income. And remember your money goes into real estate, the foundation of all values, the recognized measure of all conservative securities.

We are developing a thousand acres of fertile land to a product which possesses an enormous capacity for profit-making, and we are offering to you an interest in this investment which will not only increase enormously in value, but will bring

you a splendid annual income.

JUST FACTS.

Four hundred acres of our land are already planted to an **Elberta Peach Orchard** (50,000 trees) and your money will help to plant the balance of the thousand acres. Bearing peach orchards are worth \$300 an acre. Why? Because an acre of Elberta Peaches will not its owner one hundred dollars a year.

Mr. J. Ogden Armour, of the great Armour Packing Co., in the Saturday Evening Post of January 20, 1906, says: "Peach lands with bearing peach orchards command \$200 to \$300 an acre." Let us send you also the written testimony

of many conservative bankers, more than corroborating these figures.

There is nothing about the following figures that you cannot understand or verify. 130 peach-trees to the acre, one bushel of fruit to the tree, at \$1 per bushel, means \$130 per acre. Less than 20% of this will care for the acre and all expenses of harvest. You may, until the present series of two hundred shares is sold, secure these shares (each representing an undivided acre of developed orchard) for only \$100 of your own money, paid in small instalments of only \$5 per month. This is worth investigating.

WE PROVE EVERY STATEMENT.

Write for our plan and make your own investigation. Do this,—do it now. It costs you nothing. You will not find any back-number statesmen among our officers and directors. You will not find any name put there for ornamental purposes only. But you will find men who know their business, who are accustomed to earning their money by "delivering the goods,"—all men whom you can very easily find out about.

Don't take our word for these things. Look us up. Start now upon the road to success, and at a pace that will make saving a greater pleasure than spending. Let us show you what \$5 per month will do for you.

Ten of these shares will at maturity yield you a sure and certain annual income of one thousand dollars.

#### ONLY A FEW SHARES.

There are only one thousand of our shares altogether, and they are selling above par right now. You pay less than one-half the cost of these shares out of your own money, the rest is earned by the property itself.

And more, every dollar you pay is deposited with a responsible Trust Company, which acts as trustee, and this money is all used for development of the investment and for nothing else.

Not a dollar of the money you pay in is a profit to us, and no one gets a profit until you do. It is only by making the investment profitable to you that we can make any profit. The men who make you this offer are practical, hard-headed business men, who own large interests in this same line, and have received, and are now receiving large profits from them.

We give by permission the following bank references:

PIONEER TRUST COMPANY.

Kansas City, Mo.
FARMERS' BANK OF LEE'S SUMMIT, Missouri.

CITIZENS' BANK. Lee's Summit, Mo.

PLEASANT HILL BANKING COMPANY. Pleasant Hill, Mo.

th

is

BANK OF GREENWOOD, Greenwood, Mo.

IACKSONVILLE STATE BANK,

Jacksonville, Texas.

#### SAFEGUARDS.

Every possible safeguard surrounds this investment. A responsible and well-known Trust Company holds title to the property as trustee. We deposit with them the money you pay to us, and we are compelled to file with them sworm statements as to the development of the property. (Look up this Trust Company.) You are fully protected from loss in case of death, and you are given a suspension of payments, if desired. Examine into our safeguards.

This investment opens the door, not to wealth perhaps, but to what is far better, a competency for future years when

you may not be able to earn it.

Our literature explains everything fully and concisely. It is free. We want to send it to you. Write for it now. SECURITY ELBERTA COMPANY.

173 New Nelson Building. Kansas City, Mo.

## The Cheer of the Man WINS Who

The man who wins a good position and a high salary is entitled to cheer.

He has accomplished something worth while-and yet it's really easy. First, because there are more good positions than there are trained men to fill them-second, because any man, no matter who he is or how lowly his present position, can acquire in a short time and without sacrifice just the exact training necessary to win in any line of work he selects.

This has been made possible by the enormous resources, the unlimited facilities of the International Correspondence Schools—an institution of 16 years' standing, supported by \$6,000,000 capital, conducted for the sole purpose of training poorly-paid men to earn higher salaries.

During February, 344 students voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position as the direct result of L. C. S. training.

In a nutshell, if you have an ounce of ambition, the I. C. S. will help you win. If you have enough honest curiosity to want to know how the I. C. S. will, at its own expense, take up your case personally and explain every detail to you without asking you for one cent, unless you decide to go on. All you have to do is to mail the enclosed coupon, marking it as directed, so that it may have the intelligent consideration of the men who help other men to win.

## Mail the Coupon To-Day. INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 1199 Scranton, Pa. Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X Bookkeeper Stonographer Advertisement Writer Show Card Writer Window Trimmer Commercial Law Mechanical Engineer Stationary Engineer Civil Engineer Building Contractor Architee' Brattsman Architeet Bridge Engineer Structural Engineer Mining Engineer Commercial Linestrator Civil Service Chemist Textile Mill Supt. Electrician Electrical Engineer Street and No.



IT SUSTAINS because it is a true food.

IT REFRESHES because it has a slightly tonic effect on the system.

IT INVIGORATES because it supplies the elements for physical and mental exertion.

Women of society find COCA-COLA a panacea to tired nerves, a welcomed relief to fatigued bodies. Women in the shop or in the office, brain-fagged and nervous, find COCA-COLA refreshing and healthful. It aids digestion and is genuinely good to the taste.

IT IS THE IDEAL BEVERAGE



To be guided in
your choice of confectionery,
look for the Necco Seal—the mark of
goodness and wholesomeness. Over five hundred different kinds of best confectionery are made
and sold under this seal, which is placed on every
box for your guidance and protection. The high standard of these five hundred varieties is fully represented by

lenox (hocolates

a revelation of the confectioner's art. Their many delicious flavors are daintily concealed by a coat of rich chocolate. The best assurance of the true wholesomeness of Necco Sweets is that they conform to all the requirements of the Pure Food Laws.

That you may be convinced of the fine quality of Lenox Chocolates, send 55c for an attractive package of special value or, better still, order one of our \$1.00 packages in a handsonic art box. Ettlier package

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO., SUMMER AND MELCHER STREETS, BOSTON, MASS.



## AN EXPLANATION.

THERE are perhaps several scores of pianoplayers and player-pianos on the market, each possessing one or two "superior features." There is but one "Cecilian" (either cabinet player, or piano form) a pioneer in the player industry, originally built on a sane constructive basis, with the idea of eliminating rather than adding bewildering levers, buttons, dials, and markings. It is the only player mechanism containing metal valves, the advantages of which medium over wood (used in all others) is obvious: no swelling, warping, leaking or repairs, but, instead. consistent, perfect operation in any climate, atmosphere or change of season.

Isn't this a distinctive feature worthy of investigation? It will stand it, and we solicit it.

#### THE FARRAND COMPANY,

Dept. "A."

Detroit, Mich.

let



THE country is awakening to the fact that its railroads are incapable of caring for the traffic which our prosperity has created, and as this is constantly increasing in volume, the existing condition is a menace to our commercial and industrial development.

The railroad facilities of the country, particularly between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard, are terribly inadequate. Shipments almost invariably suffer delay because of congestion, and our commercial activities, which are dependent on transportation facilities, can see no progress until relief is found. The traffic between New York and Chicago has doubled in eight years and no additional lines have been built to care for this immense increase. President James J. Hill of The Great Northern says: "The railroads are simply swamped." In a recent letter he stated: "The railroads everywhere are taxed beyond their power. The people in the United States, therefore, are face to face with the greatest problem that has ever threatened the nation."

The initial step looking to the alleviation of the present appalling conditions is the building of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad, and this will also be the first direct railroad line between these great centers. It is following a practically straight line without serious curve or grade and will be but 750 miles long—161 miles shorter than the shortest now in operation.

The Air Line is in actual process of construction, work having been commenced in September. Today large construction gangs are engaged in the work and tremendous progress will be made during the coming summer. On February 2nd of this year the first spike was driven at La Porte, Indiana, and it is expected that within 10 months the first section extending from Chicago to La Porte will be in operation. This section is 47 miles long and will draw business from several thriving cities and towns. It will constitute a complete paying railroad in itself, and this is one of the advantageous features of the enterprise. Efforts are centered on one division at a time, and just as soon as it is completed it will be put in operation and the railroad will thereby be earning profits long before it is complete from end to end.

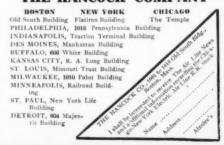
The unique plan conceived by the organizers for financing the project is a new one, but what is already accomplished has demonstrated it to be a thoroughly practicable one. The plan is to have the people, build and operate a railroad. There is no preferred stock. There are no mortgage bonds and all of the shares will be in the hands of the people. It is simply a great partnership—the organizers and the largest investors will profit according to their holdings, the same as the laboring man who owns a single share. There is no bonded debt. As money is received from the sale of stock it is put into construction work and today thousands of ties, thousands of tons of steel rails, and great quantities of construction machinery are owned free and clear.

A most unique and inspiring safeguard by which this investment is surrounded is the following clause which appears on each stock certificate:

This certificate will be accepted in payment for transportation to the amount of the par value of the shares of stock represented hereby, and at current tariff rates, over any part of the road in operation.

The commercial interests of a nation demand better railroad facilities between its two largest cities and the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line will meet that demand. The railroad company is issuing a new periodical, "The Air Line News," which tells in an interesting way the story of this important enterprise and of the progress being made in building. This will be mailed free by THE HANCOCK COMPANY, General Sales Agent of the stock, to anyone who will fill out and mail the coupon below.

#### THE HANCOCK COMPANY





The Bridge that spans the River of Life and the Heels of New Rubber that make life's burden easy to carry are illustrated here for your benefit. These Heels of New Rubber are a positive relief to all who walk or stand. Nurses are obliged to wear them in the sick room. If it is a fact that they make you step lighter and more buoyant and feel happier in mind and body, adopt them for your own benefit, but be sure and get O'Sullivan's. They are the only heels that are made of new rubber. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 35 cents and diagram of your heel to the manufacturers.

O'Sullivan Rubber Co. Lowell, Mass.



## \$10,000

Make money by writing popular songs. Others are doing it. Why not you?

CHAS. K. HARRIS (America's Greatest Song Writer)

tells you how in his new book,

"How to Write a Popular Song"

Only book of its kind in the world. You can easily compose and write a complete song, both words and music, after carefully reading over the contents of this valuable book.

For sale at all Book Sellers. Or send \$1,00 to CHAS. K. HARRIS, 31 West 31st Street, New York

also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We compose and arrange music FREE of charge. Send us your work. Established 1863.

GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO.

219 W 7TH STREET

CINCINNATI O.

#### I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town start you in a profitable business of your own and help you make big money at once.

Unusual opportunity for men without apital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write today.

EDWIN R. MARDEN, Pres't

Nat'l Co-Operative Realty Co. 1103 Maryland Bldg., Washirgton, B. C. or 1103 Athenseum Bldg., Chicago



## Diamonds credit

OFTIS Estd | Old Reliable Original Diamond and Watch Credit House Co. 1858 Dept. E 29 32 to 98 State St., Chicago, III. to 20% annually. Catalog free. Write to day



"PEACOCK'S: CHICAGO: EST. "

### FINE COPPER KETTLE **EXPRESS PA**



to any point. Capacity of kettle, 11 pints. Strong, graceful Wrought Iron standard; Copper alcohol lamp, complete with snuffer. Height 11 inches.

A Very Welcome Gift. The SHOPPING GUIDE No. 11

of the PEACOCK STORE

-promptly sent FREE anywhere in the world-brings the largest and finest assortments and city prices straight into your home.

It affords every benefit and enjoyment of a "spring shopping tour" through the world's greatest high class jewelry establishment without the fatigue of travel to Chicago. About 200 pages and photographic prints of over 6000 items priced from 25c. to \$1,200. Send your name on a postal today to

C. D. PEACOCK STATE ST. CHICAGO EST.



#### BISHOP FURNITURE CO.,

Ship anywhere "4n Approval." allowing furniture in your one five days to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not erfectly satisfactory and all you expected We prepay Freight to all points east of the Mississipm River and north of Tennessee line, all wing freight that

\$21.85

Buys this beautiful
"Napoleon" Bed
A295 (worth \$36). Made in Ma-any, Toona (na ural) Mahogany or recred Oak, Piano Polish or Dull



furnish Hotels, Hos pitals, Clubs and

\$12.50

Has piano



Our FREE catalogue shows over 1,000 p

BISHOP FURNITURE CO. 27-39 Ionia Street,



#### Special Waist No.512

Made of an excellent quality of Pernan Lawn—entire front hand-somely embroidered in large in Con-trollental designs. Tucked yoke front and back, with Val. lace trimmed collar and culfs, three-quarter sleeves, open tucked back—all sizes 32 to 44. A waist retailed in New York Department stores at \$2.50,

## OUR SPECIAL PRICE

10c. extra for postage, 2 waists 20c. extra, 3 or more, 25c. extra.

Our handsome 34-page and cover 1907 Catalogue, illustrating and describing 161 of the nemest

Spring and Summer Metropolitan styles in woman's dress sent free upon request. Shown in the catalogue are:—25 Tailor made suits, 20 silk shirtwaist and Jumper suits, 40 separate skirts, 5 silk coats, 10 cloth coats, 5 Cravenette rain coats, 5 Satin Rubber rain coats, 6 lace and net waists, 13 silk waists, 28 Lawn Waists, 7 Mercerized Sateen and Heatherbloom Taffeta underskirts and 7 Taffeta silk underskirts. Samples of cloth sent free. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded—express paid to all parts of the U.S. except on special numbers in waists and underskirts as shown in our catalogue and marked postage extra.

AMERICAN CLOAK & SUIT CO.,

Dept. "B."

SYRACUSE, N. Y.



## urs for 50°

We want you to make a trial of Duroy Champagne Wine. Five thousand connoisseurs have tried the wine and found it so delightfully good that most of them wanted more. So. we gladly lose money on the trial order because a large majority of those who try this wine are so enthusiastic about it that they order again and again and we get our profit.

## DUROY CHAMPAGNE WINE

is made in the old-fashioned way—the way wine was made before supplianted composeeurs in the wine business. It is a delightful, non-sparkling beverage to be used plain or with any good

A Full Quart for 50c. Send us 50c. to cover expressage package and packing in you prepaid—a full quart bottle of this delightful old beverage. West of the Rocky Mountains you must ad 1 20c. All good dealers can supply you—if they will. If they refuse, we supply you direct at \$8.50 per case of 1 door, pts. \$8.50 per case of 2 door pts. Send for the trial bottle TODAY. Here is a chance to get acquainted with real wine quality at 10ss than cost. Address.

THE DUROY & HAINES CO., 24 Columbus Ave., SANDUSKY, Ohio



#### B. M. BOWER'S

## "Chip, of the Flying U"

HIS tale is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the living, breathing West, that the reader is likely to imagine that he himself is cantering over the grassy plains and imbibing the pure air of the prairie in company with Chip, Weary, Happy Jack and the other cowboys of the Flying U Ranch. The story is a comedy, but there are dramatic touches in it that will hold the reader breathless. Pathos and humor are adroitly commingled and the author seems to be as adept at portraying one as the other. The "Little Doctor" makes a very lovable heroine, and one doesn't blame Chip in the least for falling in love with her. The book reviewer's task would be a pleasant one if all his work had to do with such wholesome and delightful stories as "Chip, of the Flying U." If this book doesn't immediately take rank as one of the best sellers we shall lose faith in the discrimination of the American reading public. Beautifully illustrated in colors by Mr. Charles M. Russell, the greatest painter of cowboy life in America.

PRICE, \$1.25

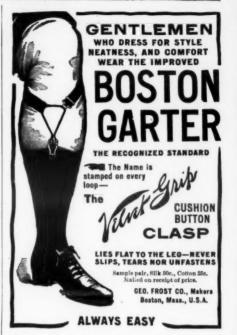
Sent postpaid by the Publishers upon receipt of price

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York









## President Suspenders

STRONGEST AND

MOST COMFORTABLE



SO

Some men go along longer than do others with an old device & when they finally change wonder why they waited.

BACK

SLIDES

The average suspenders are fairly satisfactory, but there being a better kind you want them—just as you'd rather phone than write.

You probably have read from a dozen to 50 President advertisements & forgot to ask for Presidents whenever you bought suspenders.

Presidents are the easiest strong & strongest easy suspenders. They rest so lightly on the shoulders you can't feel them—the back slides with every move, relieving all strain.

No pulling at the waistband—your trousers stay smooth. No leather ends to stain your shirt, & President ends are stronger than leather ends,

Light, Medium and Heavyweight. Extra long for big men. Special size for youths and boys.

If you can't get Presidents in your city buy of us by mail. After 8 days' wear, if unsatisfactory, return for your money. Try your home stores first. 50c. a pair. The C. A. Edgarton Mig. Co., 501 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



Engraved Copper Plate with

INVITATIONS
ANNOUNCE MENTS
"At Home," Reception and
te with Church Cards of the Highest
proved d Visiting Cards
"1.50

Free Samples C. D. PEACOCK Jewelers, etc. Bopt. 11.

#### HAVE YOUR SPRING SUIT MADE IN NEW YORK

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

If you write us a postal today, by return ail you will receive FREE our Handsome Fashion Catalog

### "New York Styles for Men"

#### Clever Ideas for Smart Dressers

FREE and prepaid also a large assortment of the Newest Spring Suiting samples with complete Outfit for taking your own urements at home.

What we have done for thousands of smartly diessed discerning men all over the United States, we certainly can do fir you. United States, we certainly and we honestly believe every dollar expended with us buys more **Style**, **Quality** dollars spent in and Value than two dollars your home town.

Try it and see for yourself-Remember you take NO RISK in sending us a trial

We guarantee to Fit you perfectly or refund your money without any argument. We prepay express charges to any part of

We prepay express charges to any part of United States.
Write NOW, for our Catalog, Samples of Spring Suitings and Self-Measurement Outlit. They are FREE.
It will be a revelation to you what "Made in New York" really means.

THE NEW YORK TAILORS
N 729 to 731 Broadway, New York City.
Largest Mail Order Tailors to Men in the World.
Reference by remission—Citizen's Central National Rank, New York,
ESG. 16 YEARS. NO AGENTS. NO BRANCHES.





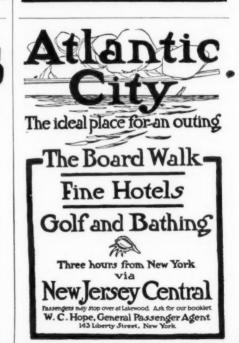
No matter where you are located or what your occupation write us today. We will t ach you the Real Estate, General Brokerage, t ach you the Real Estate, General Drokenges and Insurance Business thoroughly by mail; appoint you our **Special Representative**, start you in an ionorable, profitable business of your own and help you make a big income

at once. Our original and practical system of co-operation has opened the doors everywhere for men without capital to make profits never before dreamed of. We are the originators and oddest concern in this line, and have more agents and a larger variety of choice salable properties to list with you than any other con-

By our plan you can commence making money almost immediately without interfering with your present occupation. A thorough Commercia Law Course free to each Representative. Write at once for full particulars. Address either office.

#### H. W. CROSS & CO.,

336 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C., or 336 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



# BUFFALO LITHIA

"The Most Effective of the Natural Medicinal Waters" and "Strikingly Superior to Lithia Tablets" in Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, Renal Calculi, Gout, Rheumatism, Etc.

Dr. I. N. Love, New York City, former Professor of Clinical Medicine and Diseases of Children. College of Physicians and Surgeons and in Marion Sims College of Medicine, St. Louis, Vice-President of American Medical Association, 1895, etc., in an article in Medical Mirror, February, 1901, says: "While being the most effective of the natural mineral waters, it is strikingly superior to emergency solutions of lithia tablets and pure water, even where the said solution is an exceedingly strong one."

Dr. Alexander B. Mott, New York, Professor Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Surgeon Bellevue Hospital: "In the Gouty Diathesis, Chronic Inflammation of the Bladder, and other diseases affecting the Urinary Organs, it may be relied on to give the most satisfactory results."

The Late Prof. W. B. Towles, M.D., of the University of Virginia, had "no hesitancy whatever in saying that for Stone in the Bladder \* \* I know of no remedy at all comparable to it."

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER is for sale by the general drug and mineral water trade. Testimonials which defy all imputation or question sent to any address.

Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

PROPRIETOR BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS. Virginia.

## eimer Creatment

#### ALCOHOLISM FOR

Available on Reasonable Terms wherever there is a PRACTISING PHYSICIAN

If you will fill out this coupon we will mail you, in a plain envelope, full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential.

OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE.

159 W. 84th Street. New York City.

Morphinism and all drug addictions successfully treated at the Institute in New York, in about three weeks' time.



DR. WHITEHALL'S

If you wish to try it we will send you a sample without cost. Ten years of successful use of this remedy in hospital and private practice by physicians has demonstrated the fact that it removes the acid from the system,

checks the formation, and dissolves recent deposits.

It costs nothing to try the remedy that gives results. Write to-day for a trial hox. Sold by all druggists at 50 events or by

The DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., 316 N. Main Street, South Bend, Ind.

### Are You Too Thin?

For only 15 minutes a day's practice in your own room up on special exercises that I will give you, you can be round, plump, wholesome, rested and attractive. Nature intended you to be—why should you not? The following are extracts from the weekly reports of my pupils:

Just think, Miss Cocroft, I have

gained 25 pounds."
Before I took up your work, I could not eat anything without the greatest distress, and now I think I can digest tacks. I am so happy

Every exercise and move accomplished just what

'My bust, neck and chest have filled out beautifully and I carry myself like another woman."

You have done more for me than doctors have done in 20 years. My constipation is entirely relieved and my nerves are so rested."

my nerves are so reated. There but up thousands of women—why not you? You will be so much more attactive and so much better astisked with yourself. I will cheerfully tell you about my work, I will cheerfully tell you about my work, and if I cannot belp your particular case I will tell you so. My information and advi are entitled to.

are entirely free.

SUSANNA COCROFT

57 Washington St., Chicago Author of "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc. 

Send for

testimonials DETROIT ENGINE WORKS 1290 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

END FOR FREE CATALOG

POCKET EDITIONS USEFUL SUBJECTS 10 CENTS EACH, Sheldon's Letter Writer, Shirley's

Lover's Guide, Woman's Secrets; or, How to Be Beautiful, Guide to Etiquette, Physical Health Culture, Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development, National Dream Book, Zingara Fortune Teller, The Art of Boxing and Self-Defense, The Key to Hypnotism, U. S. Army Physical Exercises (revised)

Street & Smith, Publishers, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York



DENT IS ALL IT COSTS

To write postal for our biglog showing all models at lowest prices.

DO NOT BUY circus until you learn

our marveleux sets offers. We ship on apfreeight, allow 10 Days Free TrialAll our new and wonderful propositions with
catalogues and much volusable information
sent you FREE for the taking.

The property of the control of the control

## BIG

Drop a Postal

BARGAINS IN

NEW AND BOOKS

Send now for our very newest Catalogues of new and used Books withdrawn from the "Booklovers Library." Thousands of books as good as new at prices cut in halves and quarters. Literature, Science, History, Travel, Biography, Fiction-all recent publications. Address

Sales Department

THE TABARD INN LIBRARY

1612 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

#### I Can Reduce Your Flesh

Would you like to reduce it by natural means and in a dignified manner?

I have reduced 7,000 women in the past 3 years by a series of simple exercises practiced in the privacy of their own rooms and by use of merely a rational diet which will not weaken.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen the stomach, heart and relieve you of such chronic ailments as rhearatism, constipation, weak nerves and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves, strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing.

good blood, correct breathing.
You can be as good a
figure as any woman of
your acquaintance—no
drugs, no medicine.
"I have reduced 31 younds
under your instruction.
There is not a wrinkle in
my face and my husband
married. You can imagine
how happy I am
"You have simply seved my
"To have with you."
"I have reduced 55 younds in
five lessons. I have only 10
mes hyour goal."
Send 10 conts for instruc-

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet; with card for your dressing table, showing correct lines of a woman's figure in poise.

SUSANNA COCROFT

57 Washington St., Chicago NOTE—As President of the Physical Culture Extension Work in America, Miss Cocrost needs no further introduction.

### STOP THAT PAIN

There is only one disease-Congestion There is only one cure—Circulation

THE LAMBERT SNYDER HEALTH VIBRATOR

foon to zeno vibrations the minute

#### NO DRUGS NO PLASTERS NO ELECTRICITY



get relief at once.

RHEUMATISM: It is caused by uric acid centralizing at one point,
Vibration scatters the uric acid, and by increasing the circulation, drives

Vibration scatters the unic acid, and by increasing the circulation, draves to out through the pores.

DEAR 1889: In case of dearhees the vibrator stimulates the outer of the control of the case and curse in many cases.

CHRCULATION: If your circulation is poor the vibrator will increase it, and cause you to feel a warm glow all over your body.

LOOCHOTHOR ATAXIA: In cases of locomotor ataxia or paralysis, the vibrator is the only relief. It stimulates the nerves, and vibrations to the control of the control of

leading specialists.

LUNG TRU-UBLE: If your lungs are weak and troublesome use
the vibrator. Vibration on the lungs forces the blood through the dead
cells and does wonderful work in all cases of consumption and lung

trouble.

PAINS OR ACHES: No matter what pains or aches you have or may have that are caused by congestion, the vibrator will relieve them.

NERVOUS DEBILITY: In cases of nervous debility our vibrator

Price only \$2.00, prepaid on receipt of \$2.35 FREE Our new 48-page book on vibration, fully illustrated. It tells you what has and is being done by vibration. Our book is a plain, commonsense argument. Send for it to

We are the largest makers and dealers of Vibrators in the World

#### LAMBERT SNYDER CO. Dept. 56 A 41 West 24th St., New York, N. Y.



A miniature Telephone for the Ear-invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely confortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly Henrd.

Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and hend noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited. A miniature Telephone for

Write for booklet and testimonials

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 72. 31 South 16th Street. Philadelphia





"Can take a pound a day off a patient, or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent,"—N. Y. Sun, Aug. 1891. Send for lecture, "Great Subjects of Fat," and Stank.

No Dieting No Hard Work

DR. JOHN WILSON CIBBS' OBESITY CURE
For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity.
Harmless and Positive. No FAILURE, Your reduction is assured—
reduced to stay. One month's freetiment. \$5,000. Mail or office, 1870
freedway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GELANTIED. "Ine Cure is positive and permanent."—N. Y. Hs-mid. Juny 9, 93.
"On Obesity, Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—N. Y. Press, 1899.
Beware of imitators.

Sent on Approval, Send No Money, \$1.50 WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH



## A FAIR OFFER!

to convince

## speptics

and those suffering from

## Stomach Troubles

of the efficiency of

I will send a

### .00 BOTTLE FREE

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

to any one NAMING THIS MAGA-ZINE, and enclosing 25c. to pay forwarding charges. This offer is made to demonstrate the efficiency of this remedy.

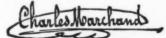
### **GLYCOZONE** is absolutely harmless.

It cleanses the lining membrane of the stomach and subdues inflammation, thus helping nature to accomplish a cure.

GLYCOZONE cannot fail to help you, and will not harm you in the least.

Indorsed and successfully used by leading physicians for over 15 years.

Sold by leading druggists. genuine without my signature.



Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris" (France)

#### 57 Prince Street, New York City

FREE!-Valuable booklet on how to treat diseases.

## Use Oxydonor And Be Master of Health Without Medicine or Doctor

OXYDONOR makes you master of disease without the use of medicine or doctor. Why Why not write today for our descriptive literature? If our claims doubt without reason? are right, OXYDONOR is your vital necessity. Write today.

are right, OXYDONOR is your vital necessity. Write today.

PHMAN GROVE, N. J., Feb. 28, 1907—Dr. H. SANCHE & CO., Down Si. s. In Mirch, 1883, I purchased a No. 1 OXYDONOR. After tirree months' regular was according to instructions given, the following chroms all ments were conquerted: Neuralgia, Indigestion, Constipations, Rheumatism and Catarth. Have used OXYDONOR ever since without medicine of any kind, for every physical ailment have not had to remain the debecause of the same properties. The same properties of the same properties of the same properties of the same properties. We would not do without OXYDONOR. Respectfully, W.M. P. Zabonor.

Write for our descriptive literature. It is important you should have it. It is maited to you without cost.

BEWARE OF PRAIDLEST INITIATIONS. There is but one genume OXYDONOR, and that has the name of the originator and inventor—Dr. Sanche—microwing the metal. Look for that name.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO., 48 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. & C. Wabash Ave., Chicago, III. & S. A. Sad St. Catherin St., West, Montreal, Can.

Denatured Alcohol is CHEAP NOW

#### **GLOGAU'S** ALCOHOL - GAS STOVE \$1 Express Paid

EW IMPROVED MODEL thing and more than a gas

stove does. Indispensable for nursery, sick-toom, camping, shaving carling or flat iron; for touists, boarders, light housekeeping, or wherever gas is not available or desirable. Vaporizes alcohol into gas, increasing its efficiency S times. Weighs but 8 oz. Consumers oz. Consumers but 8 oz. Consumers but 9 oz. Consumers 9 oz. Consu

DEALERS AND AGENTS WANTED.

Glogau & Co., 1506 Dickey Bldg., Chicago





## Mrs. Kosmeo

Creates a Perfect Complexion Kosmeo is a dainty, snow-white, sweet smelling cream, delight-

It immediately cools and soothes a burning, sensitive skin, and It immediately cous and soomes a nursual seasons and, and heals a rough, chapped or otherwise irritated skin inone amplication surburn, freckles and isn: excellent for men's use after shaving. Kosmeo cleanses the pores thoroughly and promotes a healthy circulation, thus removing the cause of pimples and blackheads. It makes the fieth firm and the skin smooth and clean, free from wrinkles

nd glowing with health.

Price 50 cents. At all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid.

A Sample Box of Kosmeo and Booklet Free Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1473 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, III.





Birmingham, Ala, Hot Springa, Ark, San Francisco, Cal, West Haven, Conn, Washington, D. C. 211 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Lexington, Mass.
Fortland, Me.
Grand Rapids. Mich.
265 So. College Av.

## For Liquor and Drug Using

scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 27 years

AT THE FOLLOWING KEELEY INSTITUTES:

St. Louis, Mo.
2868 Locust St.
Cor. Case & 25th Sts.
North Conway, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
St. Harrisburg, Pa.

Pittaburg, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Richmond, Va.
Teronto, Out., Canada.
London, England.

## A Vital Issue Clearly Presented

Medical Experts Agree
"That Acetanilid Properly Used
and Properly Balanced Becomes
a Most Useful and Safe Remedy"

This fact clearly presents the whole aim and success of the Orangein<sup>3</sup> prescription, now so widely published and attested from 15 years of widest possible use. The "proper use" of this "valuable remedy," so skillfully balanced with the other remedies composing the

## Orangeine

secures a wonderful range of pure remedial action, without trace of depressant or drug effect.

The testimony of prominent physicians and individuals all over the country, who have known Orangeine for years, proves that Orangeine promptly and safely reaches the cause

#### "Grip," Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Nervousness, and Brain Fag

Prevents much sickness.

Fortifies the system against disease attack, "Sayes days from worse than waste."

#### FROM MANY TRIBUTES

MR. EDECKO MURRAY a well-known lawyer, of Brooklyn, N Y, writes "I have been using Orangeine for the past six years, and my experience has led inset believe, in spite of rensation mongers, that it is infailible. My mother, now in her 86th year. finds Orangeine very beneficial, and any effect, other than benefit would certainly make itself felt in a person of her years. I conscientiously recommend Orangeine to all my friends and acquain tances:

angeine to air my triends and acquaintances."

Da. H. R. Goodell, Memphis, Tann, writes: "It is four years since I commenced using Orangeine, and my regard for it as a therapeutical agent has constantly increased; that it gives prompt and pleasant relief in sick and nervous headach, entergies, indirection, lassifude, and the unjoirity of minor life, there can be no doubt. I consider it both a lutury and a necessity.

#### Our Formula Since 1892:

"Minimum Dose, in Perfect Remedial Balance."

ACETANILID 2 Soda Bi-Carb. 1	.4	Ģŗ.
Caffein. Homeopathic Trituration of	.6	46
Mandrake, Blue Flag and Nux Vomica		**
Total only 5	-	Gra.

#### 25c. Package FREE For Honest Test

Send postal for prominent experience and testimony, with 25c PACKAGE FREE FOR HUNEST TEST. Orangeine is sold by all druggists, or mailed on receipt of price. 16c package (2 powders); 25c package (6 powders); 50c package (15 powders); (\$1 package (85 powders)); 25c package (15 powders); 25c package (16 powders); 25c package (17 package (18 powders)); 25c package (18 powders); 25c

The Orangeine Chemical Co. 15 Michigan Ave. Chicago

## BATH OF BEAUTY



## For Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands.

Cuticura Soap combines delicate medicinal, emolient, sanative, antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of saponaceous ingredients, and most refreshing of flower doors. Depoits: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq. Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney: India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta: So., Arrica, properties of the control of the

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

We have opened this classified advertising section, and invite all reputable advertisers to come in—no display—all must be set in uniform type no objectionable advertisements accepted—minimum space, four lines; maximum space in this section, thirty lines. Our aim will be to eliminate all questionable advertisements, and we bespeak our readers' assistance to help keep this section clean and profitable to all. Rates, \$2.00 a line, which includes THE POPULAR and SMITH'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue closes May 1st. Address AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE, Classified Advertising Department, Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York City.

#### Agents and Help Wanted

INSURANCE AGENTS, actions daily: make money selling our \$1000 Accident policies at \$1 per year; \$1500 special at \$3. Weekly benefits; no assessment. Duquesne Registry Co., 850 Ferguson Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SALESMAN, \$1200; Draftsman, \$1300; College man, \$700; Manager, \$3000; Bookkeeper, \$936; other high grade openings for business, profes-sional and technical men. Write us to-day. Hapgoods, 305-307 B'way, N. Y.

TRAVELING MEN WANTED to take Hicks-Sackett Fountain Pens as a side line, selling direct to users. as a side line, seiling direct to users.
Absolutely non-leaking. Attracts instant attention because different from
all others. You can make \$1.00 on
each pen. Address Sales Manager,
Sutton Pen Co., New York.

AMBITIOUS. industrious, welldressed salesmen, desirous of earning
\$250.00 to \$1.000 monthly, will be as-

sisted in building up permanent business all their own. Address with references, P. C. Kullman & Co., 68 Wall Street, New York.

SECRETARIES WANTED-Organ-SECRETARIES WAS Investment. Postal Big Earnings, no investment. Postal brings catalogue and special offer 4. R. & G. Supply Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

AGENTS wanted to sell our Stylo-graphic and Fountain pens. Write for Catalogue and Agents' discount. J. X. Ullrich & Co., Manufacturers, 603 Thames Building, New York, N. Y.

G. X. Ulfrien & Co., manufacturers, Go's Thames Building, New York, N. Y. WE WANT one lady or gentleman to take orders and deliver for us. Rapid seller, highest quality goods, sales in almost every house. Best of pay and no money required to carry on the wors. We will send our proposition as soon as we hear from you, also sample pair of 6 inch shears for 28 cants,—stamps or silver. Write at once. The United Shear Company, Westboro, Mass.

818 to \$40. A WEEK easily carned by agents, either sex, taking orders for new Recking chair fan holder—sells on sight. Gilbert Harris, 43 Patten Bi-te. Chicago, Ill.

\$7.5 WEEKLY easily made fitting Eye Glasses. Business quickly learned, pleasant, profitable. No field so little worked. Write for Free "Booklet 55." National Optical College, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents and Help Wanted-Continued.

PROMINENT New York banking

PROMINENT New York banking firm desires the services of high grade salesman in every community to handle high grade stocks and bonds on commission. Excellent opportunities for the right men. A. L. Wisner & Co., 30 Wall St., New York.

BE — YOUR — OWN — BOSS: Many make \$2,000 a year. You have the same chance. Start a mail-order business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Statter" and free particulars. Address M. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES to make Sanitary Belts. Material all cut ready to sew. \$1.20 per dozen, particulars stamped envelope. Sanitary Co., Dept. A. M., Chicago.

#### Pianos and Musical Instruments

THE BEST VALUE is a used plano of a good make. We sell and guarantee used planos of nearly every maker; prices \$125 up; easy terms; delivery free anywhere. Pease Planos for 62 years have been a standard. Write for catalogue. Pease & Co., 1284 W. 42d Street, N. Y.

#### Jewelry-Novelties Post-Cards & Books

CORAL NECK BEADS. Not imitation but genuine Italian Graduated Strands. \$1.25 per string. Mills, Jeweler, 109 Van Buren Street, Chicago Ill.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD for Diamond or Watch. Descriptive car alog free. Write to-day. Loftis Broa Co., Dept. E29, 92 State St., Chicago. Descriptive cat-

25 SOUVENIR Post Cards, 12c. postpaid. Variety of subjects. Sold by some stores 2 for 5c. Others, 5c. each. Defiance Studio, 65 W. B'way, N. Y.

#### Seeds, Poultry, and Live Stock

"TRUE SQUAB MATTER"—our latest book on squab raising. An honest treatise on how to make money with squabs. Mailed on request. Homer Squab Lofts, Saginaw, Mich.

## Business Opportunities

TEACHERS: Is your present posi-tion satisfactory! Want a larger salary! Good openings also for men wishing to change to business or technical work.
Offices in 12 cities. Write us to-day.
Hapgoods, 305-307 Broadway, N. Y.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTMENTS— The Investment Herald, a bright monthly magazine published for those interested in making money, will be sent Six Months Free upon request. It points out the way to success, giving information that may be worth thousands of dollars to its readers. A. L. Wisner & Co., Publishers, 80 Wall Street, New York, Department H.

A FEW DOLLARS will start a prosperous mail order business; we furnish catalogues and everything necessary; by our easy method failure impossible. Milburn-Hicks, 752 Pontiac Building, Chicago.

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE or what your occupation is, we can show you how to make a big, steady income raising mushrooms. Re-quires very small capital, little time, practically no labor. We are extensive growers and our years of experience as the most successful of experience as the most successful Mushroom Growers in America enable us to give practical and profitable instructions in this big-paying business. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write to-day. Visitors welcome at farms. Vangirard Mushroom Cellars, Box AL 397, Ramsey, N. J.

"FORTUNES IN THE FOREST." Send for our free book which tells how immense fortunes are being made. in the timber tracts of the far West. Pays better than gold mines and with none of the risk. If you wish to safely invest a little money where it will bring good returns write for the book to-day. Sent free by return mail. Idaho Lumber and Dev. Co., 931 Harrison Building, Philadelphia.

HOW TO FINANCE A BUSINESS ENTERPRISE clearly shown by the Brokers' and Promoters' Handbook. A valuable descriptive booklet mailed free. The Business Development Co. of America, 113 Nassau Street, N. Y.

#### Business Opportunities-Continued.

SEND FOR FREE COPY 100 page book, "Success in Speculation," mailed free on application to John A. Boardman & Co., 53 Broadway, New York City.

### Real Estate

INVEST YOUR MONEY NEAR a great and growing metropolis. Building lots in Boston's suburbs at \$20 each to introduce. Boston Suburban Land Co., 28 School St., Boston, Mass.

OUR CANADA LAND will make you more money than anything else you can do. For maps and particulars write Scand. Canadian Land Co., Room 810-12 172 Washington St., Chicago

I SELL REAL ESTATE and Business Opportunities anywhere, at any price. If you want to buy or sell, write me. Established 1881. Frank P. Cleveland, 1714 Adams Express Building, Chicago, III.

I HAVE SOME CHOICE LOTS in highly restricted residential section of Greater New York— Prices will double very shortly, E. P Campbell, 1 Madison Ave., N. Y.

WE BUY, sell or trade Real Estate anywhere in America. Our own Agents in 600 cities. Send ten cents for our list. Crown & Lewis, Inc., 1056 Broadway, Dept. P, Oakland. Cal.

#### Banking - Bonds Morrgages

SILVER. A rare chance to invest in shares of merit. Recent shipments of ore to smelter netted \$80.86 per ton, average. Mine located at Fall River, Col. Only 10,000 shares offered for sale; at par, \$1.00 per share. Will hear fullest investigation. Write for particulars. Almaden Mines Co., 132 Nassau Street, Room 710. New York.

### Typewriters

REMINGTON No. 2 writing two colors, Caligraph, Densmore, Jewett \$15. Oliver, Smith-Premier \$35 up. Eagle Typewriter Co., suite 14, 237 B'way, N. Y. Write for complete cat. "K."

N. Y. Write for complete cat. "K."
CLEARANCE SALE-Reministons,
Densmores, Blickenaderfers, Williams,
\$12.50. Franklins, Postals, Hammonda, \$10. Underword's, Olivers, \$35.
Orders filled or money back, Standard
Typewriter Exch., 232 B'way, N. Y.

25 YEARS' SUCCESS—Old reliable Consolidated Typewriter Exchange, 243 Broadway, N. Y. Highgrade Remingtons, Underwoods, Olivers, Smiths, \$35; other standard makes, \$15 to \$25. "Burgain List" free. Shipped subject to examination.

### Patents & Lawyers

PATENTS, Trade-marks, labels, copyrights. Send for my free book "How to Get Them." Best service. Why not have iff It costs no more. Advice free. Joshua R. H. Potts, Lawyer, 80 Dearborn Street, Chicago; 306 Ninth Street, Washington.

PATENTS GUARANTEED under \$20,000 Bond. Only Bonded Patent Agency. Free Book. Keystone Law & Patent Co., 1314-F Arch St., Phila., Pa.

#### Elocution and Dramatic Art

GO UPON THE STAGE No profession so profitable. Salaries range from \$20 to 0.00 to 0.00

#### Schools

LEARN Photographic retouching by mail. Pleasant and profitable. Ladies or gentlemen. 20 yrs. experience. Free criticism till qualified. Full course folloparticululars free. Erie Retouching School, 1514 Peach St., Erie, Pa.

criticism till qualified. Full course \$5,00.Particululars free, Erie Retouching School, 1514 Peach St., Erie, Pa. MEN AND BOYS TO LEARN PLUMBING, Bricklaying, Plastering and Electrical Trades. Positions secured. Free Catalogue. Coyne Trade Schools, New York and San Francisco.

DEVELOP YOUR TALENT. Learn drawing from a successful cartoonist of national reputation. Big money and pleasant work. Write for prospectus "F" and souvenir portfolio free. The W. L. Evans School of Cartooning, Cleveland, Ohio.

#### Music

SEND 10c. COIN, with 3 musical friends addresses, for piano copy of famous "Truax Waltzes" with photo engraving of Sarah Truax. The Henry Pub. Co., 814 Penn Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

SEND YOUR SONG-POEMS TO ME. I will write the music and place before the big N. Y. Publishers. I have made a fortune writing songs and can help you do the same. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down in My Heart" have achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for free booklet. Edward Madden, 99 Madden Building, New York.

SONG WRITERS. Your poems may be worth thousands of dollars send them to us today. We will compose the music. Hayes Music Co., 22 Star Building, Chicago.

#### Wedding Invitations, Visiting Cards, etc.

125 SHEETS EMBOSSED STA TIONERY, including envelopes with steel die, \$2 50 Benedum. 150 Nas san Street, New York

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY and commencement Invitations for 1907 Samples ready 50 Visiting Cards 35c Agents wanted everywhere S. S. Forman, 10th & Arch St., Phila., Pa.

## Cameras & Supplies

INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRA-PHY? Then send 25c. for 3 mo. trial subscription to the leading American photographic magazine for a generation. The Photographic Times, Room V, 39 Union Sq. N. Y.

## Women's Apparel and Toilet Articles

BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION. We guarantee to remove Freckles, Tan, Liver spots and Pimples. Sales Agents make big money. Ref., our City banks. Geo. T. Brandon Co., Bellefontaine, O

EXQUISITE LOUISIANA MAGNOLIA Sachet Powder scents the Clothes or Person with the fragrant odor of the natural flower: Trial size package only 10c. F. A. Rogers & Co., 526 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.

CORSETS MADE TO ORDER. Write for booklet and directions for self measurement. Agents Wanted. Henry H. Todd, York Street, New Haven, Conn.

BUY YOUR SILKS DIRECT.
Write us for samples and prices
getting the advantage of latest
goods at the lowest prices, Daisy
Silk Mill, 58 Fair St., Paterson, N. J.

#### For the Home

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH is the best finish made for floors and interior weodwork. Not brittle: will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free b oklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Bardware and House Parnishings. The Butcher Polish Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston Mass.

### Miscellaneous

CORNS. My treatment a godsend to humanity. No matter how long you have suffered write me. Ad. H. Waggoner, East Liverpool, O.

101 RANCH offer a delightful outing on the largest ranch in the world, real ranch life and a general good time. Horses, saddles, private roon s, and comfortable accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. For beautifully illustrated booklet address Miller. Bros., Riverside Camp. Blis. Okla. (If ordering booklet through curiosity enclose 10c. stamps.)

INK OUT the PERFECT eradicator of ink from paper, skin and fabric 25c stores or mail. "A money-back guaran tee." Adner Laboratory Co., Mfrs., Phila., Pa. Dept. A3, Gen East Rep Thompson-Smith Co., New York.

FINE RUBBER TIRED RUNA BOUTS \$40,00, steel tired buggies \$16.50 up. Write for catalogue Globe Buggy Co., Box 67, Cincinnati, O.

### Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS. WE ARE THE LARGEST DEALERS and Brukers of New and Second Hand Automobiles in the World. Automobiles bought for spot cash: cash always demands borgains, and we have them. Our past reputation and satisfied customers are our reference. Over 500 Automobiles on our sales floors to select from, including every make of Standard Automobiles, ranging in price from \$500 to \$5,000. Complete list of Automobiles on hand sent on request. No matter what you relooking for we are sure to have its end for bargain sheet No. 136. Times Square Automobile Company.



Patterns of all Rowboats and Canoes, \$1.50 to \$2. Launches and Sailboats, 20 feet and under, \$4. to \$5. From 21 to 30 feet inclusive. \$5 to \$10.

We sell frames with patterns to finish for less than it costs others to manufacture. \$15, Price of 16 ft. launch frame (No. 5) complete with patterns and instructions to finish. \$20. Price of 22 ft. speed launch frame (No. 15) complete with patterns and instructions to finish.

21,311 inexperienced people built boats last year. Free Illustrated Catalogue

quotes prices on other pattern down frames with patterns to and complete knock-down b launches—sailboats—rowood

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO 1405 Ship St., Saginaw, Mich., U. S. A

Why not you?

Motsinger Auto-Sparker

Gas Engines without Batteries. other machine can do it successfully for k of original patents owned by us No twist motion in our drive No belt or switch necessary No batteries what-ever, for make and break or jump-spark, Water and dust-proof. Fully guaranteed MOTSINGER DEVICE MFG. CO, 94 Main Street, Pendleton, Ind., U.S.A

825 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio,



Send for this 100 pade Catalogue 300 Illustrations Free

With our Perfect Paper Patterns or KNOCKED-DOWN FRAMES.

We Build all styles of pleasure craft. Every pattern we sell has been thoroughly proven a practical success.

Every Knocked-Down Frame we sell has first been set up and passed the critical inspection of our expert boat builders.
We leave no loop-hole for mistakes or disappointments.

Write today for our free Catalogue W. BAY CITY BOAT MFG. CO., Bay City, Mich., U.S.A.

Made in sizes MARINE MOTORS d simpler than any Carburetor and gives er range of speed, at the same time utili unit of power in the gasoline: of the Elevated Gearless Com is positive, noiseless and the pump eccentric, and noisy gears. These are the

**Dubrie Motor co.** 

451 Guoin St., DETROIT, MICH.

Mullins Steel Boats Motor Boats, Row Boats are the fastest and safest boats built. Made of presed steel plates, with air chambers in earth of the safest and safest boats built. are the fastest and safest boats built. Made of pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each e like a life boat, they are absolutely safe and can't sink. Faster, more buoyant, practically in structble—they don't leak, crack, dry out or wear out, and every boat is absolutely guarantee The ideal boats for pleasure, summer resorts, boat liveries, etc. Send for catalogue. The W. H. Mullins Co.,



#### PATALOGUE CANASTOTANY STREET, **ENGINES & LAUNCHES**

That drop us a postal stating size of stone and style of setting desired and we'll send you a beat stating size of stone and style of setting desired and we'll send you a beat style of setting desired and we'll send you a beat style of setting desired and we'll send you a beat setting services and the send you a beat setting services are send the services and services are setting services. It will be send you a beat seven the services are services as the services are services are services as the services are services as the services are services are services are services are services are services are services as the services are services are services as the services are services are services are services are services as the services are services a

#### GET READY NOW FOR THAT CAMPING TRIP

Our catalogue brings to your home for selec tion the entire line of Tents and Canvas Specialties of the largest manufacturers of canvas goods in the country.

It enables you to select in exact accordance with your ideas as it is the most elaborate and complete catalogue ever issued.

It protects you absolutely gainst frauds which now exist in anvas goods and assures you A-1 'quality" in everything you buy

It saves you money on any article you may wish to purchase. Our prices are absolutely

the lowest. Contains the most valuable collection of CAMP SECRETS

ever published in any catalogue. Chapters on Camping, Hunting, Fishing, Trapping, &c. A mine of information and an authority on buying-160 pages. We send it Free-the same day your inquiry comes to us.

Address Desk 1175 H.Channon Company: Chicago.



ALL BY DAYLIGHT.

There's everything for Picture Making in the

THE BOX CONTAINS: No. 2 Brownie Camera, Brownie Developing Box, Film, Paper, Trays, Chemicals, Mounts. No Dark Room for any part of the work, and so simple that the beginner can get good pictures from the start.

Price Complete, \$4.00

Booklet of the Kodak Box at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City.

### **OVERHEAD VEHICLE WASHER**

Only Illuminated Washer Made



Send for Descriptive Catalog and Prices

Vehicle Specialty Company Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

#### Hickory Veh Illuminated or Plain



You Pay Us Nothing Until YOU Are Satisfied

You can have any style buggy built just as you want it, and shipped with-out delay. Every vehicle





WANT TO SEND YOU ONE OF THESE BUGGY BOOKS





able books sent to vehicle buyers throughout the U. B. Don't buy a vehicle of any kind from anyone until you have read my book. Write me today—a postal card will do.

H. C. PHELPS. THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO., Station 212 Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Send Us 25 Cents



To pay express charges, and we will deliver, prepaid to your home address, a good brush and a sample can of ROGERS STAINFLOOR FINISH, the best Floor Finish made, and also had been addressed to the property of the property with for Furniture and all interior Winsh for Furniture and will cover 30 supports the best for Furniture and will cover 30 supports the property will be the prop

Detroit White Lead Works, Dept. 35, DETROIT, MICH

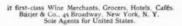


MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL CORDIALS

## PÈRES CHARTREUX

-GREEN AND YELLOW-

Known as Chartreuse





ATLANTIC CITY

### The Wiltshire

Ocean End of Virginia Avenue



Convenient to all Piers, Attractions, Amusements and Bathing Grounds. The Cuisine is Unsurpassed.

Wide Porches, Large Public Rooms, Ladies' Writing Room, Ladies' Parlor, New Cafe, Barber Shop. AN UP-TO-DATE HOTEL.

Local and Long-Distance Telephone in Rooms.

American and European Plan.

Our Motto—"Service and Comfort."

Send for Booklet and Rates S. S. PHOEBUS, Prop.

## HOTEL CUMBERLAND

NEW YORK



Ideal Location. Near Theatres, Shops, and Central Park. Fine Cuisine. Excellent Food and ressonable Prices. New, Modern and Absolutely Fireprost. Willian one minets' walk of 6th Ace. "L". and Subway and accessible to all surface car lines. Transient rates \$8.50 with Bath and up. SENID FOR B409KLET

HARRY P. STIMSON

GEO. L. SANBORN

Ho! for California

Nobles of the Mystic Shrine and Friends All!

> Know ye that from April 25 to May 18 the Rock Island will sell excursion tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco on account of Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order, at the exceedingly low rate of



\$62.50 from Chicago; \$57.50 from St. Lot Corresponding reduction from all Rock Island points and from the East generally.

Affording choice of routes and the privilege of using that finest of trains, the

#### Golden State Limited

Rate open to the public generally. Go with the Shriners and have a rip-roaring good time! The chance of your life for a trip of supreme pleasure. Several special train parties are being organized in various quarters - full information on request.

various quarters — full information on request.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 30 days from date of this publication we will send for three 2c. stamps, to snyone contemplating the California trip, a set of ten beautiful souvenir post cards—easily worth 50c.—carrying views of the old California Missions in rich colors. Just write and say that you intend to go to California this summer, mentioning the Ainslee's magazine, and the cards will be mailed you, together with full information about excursion strangements via the Rock Island. Address

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass'r Traffic Manager, Rock Island Lines, Chicago.

Island



WHEN YOU BUILD UM Concrete Blocks PETTYJOHI

THE PETTYJOHN COMPANY, 669 N. Sixth St., TERRE HAUTE, IND. \*

.......



CHEW ...

Beeman s THE ORIGINAL

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.

### 6Ft. Steel Launch with

18-21-25 foot launches at proportion at prices. All launches fitted with two cycle reversing engines with speed complete complete two cycle reversing engines with speed controlling lever; simplest engine made; starts without cranking, has only 8 moving parts. Steel rowbeats, \$20.00 All boats fitted with water-light-compartments; cannot sink, need no boat house where the starts manufactures are pleasure boats in the world. Orders filled the controlling of the con



tising Posters, see. Humorous dramas brinning fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can dust Assoniahing Opportunity in any locality for school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. Protats \$10 to over \$100 per night, Other doit, why not you? It's easy; write to and we'll tell you how. Catalogue tree.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 463 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Our Catalog Prices on Diamonds

The trade discounts from our wholesale catalog not only to those who buy for cash, but also to those who buy on terms.—Do not buy a diamond or other jewelry until you have een the Marshall catalog and compared values.

## Diamond Offer

Here is one of several special offers Here is one of several special official and price white diamond in Tiffarm setting a latterial. It is readed that the setting diamond the setting of the set

5773.00 On terms \$7.30 a month \$67.16 (Comparisons PROYE and we will send you this ring on -pinoral prepaid, no money down, no obligations, not a cent to be paid by you to anybody unless you choose to buy after thorough examination.

Send for Catalog

# God L. Marshall late of Sales S. Legal set Chicago, in the second Copy This Order Form

Our 108-page wholesale catalog Hists over 1100 ar-ticles in diamonds, jewelry, watches, cut glass, sil-ver, etc., and quotes the trade discounts Do not fail to see this catalog and figure the dis-counts. Write today.

Geo. E. Marshall.

Chicago,

## Make a Summer Resort of Your Porch



"She can look out, but he can't look in."

SEND today for our free booklet, "How to Cool a Hot Porch." It tells in detail how you can transform your porch into a cool, restful retreat, where you can really live, free from the Sun's hot glare, and secluded from the inquisitive gaze of passersby.

## Porch Shades

are made of light, long-wearing, Linden Wood Fibre strips, lockstitched with strong Seine twine. They are stained in soft, harmonious, weather-proof colors.

Vudor shades are constructed to admit freely every cool breeze, but the sun's rays cannot possibly penetrate. A Vudor-shaded porch is in soft, mellow shadow—those within can see every one passing, but no one can look in from the outside.

Vudor

Vudor shades can be attached to the porch in ten minutes. They can be instantly raised or lowered, are very durable, and never get out of order.

Although surprisingly inexpensive—the average porch costing from \$2.00 to \$10.00 to equip— Vudor shades add to the appearance of even the finest home.

#### **Vudor Hammocks**



are made to overcome the faults of the ordinary hammock shown in the diagram on the left. The cords in the old style hammock are fastened directly to the frail "body warps." which soon break from

the strain. The Vudor way (illustrated on the right) gives permanent strength, because the cords are fastened direct to a sturdy Rock Elm spreader. These Hammocks sell at \$4.00, and will doubly outlast ordinary hammocks. We also make a less expensive hammock on a similar principle for \$3.00.

#### Vudor Chair Hammocks

(the lady in the picture is in one) combine the luxury of an easy-chair with the gently restful motion of a hammock. Can be adjusted to any angle and conform instantly to every curve of the body, thus giving the fullest relaxation. Can be hung on the wall, out of the way, when not in use. More comfortable and more economical of space than you ever thought possible. If your dealer doesn't carry them, we'll express you one prepaid on receipt of \$3.50.

CAUTION: Inferior products—bamboo shades, which let in the sun, and do not retain their shape or color, and cheaply constructed hammocks are sometimes sold by unscrupulous dealers as Vudor goods. Look for the Vudor tademark on an aluminum plate on every genuine Vudor Shade or Chair Hammock, and on the cloth label sewed on every Vudor Hammock. It means quality in porch equipment and it's there for your protection. Vudor Porch Shades are the only ones that really do shade.

Don't forget the free booklet. Write for it, and name of nearest Vudor dealer today.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 82 McKey Boulevard, Janesville, Wis.



INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL, Dept. 93, Boston, Mass. Twelve Years uninterrupted success-The

#### YORK REALTY OWNERS

has for years paid

having served ten years as

an in the English

**GUARANTEED INTEREST** On its Bond Shares by check issued semi-annually.

#### ASSETS \$1,600,000.00

#### Over Half Million Dollars Paid investors to Date

This Company is engaged in the safest and most profitable business known, the acquirement of New York Real Estate. It handles realty in exactly the same manner as the Astor and other large estates and with an equal percentage of profit. Investments of from \$10. to \$10,000. accepted, participating in earnings from date of receipt. Call, or write for booklet O.

NEW YORK REALTY OWNERS CO., 489 Fifth Avenue, New York



#### FLASH LIKE GENUINE t. You can own a Diamond equa to any genuine Stone at one

furnishes and teaches all brass band instruments. Send

ur name and address for further details

RALPH C. BOYD, Manager.

#### BARODA DIAMONDS

IN SOLID GOLD RINGS stand acid test and expert examination.
guarantee them. See them first, then p
Catalogue Free. Patent Ring Meas
included for FIVE two-cent stamps.
THE BARODA COMPANY,

Dept. N, 230 North State St., Chicago

PUBLISHED ON ROYALTY. We pay you one-half the profits. Poems revised, Music composed to words, Copyright secured in your name, if desired. Send manuscript, which will be returned if not available. POPULAR MUSIC CO. (Inc.) 858-59 Dearborn St..

### ndertul Edison

Phonograph Offer

F you love music and entertainment be sure to read every word of this great offer





Mr. Edison says:



"I WANT to see a Phonograph in every American home."

OBonas & Edison

Free Trial Means Free Trial NO MONEY DOWN-NO C. O. D.

Try the instrument in your home; play the beautiful Edison gold-moulded rec-ords, and it then you do not care to keep the outfit, return it at our expense. We do not charge you one cent for the trial.

\$2.00 a month genuine Edison Outfit easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom prices

and no interest on payments. Our beautiful catalog quotes prices which may surprise you—the magnificent Edison outfit No. 5 at about one-fourth the cost of inferior imitations.

#### rite for Catalog

Lo not bother with sending a letter; merely sign and mail coupon, writing name and address plainly. Write now Remember free trial—no money down—it's our risk to please and satisfy you send no money to money to

name and address plainly, Write now

Remember free trial—no money down—
it's our risk to please and satisfy you,
send no money to anybody for a
talking machine until you have
had the genuine Edison on free
trial. You cannot imagine
how old and young enjoy
the Edison—the endless
variety of sthring mu
sic, the comical minstrel s h o w s and
popular s on g s.
Sign the coupon
now.

Frederick
BABSON,
Chicago
III.



Their flavor is so distinctive and original that Murad Cigarettes have no rival in the appreciation of critical smokers-

## MURAD

represent the most skillful blending of the finest Turkish leaf. So pronounced is their superiority that they are acknowledged to be

"THE METROPOLITAN STANDARD"

10 for 15 cents

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer

111 Fifth Avenue, New York

## The New Gillette Blade



(1907 MAKE)



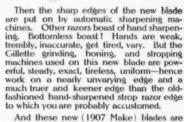
We want every Gillette user to try the new Gillette Blade (1907 Make), no matter how well he's been pleased with Gillette blades of previous years. And we want every non-Gillette user to try the new blade and learn of a truer and keener shaving edge than he's ever known in a strop razor.

s not a new model but a new make.

It is the result of two years' continuous and costly research by able steel metallurgists.

It is of the finest iron and the iron is converted into steel according to a new high carbon Gillette formula by the most skillful steel makers in the steel business. The lavman will more readily understand the fineness of this new blade steel when it is explained that it costs 9 times the price paid for strop razor steel.

And these new blades are tempered by an improved, automatic, tempering method, which hardens them, not superficially but from side to side, from end to end, from surface to bottom, and hardens them to a degree of hardness only 20% less hard than the hardest known substance-the diamond-and brittles them to almost the brittleness of glass (break one), and distributes the hardness and brittleness so evenly and so uniformly that the blades are equally hard and equally brittle at every point. This unusual hardness and brittleness are due partially to the paper thinness of the blade (6-1000ths of an inch), as the thinner the blade the harder it can be tempered. This paper thin blade is an exclusive Gillette patent found in no other razor.



And these new (1907 Make) blades are expertly tested for seven defects and must split a hanging human hair before they're enveloped and sealed in damp-proof paper from factory to you with this inspector's ticket enclosed: "Should any blades in this package prove unsatisfactory, return them

by mail with this ticket and explicit

criticism."

In next month's ads. we'll explain why the new (1907 Make) blades are uniform and the same in hardness and keenness.

If you're not a Gillette user you ought to get one on thirty days' free trial and give it a thorough test. Most dealers make this offer. If yours doesn't, we will. It will prove itself. Costs about 2 cents per shave, first year and about ¼ of a cent per shave subsequent years for blades.

Triple silver plated set with 12 blades \$5.00. Extra Blades 10 for

Gillette Razors and Blades sold by Drug, Cutlery and Hardware dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY. 255 Times Building. . . New York



Send for this book to-day. It is being read by thousands now and has gone through three editions in sixty days. It is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. A postal will bring you a copy, prepaid.

111ette Safety No STROPPING, NO HONING Razor

# REG. US. PAT. OFF. A STAIN AND VARNISH COMBINED



#### JAP-A-LAC produces the finest finish on old or new FLOORS.

With JAP-A-LAC you can renew the finish on any floor, in a short space of time, and at a trifling cost.

The surface will be as hard as flint, and as smooth as glass. JAP-A-LAC "wears like iron." Heel prints will not mar it, nor show white on it. A JAP-A-LAC-ED floor is easily kept clean.

Besides Natural (clear) JAP-A-LAC, there are fifteen beautiful colors, for refinishing everything about the house from cellar to garret; Interior Woodwork, Furniture, and all things of wood or metal.

For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes from 15c to \$2.50. A WARNING AGAINST THE DEALER WHO TRIES TO SUBSTITUTE.

Some dealers will not buy JAP-A-LAC so long as they can substitute romething else on which THEY MAKE MORE PROFIT.

If your dealer offers you a substitute, decline it. He will get JAP-A-LAC for you if you insist on it.

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, and interesting color card. FREE for the asking.

If building, write for our complete Finishing Specifications. They will be mailed free. Our Architectural Green Label Varnishes are of the highest quality.



520 Rockefeller Bldg., Cleveland.

If YOUR deater does not keep FAP-A LAC, send us his name and to (except for Gold which is 250) to over cost of mailing, and we will send FAFE Sample, (parter pint can) to any point in the United States.



Socks for men are dyed with fast, pure and harmless vegetable dyes and guaranteed not to run, crock or fade. For comfort and durability they have no equal because they are shaped in the knitting and are not stretched over forms.

The STANDARD for nearly thirty years always stamped on toe this mark & and out.

#### SOLD BY DEALERS

If not procurable from yours, let us send you 6 assorted pairs on trial; 6 pairs for \$1.50, delivery charges paid to any part of U. S. upon receipt of price, or 25c. per single pair.

#### Made from Combed Selected Cotton.

- Style 1989 Famous Science Corticals.

  , 358 Rich Navy Blue.
  , 3591 Pure White Inside. Black and White Clerical Mixture Outside.
  , 19F20 Black and Cardinal Mixture Outside.
  , 19F20 Black Ground with Neat Embroidered Figures in Cardinal Silks.

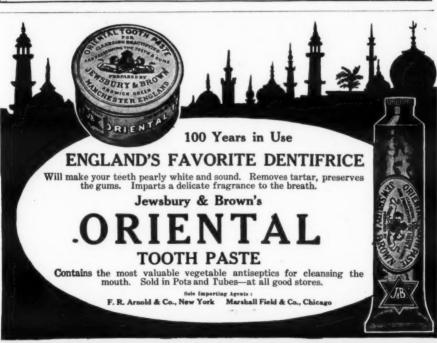
   Navy Blue with Fine Bleached White Hair Line Stripes.

#### OUR FREE CATALOGUE

cost us a whole lot of money and we want you to have one. It is very attractive and useful. Beautifully colored and replete with styles, prices, and information. Your name on a postal will bring it.

When you order direct, state size

SHAW STOCKING CO. 30 Shaw St., LOWELL, MASS.





#### Metal Vienna Art Plates

No. 1. Original was painted by Herr Wagner, the eminent German artist. The reproduction (on metal) brings out perfectly the rich coloring of portrait and decorative border, equaling the original.

No. 2. An exact reproduction in original colors (on metal) of the work of P. Rall, a French artist of note, whose fine skill in portraiture and exceptional decorative ability are evidenced in every line.

See below how to secure these plates.

## Malt Sutrine

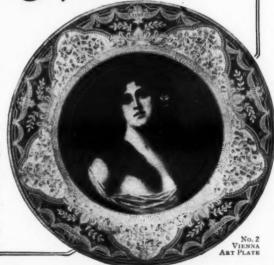
#### How to Secure a Plate

Malt-Nutrine is put up in cases of one dozen bottles and is sold by druggists and grocers. To secure one of the plates send 12 Tops of Red Metal Caps from Malt-Nutrine bottles, also 15c in stamps or money to cover postage. Designate the plate you want by stating No. 1 or No. 2

Mait-Nutrine Dept. 35 Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n St. Louis, U. S. A.

#### MALT-NUTRINE

is a predigested liquid-food—easily assimilated by the weakest and most delicate stomach. It promotes appetite, aids digestion and assures healthful and refreshing sleep. The ideal tonic for nursing mothers and convalescents.



Road of a Thousand Wonders



## SOUTHERN PACIFIC Through California & Oregon

Good hunting, fine fishing, all the way from Los Angeles to Portland. The leaping tuna, giant sea bass, King Salmon, and a score or more game fish swarm its ocean bays and channels. Mountain streams are alive with gamy rainbow, cutthroat, steelhead and other trout. Unnumbered are mountain and valley qualis, wild ducks and geese, China pheasants and grouse; and in many fastnesses are deer, mountain lion and bear. Low excursion rates from the East in May and June. For book of over a hundred beautiful pictures in vivid colors of this great out-of-doors-resort land, with its great trees, fine beaches, and high mountains, and a copy of April Sunset, magazine describing San Francisco one year after, send 15 cents to Chan. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. W., Flood Building, San Francisco, California.



The Melodant is an exclusive Angelus

At last the desire for a piano-player that will make possible an absolutely correct performance is fully realized in the MELODANT-ANGELUS. The possession of the MELODANT-ANGELUS insures within your home the ever-present services of a skilled pianist, always in the mood to render whatever music you wish without the requirement of technical skill.

Every composition contains a dominant theme or melody, usually appearing in the treble, sometimes involved in the accompaniment or entirely covered by ornamentation. The MELODANT accents the vein of melody while subduing the accompaniment or ornamentation, thus giving clear and distinct prominence to the individual melody notes, even when they appear in the midst of a full chord.

The ANGELUS in cabinet form, the KNABE-ANGELUS and EMERSON-ANGELUS Planos are all equipped with the MELODANT.

If you desire an unlimited repertoire of good music in your home you should buy the ANGELUS, equipped with the MELODANT Write for name of nearest representative where you can hear and play the MELODANT-ANGELUS without incurring the least obligation to purchase.

For sale in all the principal cities.

Descriptive Literature on Request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.,

I: stablished 1876.

MERIDEN, CONN.



### \$21,300,523.40 Is a Large Sum

It represents the amount of death claims paid by this Company in a single year—1906. This was not the result of investments made by care-free, well-to-do people. It came very largely from men who went from slight inconvenience to great self-denial to keep up the policies that would when needed keep up the home. Of such, largely, is the membership of

## The Mutual Life Insurance Company

Their confidence and their patronage have made and kept it the largest and staunchest life insurance company in the world. The vast sum saved and being saved by the new management must benefit all policy holders, and cannot but attract those who seek the greatest protection, and therefore make its agents welcome everywhere.

#### The Time to Act is NOW.

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, N. Y.





Swift's Premium Bacon

> Suggestion for Early Spring Breakfasts:

> > Oranges
> > Swift's Premium Bacon
> > French Fried Potatoes
> > Corn Bread
> > Coffee

For breakfasts, luncheons, sandwiches, as a rasher for steaks or fowl—nothing so delicious as Swift's PREMIUM Bacon broiled. From U. S. Government Inspected porkers. There is a distinctness about the cure of Swift's Bacon that makes it always "PREMIUM." If Charles Lamb lived today his theme would be "Broiled Bacon" instead of "Roast Pig." Swift's Premium Bacon broiled well browned and crisp, certainly tastes good. So nut-like in flavor and one of the most valuable of meats. A great aid to digestion. The important

thing to remember, is that your dealer gives you Swift's PREMIUM --no other.

What Dr. Van Dyke says about Broiled Bacon.

"What adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon?" It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; "a gromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases "brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method."

—In Scribner's for January, 1907.



Swift & Company, U. S. A.



### More EGG-O-SEE was eaten during the past year than all other flaked foods combined.

Never before in the history of a food, have the American people given such a sweeping endorsement of merit, as has been accorded EGG-O-SEE.

There is more actual proof of the real value of EGG-O-SEE in this unqualified testimony of the people than in all the claims we might make.

EGG-O-SEE is made from the choicest selected White Wheat; in the largest, cleanest and most economically operated Pure Food Mills in the World, by the famous EGG-O-SEE Process. Thus we are enabled to give the people a large package of delicious food for only 10 cents.

If you are not already one of the great army of EGG-O-SEE users, begin today. Buy a package of your Grocer and be convinced.

#### Warm in a pan before serving

In Canada the price of EGG-O-SEE is 15c, two packages for 25c.

#### Free "-back to nature" book

How to get well, keep well by natural means—bathing, exercise, food, etc.,—and how to use EGG-O-SEE for every meal in the week is told in our expensively prepared booklet, "-back to nature," sent free. We are glad to send it. You will be glad to get it,

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY 883 AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK BUILDING, CHICAGO. ILL.

